This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

600006344N

31.
94.

600006344N

31.
94.

ALIBEG THE TEMPTER.

Printed by J. Darling, Leadenhall Street, London.

ALIBEG THE TEMPTER.

A TALE WILD AND WONDERFUL.

BY

WILLIAM CHILD GREEN,

AUTHOR OF THE ABBOT OF MONTSERRAT,
&c. &c.

"Whence comest thou?"—"From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it." Job, i. 7.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR A. K. NEWMAN AND CO.

1831.

94.

Printed by J. Darling, Leadenhall Street, London.

ALIBEG THE TEMPTER.

A TALE WILD AND WONDERFUL.

BY

WILLIAM CHILD GREEN,

AUTHOR OF THE ABBOT OF MONTSERRAT,
&c. &c.

" Whence comest thou?"—" From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it." Job, i. 7.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR A. K. NEWMAN AND CO.
1831.

94.

BIBLIOTHECA · BODLEIANA ·
DOMINUS ILLUMINATIO MEA

ALIBEG THE TEMPTER.

CHAP. I.

I shut my eyes to all around me, and in fancy beheld him lying in the shade before me. *Arabian M.S.*

THE last rich beams of an Arabian sun now adorned the lofty promontories, and innumerable palm-trees, which, in a few scattered parts of Yemen, decorate the vast sandy plains of that spacious and desolate continent; and irradiated each with a glowing tinge that really resembled the bright golden hues, and sapphire-coloured reflections, so often alluded to, by Eastern writers, in their fantastic descriptions of

some imaginary fairy scene. It was one of those supremely favoured spots, called *oases*, which smile even in that land of drought and sterility, near the banks of the Euphrates, where nature seemed to have lavished all her store in a momentary mood of thoughtless extravagance, as if to make atonement for her former niggardly dispensation of the bounties of Providence. On every side were scattered thick blossoms of surpassing beauty, and exhaling various odours, occasionally intermingled with fruits of divers kinds, among which, however, the date and melon were the most conspicuous — affording, doubtless, a delicious sight to the tired followers of the thirsty caravan, fresh from the torrid deserts which divide Mecca from the sumptuous capital of Egypt; and presenting, to the startled eye of an unaccustomed visitant, all the agreeable variety of objects and productions which diversify the opposite coast of Barbary. At a little distance, on one side, were

situated

situated many small mounds, or eminences, of various dimensions and appearance, most of them covered with trees, and a few of them with verdure. Far beyond these, but lying in the same direction, could be discerned a loftier range of mountains, apparently fertile, whose elevated summits still blushed in the tints of the departing sunshine; while through the whole of this terrestrial paradise meandered the broad and beautiful Euphrates, visible here, to the enraptured gazer, for an incredible number of miles. At length, as this majestically-rolling torrent approached the almost-forgotten site of that once-famous city, Babylon, its course was concealed by the massy heaps of ruins among which beasts of prey, and broods of dangerous reptiles, find a suitable abiding-place, secure from the unwelcome molestation of man*. But narrow was the

* "It shall never be inhabited, neither shall it be dwelt in from generation to generation: neither shall the Arabian pitch tent there;

adornments of her favourites. Our parents, too, are charmed to see them happy —it is only I who am miserable. Avails it aught that I adore this vaunted, new-sprung prophet, whose birth-place was the glorious Mecca, and whose shrine is at Medina, where thousands daily worship him, if to me life presents but a vacuum of dreariness without variation or excitement*? Razekah might still have given me sustenance, and Hafedah have supported me amid these pathless deserts—Salemah might have preserved me in affliction, and Sakiah have yielded me sufficient of refreshing moisture, if such was to be my existence. I would plough the deep—I would traverse distant regions—I would do aught to vary the loathed monotony of the life to which I am doomed."

As he ceased, his dark-searching eyes glanced rapidly over the fading beauties of

* The Adites (ancient Arabians) had four idols—Razekah, the giver of food; Sakiah, the dispenser of rain; Salemah, the preserver in sickness; and Hafedah, the defender of travellers.

of the now-empurpled landscape, and rested longer on those yet golden spots produced by the growth of a small yellow flower, or rather weed, found sometimes in the desert, and which has at a distance a beautiful appearance: but so baneful to existence is the venom it contains, that even the hardy camel, if tempted by keen hunger to bite of it, inevitably dies. At length, just as the sun had totally disappeared behind the most distant promontory, which the naked eye could hardly distinguish from a cloud in the horizon, young Alhamet slowly arose, and resuming his accoutrements, prepared to return to the desert habitation of his kindred. He had not proceeded far ere he distinguished the well-known voice of Muley, who now appeared at a distance, driving the camels to their place of security for the night. Alhamet, being in no mood to enjoy society, slunk aside for the purpose of remaining unperceived; and soon saw the favoured lover of his sister, Mo-

hara, pass over a little exposed eminence, preceded by a train of camels, whose dimensions seemed augmented to a size so gigantic, that each appeared a moving pyramid—a not uncommon delusion, the effect of refraction amid the sultry vapours of Araby. Emerging then from his concealment, as the last lines of twilight disappeared, he pursued his solitary way across the desert, sometimes lingering to survey the mounting moon, as, brightening every instant, she usurped her pale dominion over the tranquil and unpolluted scene. Here (at least since the "days of eld") the pestilential refinements of polished society have never dared to intrude—

> "Here Freedom dwells without a fear—
> Coy to the world, she loves the wild;
> Who ever brings a fetter here,
> To chain the desert's fiery child?"

But here, too, the venomous reptile haunts the deceitful shade, and the dreaded beast of prey has fixed his gloomy abode. Often

ten did Alhamet start as he proceeded, on beholding the huge footprint of the savage prowler of the desert—the fierce, majestic lion—fresh in the sand before him; or listen disturbedly to the distant roar of the relentless panther, just rousing himself to roam the desolate wilderness in search of his nocturnal meal. On such occasions he would cast aside his thoughtfulness—grasp his spear suddenly—pause for a fearful moment, while an involuntary shudder crept over his frame, and then proceed with increased alacrity. And now, as he drew nearer to the hyma, he could plainly distinguish the sound of the *arabebbah* (a favourite instrument of the Arabs, who are passionately affected by the rudest harmony), which he doubted not it was the light hand of his sister touched so mellifluously; and, unable to resist the impulse, he paused awhile to listen. In a few minutes the instrument was accompanied by the soft voice of Mohara, while Muley occasionally assisted

the effect, by joining at intervals with his *gasaph*, or reed, pierced with a greater or less number of holes, according to the ability of the performer. Alhamet sighed as he contemplated the happiness of others, and hearkened undesignedly to the feeling strain of the artless sonnetteer, which, rendered almost verbally, ran as follows:

" Allah! prince of sea and desert,
Listen to the Bedouin damsel—
Grant the wandering maiden's prayer!
I have an affectionate sire,
Majestic and straight as the cedar of Lebanon:
But who soon shall bend,
Like the reed beneath the whirlwind,
When assailed by destroying Time.
Let his decline be gentle as the mild,
Yet gorgeous, coming of a peaceful evening—
Oh, prince of land and ocean!
Thou! who canst guide the simoom,
And mitigate the wrath of the pestilence,
Let not Mohara vainly supplicate.

" I have a lover,
Who is comely, and tall as the full-grown tzinnar;
And beauteous as the blooming tamarind
That shadows our tent with its clustering branches.
More graceful is he than the antelope!
More stately than the elephant!
He loves Mohara—the rest must not be told.

May

May he never know thirst in the desert!
May his journey be among palm-trees!
Thou! whom the dire hurricane obeys,
When it harmlessly passes our dwelling,
Scatter pleasant vallies,
Spread constant springs, for him who loves Mohara.

"I have a brother,
Whose aspect is cheerless as the parched Saharra:
Whose form resembleth the shrub of the wilderness,
Which is withered, and early pineth away,
Because it delights not in the soil of Araby.
Whose eyes are like fountains,
Oftentimes overflowing,
But the waters are drops of bitterness.
Thou! who canst mould the desert with a breath
Into columns of destruction,
Then with a sign allay them—Oh! look downward,
Like the benignant sunbeam,
Which irradiates the cool mist of the morning.
Lighten his sadness—teach him, too, to love
Mohara, and to prize his hair-wrought home*."

To this wild and irregular, but heartfelt effusion, Alhamet listened as if spell-bound to the spot on which he was standing; nor did even the cessation of the strain induce him for some time to forego his

* The tents used by some of the wandering tribes in Arabia, being composed of a kind of hair-cloth, are thence called *beet el shar*—i. e. "houses of hair."

his attitude of pleased approval and attention. He felt as if under the influence of a delightful dream; an awakened sensation of benevolence and gratitude rushed upon his heart, and a full flood of tears, at the same moment, relieved his dusky bosom from the weight of feelings which it had not lately been accustomed to endure.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

Is the flower of the desert less sweet because it blossoms afar from the gardens of luxury? Lift up thine eyes and judge.

Arabian M.S.

MOHARA's melody had been for some time silent, ere Alhamet ventured to enter his rude desert dwelling; and when he did, it was with a faltering step, and disturbed countenance. She was sitting in the middle of the tent, and her attitude, as she drooped unconsciously over her mute instrument, was beautifully expressive of the interest she herself felt in the words she had just repeated. Her attire and ornaments, which were in strict conformity to the fashion of her country, seemed disposed in the best manner to advantage her certainly exquisite form and features—for Mohara was a beauty of the finest mould. She was not so fair as Alhamet,

hamet, her complexion being rather of that shadowy description to which the accustomed tinge of henna appears a real embellishment. Her hair and eyes were of the jettiest sable; and the profusion of light silver rings that encircled her arms and ankles, though grating and repulsive, even in description, to a taste more refined and modernized, contrasted admirably with the glossy darkness of her majestic limbs, and commanding lineaments. Such was Mohara—the loveliest inhabitant of the wilderness! Such appeared the gazelle of the desert, whose unenviable destiny it was to traverse, in company with her tribe, the terrible sand-tracts, and enormous plains, of her native, desolate Araby. By her side sat Muley, the youthful admirer of her beauty, who seemed intent on devouring with his gaze her manifold attractions. His dress resembled the attire of Alhamet, except that he wore neither bonnet nor turban:—his dark, luxuriant hair, which some of the tribes of Yemen

Yemen permit to grow to an inconvenient length, being tastefully confined with a fillet of small cord. At a little distance from the open entrance, reclined Aben Voorg, the father, and Zeid, the mother of this wandering family. The earnest looks of each were turned towards Alhamet on his entrance, who slowly advanced, and, with a bewildered air, divesting himself of his accoutrements, adorned with them the central pillar of this warlike habitation.

No sooner was he seated, than Mohara strove to cast aside her reverie, and again touched feebly the chords of her instrument; but the ability seemed to have abandoned her, and her hands dropped listlessly by her side, without eliciting the harmonious cadence of which her gesture seemed prelusive. Muley raised the reed to his lips, but perceiving that she did not commence, withdrew it again in silence. An involuntary sensation of melancholy pervaded the whole group, which, though each

each wished heartily for the welcome "Once upon a time" (the favourite expression used by the Arabs to denote the commencement of some marvellous tale, or narrative)—none offered to dissipate; when suddenly a tall figure was espied advancing along the narrow valley caused by two inconsiderable ridges of sand which formed, to the uncouth portal, a perfectly characteristic avenue. All arose joyfully on beholding him, which indicated the approaching personage to be neither unrecognised nor unwelcome: but the eyes of Alhamet glistened with unusual transport, as if kindled by some sudden recollection, while, uttering the customary demand for hospitality, the stranger entered the hyma.

* * * * *

His countenance was majestic, and his deportment dignified in the extreme; while his lofty, well-fashioned turban, and the faded sumptuousness of his flowing robes; bespoke him a native of Turkey, or Persia,

Persia, rather than of Araby. He was aged, for his descending beard was of a silvery whiteness, but his features were still florid, and even beautiful; and there was a loftiness in his demeanour which elevated his stature to considerably above the common size. His dress appeared "travel-stained," rather than travel-worn, and in spite of his years, and presumed weariness—

"It seem'd he needed not the staff he bore."

* * * * *

The skin had been spread in the middle of the tent, for the refreshment of the traveller: figs, melons, the date of the grove —the wine-making tamarind, and the clear produce of the crystal well, had been provided for his entertainment. All had long since been removed, and yet not one had drowsiness prevailed on to retire to rest. The noon of night still found them listening to the wondrous tales which glided alluringly from the lips of their venerable

nerable guest; and often elicited the well-merited "*masha allah* *!" from the loud and combined voices of his approving auditors. The adventures narrated by Alibeg (for such was the name of this singular visitant) on the present occasion, were chiefly descriptive of the most fascinating wonders, and enchanting phenomena in nature, whose divers charms were even augmented by the soft witchery of his deliverance. He spoke of exhaustless floods of azure element, bearing whole navies on their yielding bosoms—of boundless realms crisped by eternal frost—of groves illumined by millions of fire-flies—the civilization of Europe, and gilded domes of Asia, with all the new-discovered glories of the Western world, a thousand times exaggerated. He even spoke of the probable existence of an imagined region, where the sun never sets—daylight being never extinguished; themes calculated to awaken the curiosity, and excite the

* Equivalent to "excellently well."

the interest, of the most apathetic listener. Nor was the gloomy Alhamet any longer silent: he arose, and flinging his arms round the neck of the narrator, burst at once into a description of his evening ramble, and the desires engendered in his bosom.

* * * * *

"My son," said Aben Voorg, as he rose at length to retire for the night, "let what thou hast witnessed deter thee from too highly valuing those possessions which, being placed in far perspective, become thus commensurately magnified in thy estimation; as objects in the desert sometimes seem larger in proportion to the distance from which they are observed. How delightful was the melody which allured thy attention this eve at sunset! but it owed its charm only to its remoteness. Annihilate the distance — and would Alhamet have been thus transported by the mere jingling of pieces of metal strung, by a foolish girl, round the neck of

of a brute?—Many things appear enchanting, as distant theories, which, as close realities, we regard indifferently. The flowers that from afar attracted thy charmed gaze, contained the deadliest essence; mingled with hatred, then, should be the admiration they excite, for he who tastes the poison perishes. Reflect on this, my son—and may the prophet whom we worship continue to amend in thee whatever he may discern amiss!"

"It is all in vain!" said Alhamet, with a desponding sigh; "I respect thy counsel, venerable monitor—for art thou not my father? thine I revere, too—for thou art my mother; and thine, Mohara—for it is the voice of my sister speaks to me. Thine, Muley, also do I reverence—for thou hast been the friend of my boyhood, and mayst become the brother of mine age. But—it is all in vain! Now," he continued, seizing the hand of Alibeg, as soon as his kindred had disappeared—"now that we are alone, I conjure thee, tell

tell me yet further of those wondrous climes where the great orb of heaven oppresses not with its sultriness—those sparry regions of enduring crystal, often crusted with rain of a beautiful whiteness, whose inhabitants to me seem lovelier than mortal! since, compared with their complexions, Alhamet's—though the fairest of his tribe—would be sooty as darkness. It is late, and few hours are left us for repose; but time cannot be spent better than in rendering instruction to those who rejoice to be instructed. Commence —I shall attend."

* * * * *

"Surely thou hast described to me the country of Ginnistan*!"

* * * * *

All was silent, and solitary, now within the hyma: the stranger, Alibeg, and his entranced auditor, had at length retired to rest. Alhamet long lay buried in rumination on his pallet, but found it impossible

* Fairy land.

possible to compose himself to sleep: and when slumber did, for a brief interval, seal his heavy eyelids, it was only the signal for his excursive spirit to realize in imagination the substance of his waking dreams. He believed himself transported suddenly to the summit of an immense edifice of stones, nine of which only formed the square space that supported him, although the heaping up of the whole fabric, judging from the astounding breadth of the base, appeared to have been the work of many ages. He cast his eyes to the east and to the north, and beheld nothing but a sea of beauty, covered with innumerable islands. Forests of palm-trees grew upon them, and many were also diversified with villages, or adorned with sumptuous buildings. On the south he perceived smaller masses of stone, similar in aspect to that on which he was standing: while the whole intervening space appeared covered with majestic ruins, which indicated it to have been once a country

country of still greater magnificence and splendour. Beyond these, and more particularly on the western side, he discovered extensive deserts, and elevated mountains, over which the sluggish clouds passing heavily, and casting their shadows on the yellow sand, caused floating spots to move as far as the sight could distinguish. Alhamet gazed, struck with amazement and admiration: but his transport was mingled with an unspeakable awe, of which he strove vainly to divest himself. He was told that his feet rested on the loftiest of the pyramids of Djiza—but the voice that addressed him was so like thunder threatening his demolition, that his senses fled with the unnatural sound, and he sunk to behold no more.

Again he was borne away in fancy to the brink of a gentle, limpid streamlet, which meandered through a beautiful country, adorned and illumined by a brilliant and everlasting flame which never expired, and which not any quantity of

water could extinguish. The side of the eminence from which the rivulet descended was covered with roses, that blossomed there perpetually, even while the snow in its crevices remained undissolved*. Alhamet approached the miraculous blaze, and was astonished on finding the earth glowed beneath his feet. Urged on by some irresistible impulse, he thrust his hand into the fiery aperture, whence issued this amazing wonder of nature. In a moment the clear flame, like embodied lightning, shot vengefully upon him, and palpable ignition succeeded. He strove to fly, but the hot soil clogged his footsteps; and the sweet mountain roses, now changed to bubbling mire, emitted a foul steam to suffocate him. Faintness again befriended him, by shrouding him for a while

* This was asserted as fact by the natives of the great mountain Takhtalu (called also Moosa Daghy, or the Mountain of Moses) to an intelligent traveller in Karamania, who likewise ventures to fancy the possibility of some curious association between the Yanar, or perpetual fire, in its vicinity, and the burning bush on Mount Horeb, mentioned in Exodus.

while in her impenetrable mantle, and, during his fancied insensibility, the whole was changed.

He now dreamed himself climbing an immense mountainous precipice, expecting at the summit to be rewarded for his toil by a prospect equally extensive and sublime. With difficulty he gains the utmost edge, similar, in his imagination, to that of the Table Mountain, in South Africa, and prepares from its lofty brow to cast his longing eyes over the scene below. He looks into the abyss—but his senses serve him no longer. Interminable vacuity lies stretched before him, and volition itself is overwhelmed: his faculties are astounded—his gaze is fixed—his brain grows dizzy, and he falls headlong over the stupendous precipice. With a half-uttered cry of horror he awoke, and resolved on yielding no more that night to the state of stupefaction, or rather torment, into which he had fallen; when suddenly he perceived, as well as the surrounding

gloom permitted him to distinguish objects, a tall dark form bent anxiously over him, as if silently observing whether slumber had in reality obtained dominion over his drowsy senses. It was Alibeg, who, it was evident, had again risen, and now cautiously beckoned the youthful Arab to follow him to the open plain. Alhamet arose, took his sabre, lance, and pistols, which precaution his grave conductor observed with a smile, and instantly accompanied him.

CHAP. III.

If it seem good unto thee to come with me into Babylon, come; and I will look well unto thee: but if it seem ill unto thee to come with me into Babylon, forbear: behold, all the land is before thee. *Jeremiah* xl. 4.

THE moon was low in the firmament, and shone on the yellow, far-spread sands, like a dull brazen crescent, as they quitted the hyma, and entered on the vast expansive desert. Alibeg still strode forward with speed and dignity; and Alhamet followed in mute wonder, as far as a little eminence, on which stood a single tree of the mimosa kind, and towards which their course seemed directed. Having without difficulty gained the summit, the mimosa bowed its gigantic arms around them, drooping its branches to the very ground, as in solemn salutation of its nocturnal

visitors.* Even Alhamet, although no stranger to these self-prostrating rarities, could not avoid feeling a slight degree of terror, when he heard the rustling of this living (almost breathing) canopy, which, interposing its dark leaves betwixt them and the moon, rendered her feeble light still more unserviceable. He shook involuntarily, and fear, for a moment, supplanted wonder in his bosom. This awe was not diminished, when, on turning to his companion, he thought he perceived him to have increased considerably in stature since they quitted the valley; but this appearance he presently attributed to the high ground Alibeg had chosen for their conference, as well as to the shadowy and imperfect light, admitted through the branches. Alibeg now opened his lips, and Alhamet instantly became attentive.

* * * * *

While yet the sage was speaking, a "voice

* This species of mimosa, it is credibly asserted, still exists in some parts of Arabia.

" voice from the wilderness" faintly saluted them, which Alhamet presently recognised to be that of Muley, who, he now doubted not, had missed, and issued forth at that lone hour in quest of them. In this conjecture he was not deceived. Muley was in reality traversing the level space below in the hope of distinguishing their figures, and chanting, as he proceeded, his accustomed strain to the camels, to beguile the loneliness of the desert waste. Although Alhamet thought little of the measure at this moment, yet, for the reader's gratification, a portion of it is presented as a specimen of those compositions which, in desolate Arabia, often serve the purposes of lash and bridle; for, as long as the song continues, the camel proceeds. The burthen of Muley's was generally to the following effect:—

" On, camel! on to the hair-tent of Mohara!
It is pitched near yon hillock of sand,
And within gleam the arms of her tribe,
And their trophies hang marshalled around.

It is lovely as palms in the vallies of Yemen!
It is close by a soft-flowing spring,
Whose freshness rejoices the traveller,
And whose gurgling invites to repose.
But mine be the rapture far dearer than rest,
For there—there dwells Mohara!

She is beauteous as morn in the desert!
Delightful as noon in the shade of the sycamore!
The stars are of fire, but her lustre surpasses them:
There is brightness in Heaven,
But the sun is less bright than the eyes of Mohara,
Haste, camel! haste to the hair-tent of Mohara!"

Such was the carelessly-vociferated strain of Muley, to beguile the tediousness of solitude, while seeking Alhamet, and his aged companion. His voice soon dying away by degrees, however, demonstrated that he had taken a wrong direction, and Alibeg continued.

* * * * *

Ere the startled Alhamet could possibly make any reply, a sound approached which his practised ear instantly knew for the trampling of horsemen, and soon passed them rapidly (the mimosa tree sheltering them from observation) in the direction

tion of his father's hyma. The young Arab trembled, as fears for the safety of his kindred, in that wild, dangerous region, where the midnight attack was so frequent, naturally rushed upon his mind. He paused, and listened attentively: the sound of the receding horsemen died away in the distance, and all was silent as the grave. Presently a smothered shriek broke faintly upon his ear—the hand of Alhamet was in an instant upon the hilt of his sabre.—" The dreadful work is doing!" he exclaimed, grasping it with useless vehemence—" It was Mohara's voice!—my sister massacred!" and a deep, but stifled groan, burst from his heaving bosom. The shriek was succeeded by a few low moaning sounds, uttered apparently by a female in the act of earnest supplication, and all was once more uninterrupted silence.—" It is finished!" again groaned Alhamet, distractedly—" it is completed! and Alhamet has no kindred!" while, under the conviction that the last

dire stroke had indeed fallen upon his family, he became rooted to the spot with horror and dismay. Thus transfixed, did he meditate long and gloomily, while Alibeg stood sullenly regarding him; and long and gloomy was the period which elapsed before the wretched Alhamet was undeceived.

* * * * *

Many weeks had now succeeded each other since the flight of Alhamet from his devastated home. The moon which lit him on the night of his departure from the hyma of Aben Voorg had waned, and passed away—another came, and found him still unseparated from his hoary companion, whom yet he could not avoid occasionally surveying with an indescribable feeling of aversion and distrust. It was involuntary, for he strove to subdue it—but it was well founded, for his efforts were unavailing. He had shrunk from returning to the abode of his slaughtered family, and probably adding another victim

tim to the swords of barbarians: since that lamented period, therefore, " Heaven and accident" had provided him sustenance —the spacious desert his only shelter— Alibeg his only guide. Even him he sometimes shuddered to look upon—but he knew not yet that " his abode was the desolate charnel-house, and his dwelling among dark tombs."

* * * * *

" Thus far have we journeyed," said Alhamet, somewhat timidly, " through thornless mazes only of unthreatening aspect, where the depredator lurked not, nor the serpent crawled; and thus far have I trusted to thy guidance, it is true, without reluctance, and without inquiry. But here, amid this curdling wilderness— these frightful chasms—these chilling precipices, I feel a degree of terror from thy presence to which I have hitherto been a stranger. In truth there appeareth more of mystery in thee than the wisest of human kind may solve or penetrate. Lo!

I am tired, and feeble—but thou art unwearied: yet thy travail has been greater than mine. How is it that thou journeyest far, and yieldest not to lassitude?—impart to me thy secret."

"Hope sustains me," answered Alibeg.

"Of what hope speakest thou?" demanded the young Arab.

"Of that which animates all bosoms, Alhamet," replied Alibeg, with an elated smile—"the hope of rendering others like unto ourselves."

"Age, which stamps deeper wrinkles on the brow, hath added none to thine," said Alhamet, earnestly: "assure me what thou art?"

"Ask of the monitor that is within thee," said Alibeg, with a displeased look—"thy conscience will reply to thee."

"It tells me thou art evil," said Alhamet.

"It hath told thee true," replied the aged Alibeg.

"Nevertheless," resumed the now-shrinking

shrinking Alhamet, "my heart hath heretofore assured me otherwise. I have been instructed to believe that crime, at the first sight, seems foul and odious; but that its hideousness decreases as we become accustomed to contemplate it."

"The doctrine was not false," said Alibeg.

"And yet I at first regarded thee as of an order alike glorious and enviable," rejoined Alhamet, with energy; "and it is only now that I begin to fear thee, as something which I ought to have avoided and abhorred."

To this Alibeg responded, while a grim smile of exultation again illumined his swarthy visage, which threw into strong, and (as it seemed to Alhamet) somewhat ghastly relief, the white folds of his embroidered turban—"Thus hath it ever been in the earlier, and shall be in the after ages of mankind! yet hath temptation triumphed—yet hath vice prevailed! Some at the first approach towards iniquity

quity are conscience-stricken, and for a while remain aloof, shrinking from its proffered allurements, in dread of its inevitable recompence. A few, like Alhamet, may happen to be deceived by the untried course they have chosen; but none tread far the path of evil, ere startled by the discovery of their error—albeit, perchance, too late. The lively beams which adorned the entrance of that pleasing course will vanish—the broad unvarnished front of sin will meet their undazzled vision, and its native hideousness be productive of conviction."

"And why do men," said Alhamet, "persist fatally in that forbidden course, which, even at the beginning, is fraught with disappointment, and must end in retribution?"

"Why dost thou?" demanded Alibeg.

Alhamet heard, but remained silent.

* * * * *

It was on a "day of darkness and of gloominess, a day of clouds and of thick darkness,"

darkness," that Alhamet, and his mysterious associate, appeared to approach the place of their final destination. This was a dull and solitary valley, where even the most devastation-loving birds of prey would hardly have ventured to "set up their rest." No living thing was seen to stir amid the surrounding desolation, but all was silent, lifeless, and dreary. Yet the aspect of Alibeg still sometimes brightened into one of those significant smiles that so often perplexed his companion—but the brows of Alhamet were no longer arched, and he frowned gloomily as he entered the valley.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream. BYRON.

THE daylight grew fainter, as they proceeded onward, and the scene assumed, if possible, a still more terrible and forbidding aspect. At length, as the shades of evening closed finally over their darkened path, the lowering crags united their tall forms over a yawning gulph at the extremity of the rocky avenue, and which now appeared to present the only egress from this vale of horror.

* * * * *

"Thou hast demanded of me," exclaimed Alhamet, "during our journey to this dreadful region, why I adhere to my choice of becoming thine, in defiance of that internal monitor which warns me incessantly to abhor, and leave thee. Yet why

why require a definition of motives thou canst not feel, or comprehend? for the attributes of humanity are not thy attributes, nor the welfare of mortals thy welfare. See where yon gloomy abyss must end our fearful path! Look how the forked lightning flares from its horrid atmosphere! Oh! who art thou, that no longer resemblest Alibeg, and wherefore to this realm of terror hast thou guided me? Whence arises this strange splendour of thy shadowy visage, which no longer bears affinity to the meaner aspects of our middle world? What enormous symbol decorates thy brow? Even while I gaze, tenfold in magnitude glare thy dilated features—Ha! I freeze with horror! my death-cold blood trickles heavily to my heart! my brain revolves—I am lost—"

* * * * *

"Mine art thou to destroy—mine to be destroyed! many serve *me* who know not their own servitude, and provide me victims who are ignorant of their agency in the

the sacrifice; but for thee shall exist an abhorred remembrancer of thy unhallowed fealty—he whose dire attributes thou now rather feelest than darest to behold, when imagined most distant shall be nearest at hand. When thou slumberest in quietude shall sorrow come to awaken thee—when thou revellest in gaiety shall thy pastimes be productive of calamity—when thou treadest on flowers, beware of the thorns they conceal. When thou turnest to flee on thy course, blood shall be on thy head—warm crimson shalt thou dash from thy foot-print; many whom thou lovest, shall perish in their gore—with it shall *thy* garments be stained, and thy track be overflown!"

* * * * *

It was finished, and Alhamet had irrevocably sealed the covenant of his future destiny; a mournful cry pierced the satanic gloom, and reverberated among the huge chaotic precipices, resembling so many masses of sable vapour, that completely

pletely embayed the infernal gulph into which he had followed his equally hellish conductor. Still, however, was distinctly visible the cowering form of the Arab, Alhamet, in company with a colossal figure, the immense shade of whose mighty wings, as they flickered heavily in the frequent blazes around, fell like the shadows of uplifted mountains; and the sound of whose voice resembled the bursting of a volcano.

* * * * *
* * *
* * * * *

The sombre hues of evening were now just beginning to spread themselves over the beautiful coast of Sicily, as the lovely Seraphina seated herself at an open lattice which overlooked the sea, to listen to the calm murmuring of the waves, and enjoy the sublimity of the tranquil scene. The sun had already sunk, but the glowing ocean, which reflected with fidelity the empurpled firmament, was still wrapt in a gorgeous

gorgeous blaze of beauty and magnificence; while on high was perceptible the "pale horned moon," whose hour for attaining her full share of lustre was not yet arrived. In addition to these, may be also mentioned a partial view of one of the richest, and most delightful spots in the world—the country between Monte Pelegrino and Palermo, being universally so considered —the multitude and variety of its fruit trees, the softness of its climate, and above all, the number of fountains and rivulets, that meander through and adorn it in every direction, rendering it a delicious garden, which the environs of no other capital can equal or exceed. But Seraphina heeded in reality neither glowing sky, nor verdant landscape; nor even the beautiful expanse of unruffled water over which her anxious eyes seemed so intently, and almost continually to wander. Her thoughts were engaged by a far different, yet not less delightful theme; and here it might not be amiss to take advantage of her

her temporary abstraction, and proceed with a brief description of her person and family.

The marquis Estherholme was of German extraction, but the land of his own birth was that in which he now preferred to reside—delectable, luxuriant Sicily. In his early life he had married an accomplished lady at Vienna, of whose tender society death had long since deprived him. No longer able to endure the country of his ancestors, he had traversed successively many foreign lands in search of his lost happiness; and at last retired for tranquillity, with his only daughter, to a small palace he had long possessed near Monte Pelegrino, a short distance from Palermo. Here in a lovely, but sequestered situation, surrounded with orange blossoms, and aloes, not far from the sea shore, he contrived to pass his existence agreeably. Seraphina, the only offspring of his unfortunate union, formed, as may be conjectured, in this enviable retreat, the sole object

object of his pride and happiness. She was about the age of seventeen—gay, beautiful, and accomplished. Her large blue eyes—for she was fairer than the generality of Sicilian damsels—

" Shone sweetly lambent with celestial day,"

and seemed formed to disclose, by their mild engaging lustre, the becoming gentleness of her disposition. Her floating hair, adorned with a single rose, after the fashion of Sicilia's sunny beauties, was of that light golden hue so often met with among the northern divisions of Germany. She was exquisitely formed, and her attractions altogether were of that class which fix a lasting impression on the mind of the beholder. Such was Seraphina, the daughter of Estherholme, who, it was not likely, could remain long in such a country as Sicily without attracting admirers. Accordingly, the young count Rosalba had lately striven ardently to obtain her exclusive favour: but unfortunately, on a recent

a recent excursion to one of the small islands in the Mediterranean, a sudden storm overwhelmed the galley, and Rosalba was drowned. . Seraphina, however, bestowed on this accident few tears, and little sorrow: she had never affected his person, but rather regarded him with aversion, though his extensive possessions had prevailed on her father to sanction, and even abet his addresses. Yet there was one not so wholly indifferent to her —but more of him hereafter.

She was sitting in a recumbent posture near the open casement, that commanded a view of the Mediterranean, a small inlet of which approached very near the gardens of the palace. In this position, Seraphina did not perceive her lively and confidential attendant, Fiametta, who, half concealed by the gathering shades of evening, now glided silently into the apartment. The gorgeous effulgence which irradiated the west, had by this time partially disappeared: the sky was fast assuming

suming a deeper azure, and the moon gradually brightening, when Fiametta, who had hitherto remained unnoticed, watching the pensive attitude of her mistress, came suddenly forward, and with a loud burst of laughter awakened her from her reverie.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

She loves, but knows not whom she loves—
Nor what his race, nor whence he came;
Like one who meets, in Indian groves,
A beauteous bird without a name. MOORE.

"FIE, Fiametta!" exclaimed Seraphina, starting, "why did you disturb my meditations?"

"Were you fancying," asked Fiametta, archly, "that the drowned Rosalba could come from his ocean cave of shells and coral, and present himself to your gaze?"

"If he could," replied Seraphina, with more than usual coolness, "I fancy the meeting would be little gratifying on either side."

"You fixed your eyes on the waves so stedfastly," said Fiametta, again laughing; "and looked as if you wished some pageant to arise out of them, for the gra-

tification of your curiosity. I thought the phantom of a shipwrecked lover the most romantic that could spring from them."

Seraphina made no reply.

"Or were your thoughts more pleasingly occupied," subjoined Fiametta, in a softened tone, "and was Gialdini—the gallant, gay Gialdini—the subject of those broken meditations?"

"Ah, Fiametta!" said her indulgent mistress, with a deep-drawn sigh—"thou knowest my secret fears?"

"And wishes likewise," said Fiametta, promptly; "but were *my* wishes hearkened to in the matter, donna Seraphina should have nothing to fear."

"What dost thou mean?" demanded Seraphina.

"Zachelli says it is the wisest course," said Fiametta, with some hesitation.

"What says Zachelli? what course does he advise?" inquired Seraphina, hastily.

"And, saint Rosolia condemn me! whose

whose festival is to-night," exclaimed Fiametta, flinging herself beside her mistress, "if I do not myself think it the better plan to pursue. It is to run away with him, to be sure—leaving all scruples of a fastidious, unfeeling father, to be settled afterwards."

"No! Fiametta," said the determined maiden: "my father is not unfeeling, and if he were—never could my heart forget he is my father. But Gialdini is a wanderer—unknown—unfriended. Perhaps unhonoured in his native country—it may be even *dis*honoured—but the lips of Seraphina shall not suppose his shame. Yet if I, who love him much, thus acknowledge his possible inferiority to Rosalba, the selected of my parent, Estherholme—what will be his fury, when Gialdini openly declares himself my admirer, I tremble to imagine. But to leave—I cannot think of it at present. Gialdini *shall* declare himself—flight must be my last resource."

Fiametta said no more, probably a little piqued at this unceremonious rejection of Zachelli's counsel. Zachelli was the most favoured servant of the marquis, and perfectly in Fiametta's confidence, who thought him more spruce and obliging, and found him more affectionate and faithful, than any other of the household. Meanwhile, the earnest looks of Seraphina were still directed over the watery waste, till suddenly she started, and exclaimed—"See, Fiametta! I have not watched in vain. So came in days of yore the descending angels—the immortal sons of Heaven, and blessed with their bright converse the adoring daughters of mortality! look at that noble air—those graceful features: it is Gialdini's form—Gialdini's aspect! I do not bid thee retire—betray me not, and listen; but the chaste orb of Dian is completing her lustre, and the hour of our assignation is at hand—oh, Seraphina! it is indeed thy hour of paradise!"

Fiametta looked as desired. A light, but

but superbly gilded galley appeared in view, towards which Seraphina continued anxiously to strain her "soul-swimming eyes, as it approached the shore. A single figure was seen on board, in the act of pointing toward the palace, as if directing its motion. He appeared tall in stature, with a handsome countenance—of swarthy complexion, but commanding features. A small guitar was suspended upon his outstretched arm—the other was enveloped in the folds of his mantle. His eyes, and ringlets, were of the raven's hue, and his attire seemed studiously becoming; still there was something foreign in his aspect which declared him a native of some other land than Sicily. This was don Gialdini.

Seraphina still gazed with joyful emotion toward the approaching galley, and was not long unrecognised by Gialdini, who bowed with graceful humility, raised his plumed hat in salutation, and kissed his hand several times.

The galley now appeared to slacken its

speed, as it drew nearer to the palace of Estherholme, and presently rested on the calm bosom of the water. The ruddy stream of departing daylight had now completely yielded to the shadowy lustre of the silver moon, by whose beams only was the scene distinguishable. A solitary star that glimmered by her side, rendered faint by her own overpowering brilliancy, seemed struggling with her to irradiate the still darkening firmament through which she sailed with majestic supremacy. Gialdini changed his attitude—looked upward toward the lattice with an affectionnate gesture—seized his guitar without withdrawing his gaze, and, after a flourishing prelude, sang the following apt recitative.

"While nought save Beauty lists, I sing!
And round her bower Love's vesper fling,
With faltering hand, from silver string.
Awake my lyre! thy chords I sweep,
And music trembles o'er the deep—
Awake my lyre! and aid to show
The theme that bids my numbers flow."

The

The strings seemed to displease him—he paused to alter them, and presently addressed himself gracefully to commence again.

CHAP. VI.

See, lady, see, the gondolier,
True to the vesper hour, is here. *The Gondolier.*

In another moment the succeeding stanzas were trilled skilfully by Gialdini, in a loud, melodious voice, and the wild shore echoed sweetly to the wilder serenade.

"Stem we the waves! the sea-bird's cry
The mermaid mocks—the dolphin hears:
One twinkling star, a seraph's eye!
The lonely space with lustre cheers.
And now, less bright,
But gathering light,
Another through the dusk appears:
And now there are many—
Yet softer than any
Looks an eye that beams love through its sheening tears.

"The purple cloud that lightly sails,
Without a wind, o'er ocean's wave:
Whose hues the purest language fails
To paint—so varied, rich, and brave!

Abash'd

Abash'd look'd down,
With a storm-dark frown,
On charms outvied by nought it gave
To view: for stars peeping,
Nor summer cloud sleeping,
Match'd that eye whose soft glances so sweetly enslave."

Gialdini's voice now ceased abruptly, and he began to traverse hastily the small space afforded him for motion in his narrow vessel: he was evidently becoming impatient; when Seraphina, who had already attired herself, placed her finger expressively on her lips, in token of expected silence and secresy, and, waving a mute signal from the lattice ere she quitted the apartment, descended hastily to the garden. The galley was now observed to approach still nearer to the shore, and soon received on board its lovely burthen; when it instantly turned its gilt prow toward Palermo, where the feast of saint Rosolia was celebrated. Fiametta watched it disappear with her beautiful mistress, who, she well knew, would not return until some hours after midnight,

and then hastened to join Zachelli; little aware of the sorrow and desolation the changes of that eventful night were destined to produce in the family of Estherholme.

* * * * *

The blazing Marino was now glittering in the height of its splendour, and delighting the thousands of happy spirits that crowded to pass the midnight hours beneath its illuminated arches, and fiery pyramids, in habits scarce less gorgeous than the brilliant objects among which they were wandering, like the beatified inhabitants of some happier world. The splendid display of fireworks, with which it is usual to celebrate the festival of saint Rosolia, had not yet commenced; but the accustomed avenues of lamps, and magnificent trophies, were complete, and seemed to possess their accustomed charm for the smiling throngs that now paraded them. The noon of night was distant yet two hours, when a gaily-attired cavalier

lier directed his galley to a small bay at a little distance from the Marino, and led from it a lady of superior loveliness, on whose celestial form his eyes were rivetted, and for whose ear only his graceful lips dropped sounds of glowing admiration.

> "They were two lovers—Oh! how much is said
> In that brief phrase; how much of happiness,
> Of all that makes life precious, is summ'd up
> In telling they were lovers!"

They were Seraphina and Gialdini.—The tender moon, made paler by the glare of artificial light emitted from the rejoicing city, which appeared through the Porta Felice one line of flame even to the centre of the Ottangolo, showered over them beams of an unusual whiteness; as if in gratitude for their preference of her cold, wan lustre, to the gaudier streams of radiance that from a little distance saluted them, and invited their solitary footsteps. Hard by appeared stationed the small galley which conveyed them, in seeming readiness for a secret departure, when the

stolen hour dedicated to fond mutual endearment should have passed away.

* * * * *

"But did you never hear of the dead becoming visible?" asked Gialdini, with an involuntary shudder of recollection, while an unusual paleness crept over his features.

"I have heard of such marvels," said Seraphina, carelessly, "but hold them as mere idle legends, invented to amuse the credulous, or affright the criminal from his iniquitous career."

"I have gazed—I have witnessed," said Gialdini with emotion, while his lividness increased to a degree that resembled the aspect of the grave itself—"Oh! Seraphina—it is a dreadful tale!"

"What tale? what hast thou witnessed?" demanded Seraphina, with astonishment.

"What I would fain forget," replied the awe-stricken youth, "but the ghastly remembrance will for ever haunt me! I cannot

cannot—cannot bury it in oblivion. I have seen—I have beheld——"

Gialdini paused again, and looking around him with an air of mystery, took her fair yielding hand, and placed it for a moment on his own cold clammy forehead. Its touch was like marble—she started at the chill it communicated to her frame, and her countenance expressed the alarm she now felt for him. "But the heart is warmer," he said, smiling faintly, as if conscious of her feelings—"the brow may be damp and chilly, and the lip falter—but the heart that animates——"

"Good Heavens! Gialdini, are you ill?" she exclaimed.

"Nought but sick of those idle legends, Seraphina," replied Gialdini, half sarcastically, "which thou dost not regard. It is only a dizziness memory still casts over me—but thou canst not comprehend—beautiful Seraphina! heed not my transient malady—it will soon pass away."

He

He ceased, and again shuddered. But the curiosity of Seraphina being thoroughly awakened by that wildness of tone and manner she had often before observed in Gialdini, but never to the extent now exhibited, was not to be so easily suppressed, or gratified. She entreated to be indulged with the particulars of an event which seemed so deeply to interest him—a favour Gialdini had little desire to refuse. Accordingly, thus appealed to at the very hour in which the heart is always open, and by the lips of sympathizing beauty, he no longer refrained; but told with a throbbing breast, and changeful aspect, while his fair auditor trembled as she listened, the following appalling tale.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

I pray thee, tell me of some shadowy thing
Crossing the traveller in his path of fear,
On such a night as this? MATURIN.

IT was in a part of the delectable kingdom of Siam, where the huge elephant mingles unmolested with his harmless kind, here often seen issuing in troops of thousands from some adjacent forest, or pasture, while the hushed crocodile, and beautiful river horse, gaze aghast at the magnificent assemblage, that the wandering Gialdini fixed the scene of his narrative. Here, it appeared, although by what strange accident was left wholly unexplained, Gialdini himself had formerly resided, since the boyhood of his days, which had not yet reached their meridian. Here also had dwelt an Asian youth named Arion, betwixt whom and himself, a more

a more than common friendship seemed to have subsisted. The captivating Zama was the object of their mutual adoration—but even this untoward circumstance was insufficient to make them enemies. In the company of Arion, Gialdini was accustomed to divert himself with hunting the wild animals which abound in that sunny but dangerous region. When engaged in this employment, the two friends were inseparable; and their application to the toilsome sport was frequent, as it contributed mainly to their subsistence.—"One fatal day," continued Gialdini, "which I ever shall remember, we were pursuing the enraged rhinoceros, when I launched the fatal shaft which effected his destruction. It grazed the stem of an adjacent plane-tree, which caused my arrow to take a wrong direction—the first I ever sped that mistook its aim. Arion was near—I shouted to warn him of the erring messenger, but it was too late. He had received

ceived my arrow in his side—I gazed till he expired!

"We were alone upon that fatal morning, and I dreaded the attachment of some dark suspicion to myself: for—Arion was my rival. I therefore determined to dispose of the body secretly, and to affect total ignorance of his fate. With my own hands I scooped a shallow grave under the spreading plane-tree, and deposited in it the body of Arion. I extracted the deadly herald from his side, and replaced it in my quiver; that should the body ever be discovered—which was next to impossible, for the spot was remote from the habitations of man—no traces of secret murder might accompany the discovery. I then embraced him, and covered him with earth, moistened by my tears; and with my knife marked the plane-tree that shadowed his rest.

"I told Zama, on returning from my first unsuccessful chase, that Arion had resolved to penetrate further into the country,

country, and not to return till he had met with success. She commended his courage —but many moons passed, and he returned no more. I continued to hunt alone, or with other companions. On returning late one moonlight eve—such an eve as we now witness," said Gialdini, much affected, "laden with the produce of my skilful aim, Zama met me eagerly on the threshold.—'Our Arion is within!' she exclaimed, with innocent vivacity. I started with astonishment—but I disbelieved her —for I knew that he was buried under the shadowing plane. She saw my confusion, which she readily imputed to excess of joy.—'But he is sick,' she continued, 'and looks ghastlier than wont. Come and see him.'—'Ghastly indeed, must appear the putrid dead!' thought I —but I told her I would come.—'He complains of anguish in his side,' said she, 'but I understand him not—you may better comprehend his meaning.' Amazed, I rushed into the dwelling—Arion was not

not to be found. In vain Zama sought him every where—still her steady assertions that he had been present in her habitation shook me. I determined to visit his grave—but the very idea caused a faintness to steal over me, and I again sought the open air to revive my scattered senses. I had hardly gained the outside of the dwelling, ere I saw a dark figure standing by my side, who instantly saluted me. He complained, in a distressful tone; and I asked him his ailment, or how I could relieve him.—'I am afflicted with pain,' said he, mournfully, 'my side aches bitterly—it bleeds, too, for the shaft pierced it sorely.' —'Let me find the wound,' said I, endeavouring to approach him.—'You cannot,' he exclaimed—'but the arrow is in your quiver!' As the form still shrunk from me, the clear moonshine, which the shade of the dwelling had hitherto intercepted, burst full on his unchanged visage —God of the invisible world! I had been conversing with Arion."

Gialdini

Gialdini here paused, and covered his face with emotion. Seraphina ventured to suggest the possibility of his having been still deceived, but he shook his head mournfully, and resumed, in a hurried manner—" No! it was no delusion—I was not deceived. It was Arion himself, whom the upheaving grave had loosened from its cold, eternal grasp, to overwhelm me with deserved confusion—for I was faulty, although not criminal. But he vanished—I knew not whither—yet he eluded me; and in my furious search for him, even Zama was forgotten. I entered that dwelling no more—I sojourned not long in the vicinity of such horrible recollections: flight alone was left to me, and—I am here."

As he ceased speaking, and ere yet Seraphina had recovered from her amazement, they descried a form approaching them hastily, which they presently recognised to be that of Zachelli, the favourite, trusted attendant, of the marquis Estherholme.

holme. Surprised at what could be his errand at such a time, Seraphina paused, and impatiently awaited his advance; for she doubted not it was through Fiametta's means he had discovered them so readily, and that his intelligence must be of importance.

They had not long to await his arrival: in a few minutes Zachelli reached them, and, breathless with haste, requested permission to speak alone with donna Seraphina.—"Speak freely, and aloud," said Seraphina: "none hear thee now, Zachelli, who may not be fully acquainted with aught thou hast to say to me. Has thy master returned from his trip to Messina? Has my father arrived? Well, why dost thou pause?"

"He has—and count Rosalba," now stammered Zachelli, not without hesitation.

"Count Rosalba!" exclaimed both his auditors.

"Is arrived with him," said Zachelli, coolly,

coolly, being in his turn the most composed of the group.

Seraphina stood wrapt in astonishment at this communication. Gialdini gazed steadily on the aspect of Zachelli, as if mutely to elicit further information while a wild and peculiar expression marked his strangely-illumined countenance.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

Do the hollow grave, and the whelming wave,
Give up their dead again?
Doth the angry waste waft o'er its breast
The spirits of the slain? J. Baillie.

The floating strains from the distant Marino now passed them by unheard, and the gaudy crowd fluttered unheeded, while Zachelli continued with the rest of his marvellous communication. He told that the young count Rosalba, having escaped the wreck wherein it was reported he had perished, had encountered Estherholme on the road to Messina, being himself on his way to the palace of the marquis to convince them personally of his safety. That Estherholme had returned with him, accordingly; and finding Seraphina absent, had extorted from the fears of Fiametta (thrown off her guard,

guard, by the unexpected appearance of one whom she had long supposed at the bottom of the deep) a full confession of their secret intercourse. That upon this important information, thus obtained, the marquis and Rosalba had closely closeted themselves, and he feared some extraordinary mischief would ensue from their deliberations. He had stolen away to acquaint them with the danger of their situation, and, by so doing, make all the atonement in his power for the evil occasioned by Fiametta's weakness.—"I will instantly front him myself!" exclaimed Gialdini, with a mixture of suspicion and dread, which, nevertheless, he seemed striving to conceal; and Seraphina, though almost fainting with excess of terror and emotion, did not oppose his resolution.

Zachelli, having executed his purpose, made all the speed he could homeward, to console Fiametta, and avoid being missed; while Gialdini and Seraphina turned their steps also, but more slowly, toward the

the galley which was still in waiting to convey them back to the palace. What a change had the last few hours, it appeared, effected in their situation, and prospects! the betrothed of Seraphina returned, and their intercourse discovered! As they were proceeding in silent wonder, and brooding, it might be, over the probable consequences, they did not for some time perceive a strangely-attired female, who, though apparently of the lowest order of the people, stood regarding them with earnest attention. Her garb was not only foreign, but seemed of a nation with which even the travelled Gialdini was wholly unacquainted. There was a peculiar archness in the gaze with which she surveyed them so steadily, accompanied with a familiar impudence, which caused Gialdini to pause and question her.—"Who art thou? and whither bound?" he demanded, hastily, supposing she had business with him, from the closeness of her scrutiny.

"A Samoyede," replied the damsel, flippantly, "and my destination is the same as thine."

"How, to the palace of Estherholme!" exclaimed Gialdini.

"No!" said the female, significantly: "I am further bound than the palace of Estherholme—and so to-night art thou."

"Indeed!" said Gialdini, with an incredulous smile. Then suddenly changing her tone, she commenced in the manner of the scattered tribes she had named (the Samoyedes, who are fond of extemporal poetry, which they produce with singular facility), a kind of chant, yet rather spoken than sung, declarative of her power to foretel future events, much to the following purport:—

"Celestial fair one, list, I pray;
And, stranger, scoff not—turn and stay.
Thou! heedless of thy dangerous fame,
That art—what? who?—I cannot name;
'Tis thine to-night 'neath foes to quail,
Whose deeds might blanch ev'n heroes pale.
And, damsel, thou! too blest to dread
The hovering bolt which threats thy head:

Yet,

Yet, dreadless as thou seem'st, I see
Dark hours of wail in store for thee.
Some gift bestow—who such bestows
Learns oft to ward impending woes."

Although neither of the personages addressed could refrain from a contemptuous smile at this ill-timed interruption, yet Gialdini could not help fancying, from the marked manner in which she had singled him out for this display of her idle palmistry, that she knew something of his peculiar situation; and, therefore, presented her with some small pieces of money. Hereupon she took his hand, and after poring attentively over it for a minute, raised her eyes to his face, and thus continued:—

"Stranger! these lineaments believed,
I warn thee, bode, this hour achieved,
Unholier deeds, by bloodier race
Than lips may name—than art should trace.
There's much denotes thy nature kind:
But much—that thou wilt surely find
Friendship professed is only wind.
Trust not fair speech—of fraud take care—
Craft hems thee round—beware—beware!
Worse is at hand, I wist full well,
Than lips should solve—or mine may tell."

Gialdini withdrew his hand, musingly: her words implied danger of immediate evil, and his suspicions that she knew something of his present circumstances became confirmed. Meantime, the female solicited for a moment the hand of his lovely companion, Seraphina, and, regarding it slightly, resumed:—

"The lines that deck this sleek, smooth hand,
Denote thou'lt seek some foreign strand:
Dread secret foes—a treacherous band!
For many a gathering pearl of brine,
Shall dim those sparkling eyes of thine;
And many a tear its furrowy streak,
Shall trace adown thy faded cheek.
Rude storms are near—at last a smile—
But, oh! what weary hours the while!
Nor, maiden, scorn the sibyl's lore—
Lest, toss'd round some wild distant shore,
Who warns thee once should warn no more."

On ceasing, she was about to depart, though not without another significant glance bestowed on both her auditors, when Gialdini starting suddenly from his reverie, hastily inquired her name.—"Geronime," she responded; "and ere many hours

hours shall have elapsed—I tell it not in mockery, but for thy consolation—thou shalt hear it again. Farewell."

So saying, she continued to retreat as fast as possible towards a vessel that seemed moored at a little distance from the beach where they stood. At her signal, Gialdini saw a boat lowered from the vessel, which received, and immediately carried her on board. By this time the lovers had reached, and entered their galley, which instantly departed for the palace of Estherholme.

No sooner were they fairly launched again on the smooth shining surface of the ocean, than the vessel, to which had just retreated the mysterious Geronime, began to spread sail, and make directly towards them. The apprehension that she might possibly be a pirate, immediately darted across the mind of Gialdini, and he trembled for the fate of Seraphina, should this supposition be realized. For he knew,

that here the dauntless rover was not unfrequently encountered—

> " Whose bark in sheltering cove below,
> Lurks for the passing peaceful prow,
> Till the gay mariner's guitar
> Is heard, and seen the evening star;
> Then stealing, with the muffled oar,
> Far shaded by the rocky shore,
> Rush the night prowlers on the prey,
> And turn to groans his roundelay."

Impressed with this conviction, he commanded the rowers to make all possible speed—but speed was now too late; for the vessel lying between them and the palace of Estherholme, whither they were bound, easily intercepted their course—grappled with, and boarded the galley. The rowers sat appalled at their stations, and refused to oppose any other weapon than prayer to their pursuers, be the issue what it might. Gialdini, however, clasped the unconscious Seraphina in his arms, who had already sunk into a state of insensibility, and, drawing his light poniard, prepared for a desperate, although hopeless

less defence. But what was his amazement, when on board the vessel (evidently a pirate, from the uncouth and rugged appearance of her crew) he distinguished the marquis Estherholme, the father of his Seraphina, and by his side the dreaded count Rosalba, who appeared directing the movements of the seamen. Few minutes, however, were afforded to the unfortunate Gialdini, to collect his scattered thoughts, or form any rational conclusion. Half-a-dozen sturdy and vigorous rovers leaped instantly into the galley; and forcing Seraphina from his arms, by command of Rosalba, pinioned him, and bore him, powerless and half fainting, into the bark of the pirates. Gialdini cast a glance of agony around him, as he entered what, he now rightly conjectured, was to be his prison. Seraphina was still lying in the galley, senseless, which Estherholme also had now entered; and the fortunate, abhorred Rosalba, was preparing to follow him.

CHAP. IX.

O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free,
Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,
Survey our empire, and behold our home!
These are our realms, no limits to their sway—
Our flag the sceptre all who meet obey. BYRON.

A HUGE, square-looking ruffian, with a long yellow beard, who appeared commander of the pirate vessel (for such indeed was the cruiser into which Gialdini had been borne, although she still carried no ensign emblematic of her dreadful occupation) stood leaning over her side, and following with his grey, ferocious eyes, the departure of Estherholme into the galley. And now, ere yet Rosalba had descended—"Let the service be speedily completed, Ruganoff," said the marquis to him, softly, "and the rest of thy reward is sure."

The

The ruffian, addressed by the name of Ruganoff, shrugged an assent, but murmured something also in an inarticulate, grumbling tone, which Gialdini could not understand, when the latter spoke.—"What service? what reward?" he exclaimed indignantly. "Am I the victim of heartless assassins—of tame-blooded murderers? Thou, whom the grave's dark trammels cannot bind," he continued, addressing count Rosalba—"who hast arisen from the tomb to blast my happiness, and destroy my hopes—tell me, what means this violence?"

"Thou hast the recompence of presumption," said count Rosalba, with provoking coolness.

"Wretch! receive thou that of villainy," shouted Gialdini, suddenly, and plunged his still firmly-grasped poniard into his bosom. Rosalba staggered backward from the blow, and sunk, with a yell that seemed to partake more of laughter than of agony, again into the briny

element from which he had been so lately rescued. Gialdini observed the body rise once to the surface, exhibiting still on its breast the hilt of the fatal poniard, and a grim smile (or was it only fancy?) of mockery on its features; when it again disappeared beneath the whelming waves, and was never found afterwards. Ruganoff now gave a signal to his crew, and Gialdini was instantly secured.

* * * * *

"Why truly," said Fiametta, one afternoon in the palace gardens, while endeavouring to appease her wretched mistress, "to lose two lovers on one unlucky night, was no slight misadventure. Praise saint Rosolia, notwithstanding—for that you escaped yourself from such a barbarous horde must have been owing to the good saint's especial interference, and protection. Saw you that huge knave with a yellow beard, and enormous pistols stuck in his girdle?"

"I saw none of them—nothing!" said donna

donna Seraphina, in a mournful tone. "But came they to the palace, Fiametta, in this guise?"

"In this guise, madam," responded Fiametta. "Zachelli says they are pirates, who were just about to set sail. The marquis, while closeted with count Rosalba, sent for their leader, or captain, as it seems he is styled. This ugly Muscovite soon appeared, accompanied by several of his crew (who called him by some hard rough name), and added not a little to the fright I had already experienced. They remained not long, however, and the count and marquis left the palace, by a private portal, in their company. I saw them embark in a small boat together—with the rest you are acquainted. But for what is become of the brave don Gialdini—Zachelli says, it is more than probable, we may never learn."

Donna Seraphina clasped her hands with fervour—raised her blue eyes to heaven, and wept bitterly.

* * * * *

It was now the hour of midnight. The vessel was scudding at an unusual rate, with a brisk, but not violent breeze, and the commander, Ruganoff, with the greater part of the crew, had retired to rest. The lieutenant, however, with two of the pirates, whose turn it was to watch, were still on deck, regaling themselves over a drowsy watchfire, and conversing in coarse language upon their past exploits, or present expectations. Gialdini was alone in his cabin, but perfectly unmanacled, listening to the sound of their voices, and wondering how much longer he was likely to remain deprived of liberty. Many weeks had now passed since their departure from Sicily, and still the pirate kept his onward course, without coming to any explanation of his ultimate intentions. It was true, he was unfettered, a favour not extended to him during the early part of the voyage; but he hardly knew to what, or whom, he was

to

to impute his partial liberation. He believed Ruganoff instructed to murder him on the seas: still the sometimes relenting mood of the rugged buccaneer, and a friend he had on board in the person of Geronime, the Samoyede female, gave him hopes of a better termination to his travels than it was intended by the marquis Estherholme should befal him.

As he was musing gloomily on what might be the probable issue of this unhappy adventure, while the glowing charms of his lost Seraphina crowded ever and anon upon his anguished recollection, the door opened, and a light step entered his cabin. The visitor bore no light, and moon there was none—but a glimmering reflection from the lighted embers on deck was sufficient to reveal to him the figure of Geronime, and he knew that he had nothing to fear. Starting, however, involuntarily on his feet, he hastily demanded the cause of her intrusion at that unusual hour; reminding her that he had already

already refused his food that evening, and could not now partake of it; for Geronime, he had discovered, was the pirate Ruganoff's loved and trusted companion; and one who made it her peculiar province to supply provisions to his unfortunate captives, even when forbidden to supply consolation. Gialdini well knew this—"My kind Geronime!" he therefore added, gratefully, "why will you torture with the offer of sustenance, one whom his wretchedness deprives of appetite?"

"Hush!" she exclaimed, motioning him to silence. "I bring you to-night a better gift than food—I bring you liberty."

"How? by what means?" inquired the startled Gialdini—"the voices I hear—the fire—the watch——"

"May be easily passed," interrupted the impatient Geronime, "and this night you may be free—only agree to the conditions."

"Name them!" said Gialdini, eagerly.

"That you return not again to Sicily," said

said Geronime, with marked emphasis. "The world is spacious, and is all before thee: but to Sicily you must not again return."

"Why do you impose an interdiction so cruel?" asked Gialdini, with amazement, and in a supplicating tone.

"Because thy return would injure thy benefactress," replied Geronime, impressively. "Because it would betray me, and because Ruganoff—whose welfare I prize beyond my own—would then be deprived of the reward for thy destruction. You must return no more."

"Ha! it was so, then?" said Gialdini, shuddering: "massacre was intended—was stipulated for?"

"It was," responded Geronime, solemnly. "But Ruganoff loves not blood—I love not blood—nor even gold, which he has loved so dearly. Do you consent to the conditions?"

"Seraphina—my attachment!" now stammered Gialdini.

"There

"There are means," again interrupted Geronime: "letters were invented for the use of those who love. Employ them discreetly, and Seraphina joins you elsewhere."

"I consent!" said Gialdini, with alacrity.

"And I confide!" said she, significantly: "that is—I will confide—when you have sworn——"

"I swear never again to revisit Sicily!" exclaimed Gialdini, with firmness.

"Enough!" said Geronime. "Now follow me cautiously."

So saying, she conducted him warily towards the lighted deck, keeping as far aloof from the flame as possible, that their dark figures might not be so easily perceptible in the shadowy distance. On reaching the deck, a motley scene presented itself to the eyes of Gialdini. The lieutenant of the cruiser, an Englishman, named Smyth, was occupied in the narration of apparently a very interesting legend

legend for the entertainment of two of his associates—a Venetian named Spalatro, and Monctar, a Moor. They were all hovering closely over the midnight blaze, which each was too deeply engaged in the interest of the narrative to preserve from almost expiring. It was a starlight sky, but no moon would illumine that night the vast watery expanse that lay stretched on every side of them; and yet over this dreary, unlit waste, might Gialdini take presently his undirected course.

And now Geronime, closely followed by the object of her solicitude, had advanced considerably nearer to the speaker, when, sheltered from view by a heap of cordage, they were constrained to await a more favourable opportunity for gaining the lee side of the vessel, where lay the boat destined to convey Gialdini from bondage. In this perilous situation, while the lieutenant's face being turned in the exact direction of their hiding-place effectually barred the further progress of their

design,

design, they could not avoid overhearing every syllable of his narrative, in which Gialdini appeared to feel a singular degree of interest, not a little to the surprise of his observant companion. As the tale proceeded, he almost forgot to breathe, in the earnestness of his attention to that strange wandering legend; which, for the reader's entertainment, shall here be divested of lieutenant Smyth's maritime phraseology, and presented as the story of the Caffre Slave.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness; I have used thee
(Filth as thou art) with human care, and lodg'd
In mine own cell. SHAKESPEARE.

In the isle of Borneo, the largest in the Indian Ocean, near the sea-coast, lived a slave who was christened by the name of Oromanzel. He was a native of Caffraria; and, though the term of his servitude had been long and miserable, and he had never once permitted the hope of its termination to animate his breast, yet had not forgotten the delightful groves, and almost overwhelming pastures, of the luxuriant country in which he was born. Oromanzel sighed incessantly for the sable associates of his youth, with whom he yet recollected to have partaken of his favourite pastimes; and for the simple enjoyments

ments which he still remembered having thought the height of felicity, while in his native region. Hence he was gloomy, and wretched; and ever on the watch for some opportunity of revenging himself on his purchaser, and present employer. This being his principal aim—almost the sole object of his ruminations, of course, it could not be long ere Oromanzel found the opportunity he so ardently desired.

Aboukir, a Mahometan diamond-merchant, and the present owner of Oromanzel, whom he employed in procuring gold and pearls from the interior of the island, and polishing them, one night later than ordinary, chanced to visit the hovel of his Caffre slave. They were alone, and without fear of interruption: the wily Oromanzel, perceiving his advantage, threw him instantly to the ground, and flourished a concealed poniard close to the throat of his unfortunate master. The luckless merchant, thus made aware of his devilish design, then addressed him, exclaiming—

"Oromanzel!

"Oromanzel! thou wilt not murder me?"—"I will," said the vengeful Caffre.—"Alas, slave!" now groaned the hopeless Aboukir—"what right hast thou to take thy master's life?"—"A better right than thou hast to be my master," replied the determined Oromanzel. "I am stronger than thou: nature meant me for thy master, although circumstances have made thee mine. I was privileged, in the land of my birth, to slay the lion, because nature made me his superior in the combat, and in artifice—and shall I not slay thee? Strength, and cunning, imply natural superiority. I know not what thou mayest urge—it is thus in Caffraria. Besides, thou art not of mine own religion—to slaughter thee is in me no crime: thine may be the true God—but we do not allow it to be so at the Great Fish River*." So saying, he drew the blade across the neck of his helpless victim—life ebbed fast in the stream which flowed from

* One of the boundaries of Caffraria.

from the wound, and Aboukir was soon no more.

For some time did the merciless Oromanzel gloat exultingly over the body of his murdered master, and rejoice that his own tiger strength had enabled him so easily to accomplish his destruction: but the hour of repentance was at hand. The malignant grin of triumph had hardly subsided from his sooty features, ere he began to feel alarmed for the probable consequences of the deed he had perpetrated; and to execrate his own stupidity, for not more deliberately weighing them beforehand, or selecting a place where the means of concealment could be found better than in his own hovel. Struck motionless by these appalling suggestions of his conscience, which he wondered had never assailed him before, he stood like a statue of despair, unable to do any thing to prevent detection, and the guilty instrument fell from his nerveless hand. The fall of the weapon, however, somewhat

what revived him: he heard that it struck hollowly upon the floor of the cabin, and the idea smote him instantly that he might there deposit the body he had slain. Accordingly, by removing a few rude boards, he produced a sort of grave, into which he then lowered the stiffening body of the murdered merchant, and carefully covered it with planks as before. Having completed this arrangement, he felt somewhat more at ease. Meanwhile, the lost Aboukir was sought every where —rewards of gold, and bees'-wax, every where were offered—but no tidings could be obtained of him. None knew, save Oromanzel, the dark resting-place of Aboukir—and he of course was silent.

Some time rolled on. It has been said that Oromanzel was silent, but he was not tranquil: nor was his condition in the least amended by the crime he had committed. Aboukir during his lifetime had a friend named Ali, who at his death succeeded him, and took instant possession of all

all his property. Oromanzel thus became the slave of Ali, whom he found a harder task-master than Aboukir had been before him; and who, moreover, now redoubled his vigilant endeavours to discover the fate of his predecessor, and the dread of his eventual success in this matter troubled the assassin exceedingly.

It was on a dark evening, illumined now and then by the harmless flashes of lightning common in that sultry climate, as Oromanzel was returning from his daily labour, rather later than usual, that his lonely way was intercepted by a shadowy figure, wearing the very Moslem habit in which he knew he had buried the corpse of his late master, now festering underneath the floor of his own hovel. At first, he almost doubted the evidence of his senses; but when he saw the cold gleaming eyes of Aboukir fixed steadily upon him, even the stout nerves of Oromanzel trembled, and the big drops of sweat coursed each other down his sable forehead.

forehead.—" Oromanzel," said the spirit, calmly, " I require of thee my bones—why hast thou treasured them up so carefully beneath thy cabin floor? I have too long been separated from them—thou hast divided us—restore them to me again. They are mine, and I must have them—dost thou hear, Oromanzel?"—At these words, Oromanzel, who knew that his cabin had yet to be searched, and thought it an excellent opportunity to get rid of the bones, affected extreme penitence, and replied—" Poor injured spirit—talkest thou of treasure! of what value to me is a putrid skeleton? Alas! thy bones are already half decayed—they are mouldering into dust, and will hardly bear removal—the reptile hath eaten into them so far. Yet rather than withhold aught from thee to which thou hast a claim, I will forthwith fetch them hither, and should they adhere together——"—" Kind, worthy Oromanzel!" said the spirit, vanishing as he spoke—" thou wilt

find my mortal remnants tougher, assuredly, than thou thinkest them." Away hurried Oromanzel to his hovel, elated at the prospect of being speedily released from all further anxiety respecting the discovery of the bones. As he proceeded onward, the lightning flashed more vividly around him, and the now-rolling thunder, by its approaching growl, threatened a heavy tempest; but Oromanzel either heard not, or refused to heed, the impending conflict of the elements, in his eagerness to remove the bones.

Immediately on his arrival, the Caffre having lighted a torch, commenced opening the grave, with combined caution and celerity. He started involuntarily, on beholding the decayed and wormy state of those very vestments which had appeared so fresh and lively on the phantom, a few minutes before; but what was his astonishment and horror when, on attempting to descend, he heard the stiff joints rattle, and saw the lank bones shrink closer together,

gether, while a grating voice demanded angrily why he wanted to disturb them? To this interrogatory, so terribly ejaculated from the lifeless jaws of death itself, Oromanzel, as well as fear would permit him, returned a veritable answer, adding candidly enough—"Besides, I fear lest Ali should come hither, and discover my criminality by means of these unlucky bones." To this confession the voice suddenly responded—"Let Ali come not hither until after midnight, and he shall find in this grave other bones than mine." The skeleton now ceased to speak—the crackling of the crisp joints too subsided—the thunder paused for a brief interval, and the ears of the guilty Caffre were saluted by what to him was yet more terrible—an impatient knocking at his hovel door. Oromanzel stood aghast, and panic-smitten: the prediction still rang in his ears—himself might, ere the morning, fill that dismal grave, and his betrayer was doubtless at the door!—What could he say, or

do?—While yet irresolute, the door gave way: two fellow-labourers, attached to his late master, entered, and beheld the opened grave; then rushed, in spite of his entreaties, to obtain the promised recompence, by proclaiming that the murderer of Aboukir was the Caffre slave. Oromanzel saw them depart, and hope fled with them: he however attempted to close the grave in his despair; but his strength was utterly exhausted, and, reeling beneath the weight of a massy plank, he fell headlong into the dreaded fissure. Why springs not the stout Caffre from that loathed receptacle of festering mortality?—what iron clasp withholds the brawny murderer? Hark! a voice—it reveals the dreadful secret!—"Midnight approaches—Ali will soon be here—I warned thee thou wouldst find the remains of my mortal sinews tougher than thou thoughtst them!" The skeleton had griped him in its suffocating hold! The whirlwind shook the hovel, and the thunder now lent its awful aid to solemnize

solemnize the uproar; while through every crevice of that crazy edifice were seen terrific lightnings, as if the fiends were already hovering in readiness to seize their desponding prey. Oromanzel glared frightfully upwards amid the appalling tumult —struggled vainly for an instant, and expired.

What became of the corpse of the diamond-merchant could not be ascertained: his body was never heard of more. It was even asserted by some that Aboukir was actually again alive, and had been seen to converse with Ali, shortly after this adventure: but as Ali himself immediately quitted the island, this incredible circumstance failed to receive any positive confirmation. The two labourers, however, still aver, that within that wretched hovel they saw the murdered remains of their late master, mouldering "in his habit as he lived:" but that on returning to the grave with Ali, they found only the body of the Caffre slave.

Toward this latter portion of the narrative, the features of Gialdini assumed so fixed, and vacant an expression, that his face less resembled the aspect of the living than the dead; so intensely was he absorbed in the recollections which, it was evident, the names of Ali, and Aboukir, had awakened in his bosom. Geronime would have vented her wonder—but at that moment a change in the position of the lieutenant, Smyth, presented a possibility of their gaining, unobserved, the lee side of the cruiser, of which they instantly availed themselves, just as the rough, unconscious seaman, finished his recital.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

Whose voice is heard? whose carbine rang?
Whose bullet through the night-air sang? BYRON.

"THE land lies yonder," now whispered Geronime, as Gialdini descended into the boat prepared for him—"yonder where the bright red star eclipses his twinkling brethren. Make speed—you will soon be safe."

"Safe, and far from my deliverer!" said Gialdini, softly, grasping the oars as he spoke, "but should we ever chance to meet again—I shall remember——"

A sign from Geronime to be silent, checked the rest upon his lips, and she now cautiously withdrew some paces towards her cabin.

Meanwhile, the hardy lieutenant of the Invincible, as the cruiser was called, sat

gazing listlessly on the expiring embers; and the cheated companions of his watch remained brooding over the tale they had been listening to so earnestly. Suddenly a light splash broke the surrounding stillness, and fell faintly on the ears of the startled pirates.

"Hark! what noise a-lee?" said Spalatro, with awakened vigilance. "The dolphins sport merrily to-night in the darkness."

"Or the gull must have taken a longer flight than ordinary," said Monctar, rising, "that dips her wing so late on her return."

"It is the plashing of oars alongside!" exclaimed the lieutenant, whose acute ears could not mistake the sounds they now plainly distinguished. "And see!" he continued, starting on his feet, and pointing to a scarcely-descried object that was dimly seen to skim along in the darkness. All hurried in confusion to the lee side of the

the vessel, and Geronime rushed into her cabin.

One—two—three pistols were fired by the rovers during the succeeding instant, and as many balls whizzed round the brow of the lonely ocean wanderer, and then, far beyond him, plashed for ever into the bounding wave. A tumult immediately arose on board—Ruganoff rushed on deck. Other shots were subsequently discharged, but the continued plashing of the oars, which grew louder and faster as the distance from danger increased, sufficiently assured the crew of the Invincible that none had taken the desired effect.

* * * * *

"You have done wrong, Geronime," said Ruganoff to her, in a surly tone. "Beshrew me but my very heart rejoiced when he struck the younker, Rosalba, overboard for suggesting such an accursed business. Yet having undertaken it, as you knew, and touched half the reward,

my duty, and my interest, required that he should perish."

"You know you shrank from his assassination," said Geronime, persuasively, "and can safely swear yourself not privy to his escape, if discovered. But I have his solemn oath that he will not return to Sicily, nor reveal his existence to Estherholme. The reward will be bloodlessly obtained—this was better than butchery."

"You have done wrong, I say again," replied Ruganoff, with sternness which she knew well was half assumed—"but at any rate I am glad my hands are rid of him. Fire away!" he continued, "as long as he is in sight. If the balls strike him—well; if not—let him find death elsewhere. The Invincible shall not alter her course to pursue him."

* * * * *

It was again the feast of saint Rosolia. The seasons had revolved—nature had changed her garb, and the skies their aspect, but brought no change to the joyless bosom

bosom of the love-lorn Seraphina. The hope, long cherished, of Gialdini's return had abandoned her entirely, but no other cheering expectation, or new-sprung affection, came to supply its place, and all before her was dreary vacancy and desolate despair. Society she had avoided since that fatal night, which she felt had deprived her of the only intercourse her bosom seemed formed to enjoy; and all her former amusements within the palace became also tedious, insipid, and loathsome. Hers was no idle flame—no transient semblance of affection: she had loved truly—tenderly; and the degree of mystery which enveloped Gialdini, had served only to heighten her attachment. It was in vain that she endeavoured to wring some particulars of his probable destiny from Estherholme: he lamented the fate of count Rosalba deeply, but of Gialdini sternly forbade her to speak at all. Thus situated, her only entertainment had been usually to "despond over her idol" with a

bursting heart, which had paled her cheek, and impaired her beauty. Such was the once lovely, but now hopelessly impassioned Seraphina, at the return of the long anxiously expected, and joyfully greeted, festival of saint Rosolia.

It was a gloomy evening, far different to that delightful eve (the last on which Seraphina had tasted felicity) when Gialdini had accompanied her to the celebration of that splendid festival. The heavens were overcast, and the wind swept dismally around the palace, as Seraphina now from her casement surveyed the tossing of the troubled waves—last festival she had looked from the same lattice on a different scene. She was alone—Fiametta, who had lately been united to her constant Zachelli, having accompanied him to Palermo, to witness the splendour, and partake in the festivities of this jocund season. Seraphina could no longer endure the recollections which crowded on her mind, and was about to leave the casement,

ment, when she thought she perceived a small boat labouring with the unusually rough waves, as often as their mighty undulations permitted it to be visible. She continued to gaze intently, and was not deceived: a boat of small dimensions, and containing apparently a single female figure, was evidently making for that part of the strand which approached nearest to the palace gardens. Alarmed at the tremendous risk it seemed to encounter, in surmounting each succeeding dangerous billow, Seraphina watched it nearer, and presently saw it arrive in safety. The adventurous female, who was indeed its only occupant, immediately leaped on shore, and after fastening her frail conveyance to the dripping beach, disappeared for some minutes among the groves of orange trees that encompassed the gardens.

After a little interval she again appeared, and it was not till now that (the distance being considerably diminished) Seraphina

raphina could obtain a distinct view of her person. In a moment she remembered the foreign-garbed sibyl, who had called herself Geronime, and entered the vessel which afterwards chased their galley, on the night of her last interview with Gialdini. Her air—her aspect—her very dress appeared the same! she could not be mistaken. In another instant, the daring stranger was beneath the lattice, making significant gestures to Seraphina, as if imploring her to descend. Whence could she come? and what could be her business?—were questions now that naturally suggested themselves. Seraphina knew not; but remembered her connexion with the capture of Gialdini, and hastily descended, with a fluttering bosom.

CHAP. XII.

Hath sorrow thy young days shaded,
As clouds o'er the morning fleet?
Too fast have those young days faded,
Which even in sorrow were sweet.
Doth Time, with his cold wing, wither
Each feeling that once was dear?
Come, child of misfortune! come hither—
I'll weep with thee tear for tear. MOORE.

No sooner had Seraphina reached the garden, than she was joined by the mysterious foreigner, who took her hand with a glance full of meaning, and gently hurried her to a little distance from the palace, as if anxious to escape the observation of its inmates. Seraphina, although not without fear and trembling, submitted to be led by this strange conductor to a small imbowering grove, at the extremity of her father's territory, whence the sea was discernible. As they pro-

proceeded, Seraphina could not refrain from addressing her, demanding—"Whence comest, and who art thou? why venturest thou hither—for I now remember thee—and what hast thou to ask of me?"

To this Geronime replied, without slackening her speed, or loosening the hand of her companion, in the same rhyming manner she had formerly adopted, as if still further to recal herself to Seraphina's recollection—

> "I ask neither gift, nor golden fee;
> As my boon deserves, so remember me:
> I am bound to the East, but I come from the West,
> And I paused on my way, that thou mightest rest.
> Yet I ask of thee neither gold nor gear,
> Though I've coped with peril to meet thee here."

By this time they had gained a sufficient shelter, near the beach, where was fastened the boat which had conveyed the pirate's paramour over the tossing waves. Here Geronime paused, and looking cautiously around her, seemed about to commence her communication; when Seraphina,

phina, whose impatience accorded but ill with her guide's prolixity, again interrupted her by saying—" If gold thou askest of me, I will give it thee freely; and through peril, I know, thou camest to this place. But there are other horrible remembrances — other desperate adventures that arise with thy countenance, but about which I yet tremble to inquire of thee. Speak! then—for to disguise my anxiety with thee is unnecessary: thou knowest, I am a wretch for whom there is no hope of joy—no prospect of tranquillity!"

She clasped her hands imploringly, as she concluded, and looked earnestly in the expressive face of her auditor. Geronime having recovered her breath, and assured herself that no one was listening, gazed in turn on her with pity; and justly fearing the consequences of too sudden a disclosure, resumed the subject still ambiguously, in her accustomed rhyme—

" Seek thou the West! what hope survives
Beyond the vast Atlantic lives.
Seek thou the West! hope dawns for thee
Afar beyond that billowy sea.
When sinks the sun, in splendour drest,
His wearied orb points out the West;
And there, when all grows dark beside,
His lingering glories last abide.
Hope for the morrow these portend—
Hope thou—for hope's the lover's friend.
'Tis hope must guide—must prompt to flee
Where I have been, and thou shouldst be."

Geronime ceased, but continued pointing to the West, and this attitude still spoke volumes to the agonized Seraphina, who hardly knew what meaning to elicit from her mysterious intimations, and singular manner.—" Oh! tell me," she exclaimed, " the drift of these strange allusions?—wild and incomprehensible, it is true, yet solemn, and of import to me, if I construe aright the meaning of thy words and gestures."

" Aright thou hast divined them, maid of Sicily!" now responded Geronime, with fervour. " They are of import to thee, and my heart dictates them. The lonely bride

bride of the relentless rover pities, and would serve thee. Relentless did I say? pardon me, Ruganoff—thou art not relentless! Sicilian damsel, I—even I have loved. Oh! how distractingly! Thou hast loved too, it may be, though not so steadily. Gialdini——"

"Ah! what of him?" cried Seraphina, eagerly. "Tell me of *him*, and I will give thee jewels—load thee with fortune—cover thee with gratitude! I will reduce myself to penury—exhaust my treasure on thee—and after reproach Heaven that all I possessed was so inadequate to thy recompence!"

"Hast thou not heard of him," inquired Geronime, "since——"

"Never!" said Seraphina, mournfully: "thine are the only lips—save Fiametta's—I could ever prevail upon to breathe his beloved name."

"Hast thou received no letters?" demanded Geronime, casting on her a scrutinizing glance.

"None,"

"None," said Seraphina.

"I thought it—I feared it—I knew it," now murmured Geronime, in an under tone—"they have been intercepted." She then added, in a louder voice—"Rosalba was a villain of the blackest dye, and Estherholme is——"

"My father!" said Seraphina, hastily interrupting her.

"True," said Geronime, seeming suddenly to recollect herself—"true. But, the victim of both, Gialdini is——"

"Oh, where?" cried Seraphina—"tell me where? thou answerest not—perhaps he is in his grave! thou sawest him betrayed upon that fatal night—perhaps thou hast seen more! perhaps thou hast seen the thirsty daggers of thy abhorred associates plunge for his precious life—clashing each other in that gentle bosom that yearned only for peace, and throbbed for Seraphina!"

"I *saved* his life," said Geronime, emphatically, and as if not a little gratified with

with her own exploit. "I gave him liberty—I saved his life."

"Bless thee for that," cried Seraphina, gratefully—"an angel could no more! he lives then yet—still lives——"

"Gialdini lives!" said Geronime.

Seraphina knelt in gratitude to Heaven and his deliverer, clasping fervently her uplifted hands.—"And thou wilt not tell me where?" shé articulated, half reproachfully.

"This paper will inform you," replied Geronime, almost equally affected—"but read not it now. I knew not whether I should find you here. I therefore wrote for you, designing to leave it with your attendant—it will tell you every thing. Abandon Estherholme—seek the Azores—there peace and felicity await you still—That is, if—if—but no—I will not doubt him. Report affirmed it positively—but I cannot doubt his faith."

"Whose faith?" asked Seraphina.

"Gialdini's," was the reply.

"I do

"I do not fear it," exclaimed Seraphina, fervently.

"I yet hope thou hast no cause," returned Geronime. "There is but another word to say—farewell."

"Not yet—not yet," said Seraphina, detaining her: "say, how can I reward you?"

The Samoyede only smiled.—"You are happier than you were?" said she, at length, to Seraphina.

"Oh! yes," exclaimed the already-altered damsel—"you have snatched me from the grave!"

"Then I am rewarded," said Geronime, impressively. "And look," she resumed, pointing toward the ocean, "the fleet bird has opened her wings—the Invincible stays for me. See how she spreads her plumage to the breeze! The sun is set, and before he shines again, I shall be far from the coast of Sicily. Let not our interview be known to Estherholme—he will

will frustrate thy purpose. Again farewell."

Seraphina looked as directed, and saw a vessel dancing proudly on the swelling billows, which some intervening trees had before screened from her observation. Her canvass was already fluttering in the wind, and she seemed preparing instantly to sail. Starting from the sight, she turned again to Geronime, now conscious that their interview could be but of short duration, as the vessel was evidently waiting for her.—"You, then, refuse all recompence?" she repeated, in an earnest tone.

"I covet not wealth," said Geronime, with seriousness: then suddenly changing her manner, while her features relaxed into their accustomed smile, she added—

"I ask neither gold, nor glittering gear,
Yet I came through peril to greet thee here."

"But—we shall meet again?" said Seraphina, anxiously, as the Samoyede girl departed toward the beach. Geronime turned suddenly, pointed to the floating cruiser

cruiser with evident pride, and, after a brief pause, responded—

> " We meet no more—the anchor's weigh'd—
> Our bark's prepared—yet, nought dismay'd
> The sibyl views its sails unfurl'd
> To waft her round the watery world.
> Mine art my solace—none I fear,
> And few I grieve, and some I cheer:
> A little space—a little while—
> And thou may'st bless the voice, and smile,
> Which bade thee seek that western isle."

Geronime now darted swiftly toward the beach, and was again for some few minutes lost to sight among the shrubs and aloes, through which her path lay. Presently, however, Seraphina again distinguished her unfastening her boat, into which she then leaped, and after waving an adieu to her companion (who returned it graciously, though almost too much agitated to be sensible of what she did) was soon seen to approach the vessel. The breakers ran high, and often concealed the boat altogether, but its fearless conductress, accustomed to what might be not

not improperly termed her own element, surmounted every difficulty. Seraphina watched her received on board, when instantly the sound of a shrill whistle faintly reached her ears, and the cruiser took its departure.

CHAP. XIII.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.

BYRON.

THE daughter of Estherholme continued to gaze on the receding vessel of the rovers, often clasping to her lips the sealed packet given her by Geronime, full of anxiety—full of new-born hope. The night was likely to be a stormy one—but the fearless Invincible bounded in gallant trim over the foaming waves, each rolling billow a transparent mountain, as if regardless alike of the fury of the elements, and the wrath of man. In a little time, her shivering sails were alone to be distinguished, which the wind seemed bent on converting into shreds of useless canvass. Still she bore bravely on, and a small white speck in the middle of the dark horizon was alone discernible of the pirate

pirate cruiser, when Seraphina turned towards her father's palace.—"Go!" she exclaimed, ere she quitted that part of the garden which overlooked the beach—"and the blessings of at least one woful being, unto whom thou hast dispensed the balm of happiness, go and abide with thee. Hunted and execrated are ye by mankind, and most abhorrent must be your recollections—but may the remembrance of a single benign act of clemency prove a cordial to your bosoms! for one, at least, among ye, shall the prayer of the daughter of Estherholme rise everlastingly. Now soon farewell, Sicilia!" she continued, hastening onward as she spoke, "farewell—farewell!"

Night fell heavily around her, and the gloom increased every instant, as Seraphina, still clasping the packet close to her beating breast, retraced her path with agility toward the palace. As she reached the marble entrance, she again looked back for the vessel of the rovers—but it

was gone. The white speck was no longer visible—the gathering atmosphere rested alone in lowering masses on the foamy ocean, but the cruiser had entirely disappeared.

* * * * *
* * * *
* * * * *

In the Atlantic Ocean, lying off the coast of Portugal, not far to the northwest of Cape St. Vincent, and nearly opposite to Lisbon, are situated certain islands called the Azores—so named from the astonishing number of gosshawks reported to have been originally found thereon. They were formerly very little celebrated, except by mariners, who, previous to the discovery of America, usually deemed them the westernmost extremity of the navigable globe. A little to the northward of this cluster, and separated from the rest by a larger extent of ocean, are Flores and Corvo; the former so denominated owing to the abundance of flowers

flowers which spring thereon spontaneously, and the latter on account of the multitudinous flights of crows which, it is recorded, were disturbed by the first adventurers. The two are at an inconsiderable distance from each other, and the almost constant intercourse maintained between the inhabitants, serves to enliven the apparent solitude of their situation.

On the beautiful island called Flores, the finest and healthiest, it may be, of the whole group, lived an aged Spanish gentleman, named don Alvarez, whose dwelling was situated on the top of a small flowery eminence, close to the sea shore. His habits of life were very secluded, almost his whole society consisting, until lately, of his two lovely daughters, Isabel and Maria: but recently the abode of don Alvarez had been enlivened by an additional inmate. This engaging stranger, don Lorenzo, as he announced himself, had obtained admission to the domestic circle of Alvarez in a singular manner,

which deserves recital. It was on a clear sun-bright morning, now nearly a twelve-month since, that a handsomely attired foreigner had arrived in a small boat, entirely unaccompanied, reporting himself to be the sole survivor of a wreck which, he averred, had taken place near their island on the preceding night; and notwithstanding that no remains of the wreck could be discovered, and the weather was exceedingly calm, his story obtained credence. The inhabitants exerted themselves to supply his most pressing necessities, and among the rest, in a conspicuous manner, don Alvarez, to whose house he was taken, it being nearest to that part of the beach on which chance had landed him. From this hour the well-informed, captivating Lorenzo, became an inmate of the hospitable mansion of Alvarez, whence he was not soon likely to remove; as every passing month served only to make its noble owner more enraptured with his society.

Here,

Here, in addition to every comfort and enjoyment the warmest friendship could devise or bestow, don Lorenzo, it was affirmed, had obtained the affection of the beauteous Isabel, the eldest daughter of his host, Alvarez, and was likely soon to revel also in the enviable transports of successful love. This was by no means a surprising circumstance; but, on the contrary, a consummation just such as might have been expected, whether to be "devoutly wished" or otherwise, as the natural consequence of his residence under the roof of Alvarez. Isabel was beautiful in person, and in disposition mild and amiable, but somewhat romantic. Her imagination was kindled into enthusiasm by those marvellous legends of (sometimes lying) travellers she had occasionally, though but rarely met with; and those were heroes, in her estimation, who could barely enumerate or converse upon the wonders with which her memory was stored. But Lorenzo had in reality wit-

nessed many of those wondrous productions of nature, the existence of which even Isabel—the romantic Isabel—deemed almost incredible. Born in the glowing East, and a stranger to none of its monstrous or beautiful rarities, he discoursed with her long and frequently on his own native region; and much of those burning climes he had to tell which roused her amazement, and startled her sensibility, for—

> " There the large olive rains its amber store
> In marble fonts; there grain, and flower, and fruit,
> Gush from the earth until the land runs o'er;
> But there, too, many a poison-tree has root,
> And midnight listens to the lion's roar,
> And long, long deserts, scorch the camel's foot"—

all which in turn became the subject of their animated conversations. Thus circumstanced, it was not at all astonishing that a mutual attachment should commence between Lorenzo and Isabel, but rather that their felicity should not have been much sooner consummated; to account

count for which, however, the bridegroom had some very material reasons, as will appear hereafter.

Upwards of a twelvemonth had thus glided happily away, passed by Lorenzo almost wholly in the family of Alvarez, when an untoward occurrence happened, which failed not to produce a considerable change.

On a stormy night, towards the commencement of winter, while the hollow wind raged furiously round the unsheltered dwelling of Alvarez, and the tempestuous ocean added its deafening roar to swell the tumult, a sound was distinguished that could neither be mistaken for the roaring of the sea, nor the sweeping of the hurricane. It was a human voice, apparently exalted in an angry tone; and Yambo, the black menial of Alvarez, surprised at the unwonted circumstance in such a moment of terror, hastily ascended to an upper lattice, for the purpose of ascertaining whence it could proceed.

CHAP. XIV.

One stormy night, as I remember well,
The wind and rain beat hard upon our roof;
Red came the river down, and loud and oft
The angry spirit of the water shriek'd.
At the dead hour of night was heard the cry
Of one in jeopardy. HOME.

THE family of Alvarez had already retired to rest, with the exception of Lorenzo, who, as was not unusual with him, still remained in the library. Isabel and Maria, although they found it impossible to sleep, heard not the voice which had alarmed Yambo, being deeply engaged in their devotions, amid the appalling hurricane which, accompanied by thunder and lightning, now raged fearfully around them, while—

"Relic, and rosary, and crucifix,
Did rock and quiver in the bickering glare."

The

The good old gentleman, Alvarez, regardless of the elementary conflict, had fallen instantly into a sound repose; and Lorenzo was too seriously engaged with his own ruminations to regard any thing.

Yambo opened the lattice, and now distinctly discerned, as often as the fitful flashes of lightning illumined the darkness, a group of figures toilsomely ascending the steep cragged rocks which alone intervened betwixt the isolated mansion and the sea shore. These seemed to consist of a whimsically-attired female, followed by a train of six or seven powerful ruffians, apparently habited in the costume of different countries, all cloaked and armed for defence or concealment. While Yambo yet stood observing them with astonishment, by no means unmixed with sensations of fear, the rough voice which had at first aroused his attention again broke forth in a strain little better pleased, and sulkily demanded, while its hoarse tones reverberated even louder than the

rumbling thunder—" Whither, I say, art thou leading us, Geronime?"

" *From* yonder roaring breakers," now responded the female, pointing significantly downwards, " and to where you can hardly be used worse than they have used you. I promise provision, and safe shelter, to each of you that dares courageously to follow me."

" He deserves not either that follows a woman's counsel, or guidance, too far," grumbled one of the most rearward of the party.

" Let him who dares not follow a woman," returned the female sharply, " even were it to death, go find his fate from the fire of our pursuers, who have still some shots to spare for him—or from the foamers we have just escaped—or from the hunger he so keenly feels—he deserves not to be of our band."

" Well spoken, Geronime," said the gruff voice that first broke silence. " Thou hast never yet deceived me—save in the

escape

escape of that younker, not far from this very island, about a twelvemonth since."

"Wait till to-morrow before thou blamest me," said Geronime again, significantly, "and perhaps thou mayest rejoice at his liberation. Meanwhile, put on thy resolution, Ruganoff. We have been sorely beset, of late, with evils. Our band half killed in that last desperate encounter—our cruiser all unfit, in consequence, to weather a gale like this—ourselves worn down by hunger we have no safe means of satisfying, what awaits us but destruction, except woman's invention can avert it? I do not say our present course is without risk, or difficulty—but it is the best we can now pursue. Come nearer, and attend to me."

She now lowered her voice considerably, and, Yambo thought, pointed often, with much earnest gesticulation, toward the lonely dwelling of his master. In this conjecture he was confirmed, when, on gaining the top of the small eminence where

where it was situated, he saw the whole group approach it in silent anxiety, and, after a little hesitation, give the accustomed signal for admittance. Now, although Yambo was by no means free from some troublesome flutterings of perturbation at this circumstance, he never once thought of yielding to the suggestions of his fear, and keeping the strangers on the sure side (*i. e.* the outside) of the edifice; but, on the contrary, immediately descended, and, as his duty demanded, proceeded to unbar the portal. It might be that his humanity had a little share in this promptitude, but what was more probable is, that the presence of a female among them had divested his mind of its worst terrors—a female robber being, in the opinion of Yambo, a prodigy altogether beyond the production of nature. Accordingly, he ventured to unbar the door, expecting that the travellers needed but to inquire their road, or at most a little refreshment to support them

them on it under such discouraging circumstances; although what could have been their errand to the beach, whence he watched them arise by a steep and perilous track, he was still wholly at a loss to divine. How great then was Yambo's amazement, when, on his opening the hospitable door, the female of the party (still foremost) presented herself boldly, and requested to be admitted to don Lorenzo! in vain Yambo stammered that the time for an audience was most inopportune—the determined supplicant was not to be denied. She persisted in requiring to see him, and Yambo in endeavouring to avoid disturbing him at that unseasonable hour, at the instance of one whose garb appeared little superior to what might have been worn by a beggar for his bounty; and the following dialogue ensued between them.—"He has just taken his supper," said Yambo.

"He is fortunate," said the female, with apparent

which deserves recital. It was on a clear sun-bright morning, now nearly a twelve-month since, that a handsomely attired foreigner had arrived in a small boat, entirely unaccompanied, reporting himself to be the sole survivor of a wreck which, he averred, had taken place near their island on the preceding night; and notwithstanding that no remains of the wreck could be discovered, and the weather was exceedingly calm, his story obtained credence. The inhabitants exerted themselves to supply his most pressing necessities, and among the rest, in a conspicuous manner, don Alvarez, to whose house he was taken, it being nearest to that part of the beach on which chance had landed him. From this hour the well-informed, captivating Lorenzo, became an inmate of the hospitable mansion of Alvarez, whence he was not soon likely to remove; as every passing month served only to make its noble owner more enraptured with his society.

Here,

Here, in addition to every comfort and enjoyment the warmest friendship could devise or bestow, don Lorenzo, it was affirmed, had obtained the affection of the beauteous Isabel, the eldest daughter of his host, Alvarez, and was likely soon to revel also in the enviable transports of successful love. This was by no means a surprising circumstance; but, on the contrary, a consummation just such as might have been expected, whether to be "devoutly wished" or otherwise, as the natural consequence of his residence under the roof of Alvarez. Isabel was beautiful in person, and in disposition mild and amiable, but somewhat romantic. Her imagination was kindled into enthusiasm by those marvellous legends of (sometimes lying) travellers she had occasionally, though but rarely met with; and those were heroes, in her estimation, who could barely enumerate or converse upon the wonders with which her memory was stored. But Lorenzo had in reality wit-

nessed many of those wondrous productions of nature, the existence of which even Isabel—the romantic Isabel—deemed almost incredible. Born in the glowing East, and a stranger to none of its monstrous or beautiful rarities, he discoursed with her long and frequently on his own native region; and much of those burning climes he had to tell which roused her amazement, and startled her sensibility, for—

> " There the large olive rains its amber store
> In marble fonts; there grain, and flower, and fruit,
> Gush from the earth until the land runs o'er;
> But there, too, many a poison-tree has root,
> And midnight listens to the lion's roar,
> And long, long deserts, scorch the camel's foot"—

all which in turn became the subject of their animated conversations. Thus circumstanced, it was not at all astonishing that a mutual attachment should commence between Lorenzo and Isabel, but rather that their felicity should not have been much sooner consummated; to account

count for which, however, the bridegroom had some very material reasons, as will appear hereafter.

Upwards of a twelvemonth had thus glided happily away, passed by Lorenzo almost wholly in the family of Alvarez, when an untoward occurrence happened, which failed not to produce a considerable change.

On a stormy night, towards the commencement of winter, while the hollow wind raged furiously round the unsheltered dwelling of Alvarez, and the tempestuous ocean added its deafening roar to swell the tumult, a sound was distinguished that could neither be mistaken for the roaring of the sea, nor the sweeping of the hurricane. It was a human voice, apparently exalted in an angry tone; and Yambo, the black menial of Alvarez, surprised at the unwonted circumstance in such a moment of terror, hastily ascended to an upper lattice, for the purpose of ascertaining whence it could proceed.

CHAP. XIV.

One stormy night, as I remember well,
The wind and rain beat hard upon our roof;
Red came the river down, and loud and oft
The angry spirit of the water shriek'd.
At the dead hour of night was heard the cry
Of one in jeopardy. HOME.

THE family of Alvarez had already retired to rest, with the exception of Lorenzo, who, as was not unusual with him, still remained in the library. Isabel and Maria, although they found it impossible to sleep, heard not the voice which had alarmed Yambo, being deeply engaged in their devotions, amid the appalling hurricane which, accompanied by thunder and lightning, now raged fearfully around them, while—

"Relic, and rosary, and crucifix,
Did rock and quiver in the bickering glare."

The

The good old gentleman, Alvarez, regardless of the elementary conflict, had fallen instantly into a sound repose; and Lorenzo was too seriously engaged with his own ruminations to regard any thing.

Yambo opened the lattice, and now distinctly discerned, as often as the fitful flashes of lightning illumined the darkness, a group of figures toilsomely ascending the steep cragged rocks which alone intervened betwixt the isolated mansion and the sea shore. These seemed to consist of a whimsically-attired female, followed by a train of six or seven powerful ruffians, apparently habited in the costume of different countries, all cloaked and armed for defence or concealment. While Yambo yet stood observing them with astonishment, by no means unmixed with sensations of fear, the rough voice which had at first aroused his attention again broke forth in a strain little better pleased, and sulkily demanded, while its hoarse tones reverberated even louder than the

rumbling thunder—"Whither, I say, art thou leading us, Geronime?"

"*From* yonder roaring breakers," now responded the female, pointing significantly downwards, "and to where you can hardly be used worse than they have used you. I promise provision, and safe shelter, to each of you that dares courageously to follow me."

"He deserves not either that follows a woman's counsel, or guidance, too far," grumbled one of the most rearward of the party.

"Let him who dares not follow a woman," returned the female sharply, "even were it to death, go find his fate from the fire of our pursuers, who have still some shots to spare for him—or from the foamers we have just escaped—or from the hunger he so keenly feels—he deserves not to be of our band."

"Well spoken, Geronime," said the gruff voice that first broke silence. "Thou hast never yet deceived me—save in the escape

escape of that younker, not far from this very island, about a twelvemonth since."

"Wait till to-morrow before thou blamest me," said Geronime again, significantly, "and perhaps thou mayest rejoice at his liberation. Meanwhile, put on thy resolution, Ruganoff. We have been sorely beset, of late, with evils. Our band half killed in that last desperate encounter—our cruiser all unfit, in consequence, to weather a gale like this—ourselves worn down by hunger we have no safe means of satisfying, what awaits us but destruction, except woman's invention can avert it? I do not say our present course is without risk, or difficulty—but it is the best we can now pursue. Come nearer, and attend to me."

She now lowered her voice considerably, and, Yambo thought, pointed often, with much earnest gesticulation, toward the lonely dwelling of his master. In this conjecture he was confirmed, when, on gaining the top of the small eminence where

Lorenzo peremptorily rejected, permitting him, however, to reward the fortunate Yambo with several pieces for his trouble; which, added to those he had received before, composed a larger sum than the happy negro had ever till then possessed. During all this time Lorenzo remained present, although little conversation passed between him and the rovers; until suddenly Geronime, passing him closely, as if by accident, dropped softly in his ear—"The elements are to me familiar—I regard not their strife. Follow me to the edge of the cliff which overhangs the beach—I have something to communicate." Lorenzo replied not, but followed her with his eyes until he saw her glide, unperceived by her companions, through the portal which opened in the direction she had named; and then, after some little musing on the safety and propriety of such a step, prepared to follow her to the spot of assignation. This was not prudent, but the many painful recollections which the sight of

of Geronime had awakened in the bosom of Lorenzo determined him to hear whatever intelligence she had to impart with such apparent secresy: yet he resolved to use the utmost caution. A pair of pistols were consequently added to his poniard, and thus accoutred he ventured fearlessly to his appointment, while the thunder growled heavily over him, and the lightning flashed every instant across his solitary path.

CHAP. XVI.

He passes now the ivy bush,
The owl has seen him, and is hush;
He passes now the dodder'd oak,
Ye heard the startled raven croak.

* * * *

The otter hears him tread the shore,
And dives, and is beheld no more:
And by the cliff of pale grey stone
The midnight wanderer stands alone. SCOTT.

THE tempest was still unabated: the rain, indeed, had ceased to descend with such impetuosity as heretofore, but the lightning seemed to have acquired increased brilliancy from the cessation of the pouring torrents. Lorenzo, however, still dauntlessly advanced with folded arms, and a dejected aspect, until he drew near the rock described by Geronime, which commanded a full survey of the now tempestuously-raging ocean. Here paused (impressed

(impressed with the sullen grandeur and solemnity of the prospect) the agitated, depressed Lorenzo, and proceeded to take a more deliberate view of the troubled scene around him. The sombre frowning sky—in comparison with which the expansive foaming ocean exhibited an awful whiteness—opened only to send forth flashes of sulphureous fire, which seemed at every startling emission to threaten the dazzled beholder with eternal blindness. It was now that he perceived, by the aid of these terrific exhalations, in a small bay beneath him, secured from the violence of the angry surge, the cruiser of Ruganoff safely riding at anchor, and sheltered by projecting crags from the view of his enemy, should she venture to approach so near the shore. While yet Lorenzo stood reflecting upon, and, it might be, half admiring, the hardihood of the rover, who had dared to run his bark into so perilous an inlet, he heard suddenly a voice which he knew to be that of Geronime, chanting

in a low tone, and with even more than her usual wildness, the following mournful lines; from the tenor of which, however, it appeared plain that she had wholly misinterpreted his present mood, and feelings.

"Thou! who lament'st Love's thousand pains!
Gaze! drown thy griefs—resign thy chains,
Whilst the wild wish o'er conquer'd reason reigns!
Dread not the deep, thy rippled home;
There's calm below that heaving wave:
There's rest beneath each billow's foam,
Thy suffering breast that then shall lave.
Quench'd in its surge thine anguish dies—
Shrined in its caves thy sorrows sleep:
Ah! halcyon thought for thee to prize,
Who liv'st to wake, and wak'st to weep!
Doubt not the cells of ocean fair—
Its chambers vast—its treasures rare!
Then plunge—plunge deep—forgetfulness is there!"

No syllable of this romantic strain escaped the ear of Lorenzo, for whom it was evidently intended, although it was equally evident that the singer had mistaken the merely pensive attitude in which he stood, regarding the tumultuous scene before him, for one of frantic sorrow, or darkly-

brooding

brooding despair. On casting his eyes, however, a little to the left, he observed her apparently waiting for his approach, half-sheltered by a small cavity in the rock, which afforded a convenient refuge from the still-increasing tempest, and instantly advanced to undeceive her.—"I am neither hopeless nor covetous of change, fair sibyl," he exclaimed, with a sickly smile, "and least of all do I desire that kind of refuge thou hast proposed so temptingly; and, as I guess, supposest me to meditate. Thou art deceived, in spite of thy prophetic capabilities, which, on some occasions, nevertheless, I venture not to question. I live not always to be awakened by suffering; nor, even on this dreadful night, do I wake to weep, but to listen to thy communications."

Geronime looked earnestly on him, and abandoning at once her sibylline attitude, seriously demanded—"Is there no communication these lips might make to thee, on learning which thou wouldst weep?"

Lorenzo paused for a moment, as the whole past rushed across his memory, and another faint smile usurped his livid features.—"It becomes not," he responded, half divining her meaning, "the favoured adorer of the beauteous Isabel, to weep at any thing. But waste not the few moments we may pass together alone—I am here to yield attention to what thou hast to divulge."

"And hastily to be gone to Isabel," said Geronime, reproachfully, "and glut her pleased ear with a rival's wretchedness. There was a time, that, when Seraphina was the theme, Gialdini would have attended much more patiently."

Lorenzo started—the sound of names he was lately unaccustomed to the utterance of had struck upon his ear, and thrilled him like sudden lightning. He passed his hand hastily over his face, as if to conceal his emotion, but in reality to recal and collect his fleeting and scattered senses. Having rallied himself to such a degree

degree of firmness as he was able, he proceeded, with faltering accents, to make further inquiry.

"What of my Seraphina?" he demanded—"I almost dreaded—yet I hoped——"

"Hoped? dreaded?" repeated Geronime, scornfully—"these are true lovers' accents, and beseem not thy false lips. But I forget," she continued, in a tone of sarcasm, "thou hast not lately seen her—not even heard of her—and a twelvemonth's absence——"

"I have obeyed your injunctions," said Lorenzo, eagerly, "and kept my oath. I have written repeatedly, likewise, to her whom it were still impossible not to idolize, but that she designs me neither notice nor reply; and, it is evident, no longer cares for my existence."

Geronime shook her head—cast her eyes expressively upwards, while (or did Lorenzo's own just then deceive him?) their lustre was dimmed by the tears which now filled them, and exclaimed,

with a voice in which sorrow and reproach seemed mingled—"Away! thou dost belie her!"

Another instant, and Lorenzo would have implored further information—another instant, and the whole particulars of her interview with Seraphina would have been unravelled to his ear. But fate here put an awful termination to their intercourse, and the dark disclosure of Estherholme's double treachery was never destined to escape from her lips. While yet she was gazing upward, a flash fiercer than any that had hitherto enveloped them, burst from the scowling atmosphere, and the unhappy Geronime sunk a lifeless weight toward that grosser element to which she was thus suddenly made akin. She was smitten by lightning: a moment's attempt to shriek an exclamation—it was only a moment's—was her last effort ere the scorched spirit escaped from its blasted tenement. By the succeeding flash, Lorenzo beheld the appalling

appalling change which had taken place in her aspect: he had caught her as she fell—and now, with a thrill of horror utterly indescribable, felt her stiffening in his arms!

CHAP. XVII.

Hark! there be murmurs heard in Lara's hall—
A sound—a voice—a shriek—a fearful call!
A long, loud shriek—and silence—did they hear
That frantic echo burst the sleeping ear?
They heard, and rose, and tremulously brave,
Rush where the sound invoked their aid to save.

BYRON.

IT was a low, faint scream, as of smothered agony, which alone burst from the blighted bosom of Geronime, and even that expired unfinished upon her blackening lips. But what would not the vigilant ears of the rovers at that moment have distinguished, placed as they were amid perils of every description? nor did the shrill cry uttered as she fell, although checked instantaneously, as by sudden suffocation, escape the startled Ruganoff, and his wary companions. The distance of

hara, pass over a little exposed eminence, preceded by a train of camels, whose dimensions seemed augmented to a size so gigantic, that each appeared a moving pyramid—a not uncommon delusion, the effect of refraction amid the sultry vapours of Araby. Emerging then from his concealment, as the last lines of twilight disappeared, he pursued his solitary way across the desert, sometimes lingering to survey the mounting moon, as, brightening every instant, she usurped her pale dominion over the tranquil and unpolluted scene. Here (at least since the "days of eld") the pestilential refinements of polished society have never dared to intrude—

> "Here Freedom dwells without a fear—
> Coy to the world, she loves the wild;
> Who ever brings a fetter here,
> To chain the desert's fiery child?"

But here, too, the venomous reptile haunts the deceitful shade, and the dreaded beast of prey has fixed his gloomy abode. Often

ten did Alhamet start as he proceeded, on beholding the huge footprint of the savage prowler of the desert—the fierce, majestic lion—fresh in the sand before him; or listen disturbedly to the distant roar of the relentless panther, just rousing himself to roam the desolate wilderness in search of his nocturnal meal. On such occasions he would cast aside his thoughtfulness—grasp his spear suddenly—pause for a fearful moment, while an involuntary shudder crept over his frame, and then proceed with increased alacrity. And now, as he drew nearer to the hyma, he could plainly distinguish the sound of the *arabebbah* (a favourite instrument of the Arabs, who are passionately affected by the rudest harmony), which he doubted not it was the light hand of his sister touched so mellifluously; and, unable to resist the impulse, he paused awhile to listen. In a few minutes the instrument was accompanied by the soft voice of Mohara, while Muley occasionally assisted

the effect, by joining at intervals with his *gasaph*, or reed, pierced with a greater or less number of holes, according to the ability of the performer. Alhamet sighed as he contemplated the happiness of others, and hearkened undesignedly to the feeling strain of the artless sonnetteer, which, rendered almost verbally, ran as follows:

" Allah! prince of sea and desert,
Listen to the Bedouin damsel—
Grant the wandering maiden's prayer!
I have an affectionate sire,
Majestic and straight as the cedar of Lebanon:
But who soon shall bend,
Like the reed beneath the whirlwind,
When assailed by destroying Time.
Let his decline be gentle as the mild,
Yet gorgeous, coming of a peaceful evening—
Oh, prince of land and ocean!
Thou! who canst guide the simoom,
And mitigate the wrath of the pestilence,
Let not Mohara vainly supplicate.

" I have a lover,
Who is comely, and tall as the full-grown tzinnar;
And beauteous as the blooming tamarind
That shadows our tent with its clustering branches.
More graceful is he than the antelope!
More stately than the elephant!
He loves Mohara—the rest must not be told.

May

May he never know thirst in the desert!
May his journey be among palm-trees!
Thou! whom the dire hurricane obeys,
When it harmlessly passes our dwelling,
Scatter pleasant vallies,
Spread constant springs, for him who loves Mohara.

"I have a brother,
Whose aspect is cheerless as the parched Saharra:
Whose form resembleth the shrub of the wilderness,
Which is withered, and early pineth away,
Because it delights not in the soil of Araby.
Whose eyes are like fountains,
Oftentimes overflowing,
But the waters are drops of bitterness.
Thou! who canst mould the desert with a breath
Into columns of destruction,
Then with a sign allay them—Oh! look downward,
Like the benignant sunbeam,
Which irradiates the cool mist of the morning.
Lighten his sadness—teach him, too, to love
Mohara, and to prize his hair-wrought home*."

To this wild and irregular, but heartfelt effusion, Alhamet listened as if spell-bound to the spot on which he was standing; nor did even the cessation of the strain induce him for some time to forego his

* The tents used by some of the wandering tribes in Arabia, being composed of a kind of hair-cloth, are thence called *beet el shar*—i. e. "houses of hair."

his attitude of pleased approval and attention. He felt as if under the influence of a delightful dream; an awakened sensation of benevolence and gratitude rushed upon his heart, and a full flood of tears, at the same moment, relieved his dusky bosom from the weight of feelings which it had not lately been accustomed to endure.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

Is the flower of the desert less sweet because it blossoms afar from the gardens of luxury? Lift up thine eyes and judge.

Arabian M.S.

MOHARA's melody had been for some time silent, ere Alhamet ventured to enter his rude desert dwelling; and when he did, it was with a faltering step, and disturbed countenance. She was sitting in the middle of the tent, and her attitude, as she drooped unconsciously over her mute instrument, was beautifully expressive of the interest she herself felt in the words she had just repeated. Her attire and ornaments, which were in strict conformity to the fashion of her country, seemed disposed in the best manner to advantage her certainly exquisite form and features—for Mohara was a beauty of the finest mould. She was not so fair as Alhamet,

hamet, her complexion being rather of that shadowy description to which the accustomed tinge of henna appears a real embellishment. Her hair and eyes were of the jettiest sable; and the profusion of light silver rings that encircled her arms and ankles, though grating and repulsive, even in description, to a taste more refined and modernized, contrasted admirably with the glossy darkness of her majestic limbs, and commanding lineaments. Such was Mohara—the loveliest inhabitant of the wilderness! Such appeared the gazelle of the desert, whose unenviable destiny it was to traverse, in company with her tribe, the terrible sand-tracts, and enormous plains, of her native, desolate Araby. By her side sat Muley, the youthful admirer of her beauty, who seemed intent on devouring with his gaze her manifold attractions. His dress resembled the attire of Alhamet, except that he wore neither bonnet nor turban:—his dark, luxuriant hair, which some of the tribes of Yemen

Yemen permit to grow to an inconvenient length, being tastefully confined with a fillet of small cord. At a little distance from the open entrance, reclined Aben Voorg, the father, and Zeid, the mother of this wandering family. The earnest looks of each were turned towards Alhamet on his entrance, who slowly advanced, and, with a bewildered air, divesting himself of his accoutrements, adorned with them the central pillar of this warlike habitation.

No sooner was he seated, than Mohara strove to cast aside her reverie, and again touched feebly the chords of her instrument; but the ability seemed to have abandoned her, and her hands dropped listlessly by her side, without eliciting the harmonious cadence of which her gesture seemed prelusive. Muley raised the reed to his lips, but perceiving that she did not commence, withdrew it again in silence. An involuntary sensation of melancholy pervaded the whole group, which, though each

each wished heartily for the welcome "Once upon a time" (the favourite expression used by the Arabs to denote the commencement of some marvellous tale, or narrative)—none offered to dissipate; when suddenly a tall figure was espied advancing along the narrow valley caused by two inconsiderable ridges of sand which formed, to the uncouth portal, a perfectly characteristic avenue. All arose joyfully on beholding him, which indicated the approaching personage to be neither unrecognised nor unwelcome: but the eyes of Alhamet glistened with unusual transport, as if kindled by some sudden recollection, while, uttering the customary demand for hospitality, the stranger entered the hyma.

* * * * *

His countenance was majestic, and his deportment dignified in the extreme; while his lofty, well-fashioned turban, and the faded sumptuousness of his flowing robes; bespoke him a native of Turkey, or Persia,

Persia, rather than of Araby. He was aged, for his descending beard was of a silvery whiteness, but his features were still florid, and even beautiful; and there was a loftiness in his demeanour which elevated his stature to considerably above the common size. His dress appeared "travel-stained," rather than travel-worn, and in spite of his years, and presumed weariness—

"It seem'd he needed not the staff he bore."

* * * * *

The skin had been spread in the middle of the tent, for the refreshment of the traveller: figs, melons, the date of the grove —the wine-making tamarind, and the clear produce of the crystal well, had been provided for his entertainment. All had long since been removed, and yet not one had drowsiness prevailed on to retire to rest. The noon of night still found them listening to the wondrous tales which glided alluringly from the lips of their venerable

nerable guest; and often elicited the well-merited "*masha allah* *!" from the loud and combined voices of his approving auditors. The adventures narrated by Alibeg (for such was the name of this singular visitant) on the present occasion, were chiefly descriptive of the most fascinating wonders, and enchanting phenomena in nature, whose divers charms were even augmented by the soft witchery of his deliverance. He spoke of exhaustless floods of azure element, bearing whole navies on their yielding bosoms—of boundless realms crisped by eternal frost—of groves illumined by millions of fire-flies—the civilization of Europe, and gilded domes of Asia, with all the new-discovered glories of the Western world, a thousand times exaggerated. He even spoke of the probable existence of an imagined region, where the sun never sets—daylight being never extinguished; themes calculated to awaken the curiosity, and excite the

* Equivalent to "excellently well."

the interest, of the most apathetic listener. Nor was the gloomy Alhamet any longer silent: he arose, and flinging his arms round the neck of the narrator, burst at once into a description of his evening ramble, and the desires engendered in his bosom.

* * * * *

"My son," said Aben Voorg, as he rose at length to retire for the night, "let what thou hast witnessed deter thee from too highly valuing those possessions which, being placed in far perspective, become thus commensurately magnified in thy estimation; as objects in the desert sometimes seem larger in proportion to the distance from which they are observed. How delightful was the melody which allured thy attention this eve at sunset! but it owed its charm only to its remoteness. Annihilate the distance — and would Alhamet have been thus transported by the mere jingling of pieces of metal strung, by a foolish girl, round the neck of

of a brute?—Many things appear enchanting, as distant theories, which, as close realities, we regard indifferently. The flowers that from afar attracted thy charmed gaze, contained the deadliest essence; mingled with hatred, then, should be the admiration they excite, for he who tastes the poison perishes. Reflect on this, my son—and may the prophet whom we worship continue to amend in thee whatever he may discern amiss!"

"It is all in vain!" said Alhamet, with a desponding sigh; "I respect thy counsel, venerable monitor—for art thou not my father? thine I revere, too—for thou art my mother; and thine, Mohara—for it is the voice of my sister speaks to me. Thine, Muley, also do I reverence—for thou hast been the friend of my boyhood, and mayst become the brother of mine age. But—it is all in vain! Now," he continued, seizing the hand of Alibeg, as soon as his kindred had disappeared—"now that we are alone, I conjure thee, tell

tell me yet further of those wondrous climes where the great orb of heaven oppresses not with its sultriness—those sparry regions of enduring crystal, often crusted with rain of a beautiful whiteness, whose inhabitants to me seem lovelier than mortal! since, compared with their complexions, Alhamet's—though the fairest of his tribe—would be sooty as darkness. It is late, and few hours are left us for repose; but time cannot be spent better than in rendering instruction to those who rejoice to be instructed. Commence —I shall attend."

* * * * *

"Surely thou hast described to me the country of Ginnistan*!"

* * * * *

All was silent, and solitary, now within the hyma: the stranger, Alibeg, and his entranced auditor, had at length retired to rest. Alhamet long lay buried in rumination on his pallet, but found it impossible

* Fairy land.

possible to compose himself to sleep: and when slumber did, for a brief interval, seal his heavy eyelids, it was only the signal for his excursive spirit to realize in imagination the substance of his waking dreams. He believed himself transported suddenly to the summit of an immense edifice of stones, nine of which only formed the square space that supported him, although the heaping up of the whole fabric, judging from the astounding breadth of the base, appeared to have been the work of many ages. He cast his eyes to the east and to the north, and beheld nothing but a sea of beauty, covered with innumerable islands. Forests of palm-trees grew upon them, and many were also diversified with villages, or adorned with sumptuous buildings. On the south he perceived smaller masses of stone, similar in aspect to that on which he was standing: while the whole intervening space appeared covered with majestic ruins, which indicated it to have been once a country

country of still greater magnificence and splendour. Beyond these, and more particularly on the western side, he discovered extensive deserts, and elevated mountains, over which the sluggish clouds passing heavily, and casting their shadows on the yellow sand, caused floating spots to move as far as the sight could distinguish. Alhamet gazed, struck with amazement and admiration: but his transport was mingled with an unspeakable awe, of which he strove vainly to divest himself. He was told that his feet rested on the loftiest of the pyramids of Djiza—but the voice that addressed him was so like thunder threatening his demolition, that his senses fled with the unnatural sound, and he sunk to behold no more.

Again he was borne away in fancy to the brink of a gentle, limpid streamlet, which meandered through a beautiful country, adorned and illumined by a brilliant and everlasting flame which never expired, and which not any quantity of

water could extinguish. The side of the eminence from which the rivulet descended was covered with roses, that blossomed there perpetually, even while the snow in its crevices remained undissolved*. Alhamet approached the miraculous blaze, and was astonished on finding the earth glowed beneath his feet. Urged on by some irresistible impulse, he thrust his hand into the fiery aperture, whence issued this amazing wonder of nature. In a moment the clear flame, like embodied lightning, shot vengefully upon him, and palpable ignition succeeded. He strove to fly, but the hot soil clogged his footsteps; and the sweet mountain roses, now changed to bubbling mire, emitted a foul steam to suffocate him. Faintness again befriended him, by shrouding him for a while

* This was asserted as fact by the natives of the great mountain Takhtalu (called also Moosa Daghy, or the Mountain of Moses) to an intelligent traveller in Karamania, who likewise ventures to fancy the possibility of some curious association between the Yanar, or perpetual fire, in its vicinity, and the burning bush on Mount Horeb, mentioned in Exodus.

while in her impenetrable mantle, and, during his fancied insensibility, the whole was changed.

He now dreamed himself climbing an immense mountainous precipice, expecting at the summit to be rewarded for his toil by a prospect equally extensive and sublime. With difficulty he gains the utmost edge, similar, in his imagination, to that of the Table Mountain, in South Africa, and prepares from its lofty brow to cast his longing eyes over the scene below. He looks into the abyss—but his senses serve him no longer. Interminable vacuity lies stretched before him, and volition itself is overwhelmed: his faculties are astounded—his gaze is fixed—his brain grows dizzy, and he falls headlong over the stupendous precipice. With a half-uttered cry of horror he awoke, and resolved on yielding no more that night to the state of stupefaction, or rather torment, into which he had fallen; when suddenly he perceived, as well as the surrounding

gloom permitted him to distinguish objects, a tall dark form bent anxiously over him, as if silently observing whether slumber had in reality obtained dominion over his drowsy senses. It was Alibeg, who, it was evident, had again risen, and now cautiously beckoned the youthful Arab to follow him to the open plain. Alhamet arose, took his sabre, lance, and pistols, which precaution his grave conductor observed with a smile, and instantly accompanied him.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

If it seem good unto thee to come with me into Babylon, come; and I will look well unto thee: but if it seem ill unto thee to come with me into Babylon, forbear: behold, all the land is before thee. *Jeremiah* xl. 4.

THE moon was low in the firmament, and shone on the yellow, far-spread sands, like a dull brazen crescent, as they quitted the hyma, and entered on the vast expansive desert. Alibeg still strode forward with speed and dignity; and Alhamet followed in mute wonder, as far as a little eminence, on which stood a single tree of the mimosa kind, and towards which their course seemed directed. Having without difficulty gained the summit, the mimosa bowed its gigantic arms around them, drooping its branches to the very ground, as in solemn salutation of its nocturnal

visitors.* Even Alhamet, although no stranger to these self-prostrating rarities, could not avoid feeling a slight degree of terror, when he heard the rustling of this living (almost breathing) canopy, which, interposing its dark leaves betwixt them and the moon, rendered her feeble light still more unserviceable. He shook involuntarily, and fear, for a moment, supplanted wonder in his bosom. This awe was not diminished, when, on turning to his companion, he thought he perceived him to have increased considerably in stature since they quitted the valley; but this appearance he presently attributed to the high ground Alibeg had chosen for their conference, as well as to the shadowy and imperfect light, admitted through the branches. Alibeg now opened his lips, and Alhamet instantly became attentive.

* * * * *

While yet the sage was speaking, a "voice

* This species of mimosa, it is credibly asserted, still exists in some parts of Arabia.

"voice from the wilderness" faintly saluted them, which Alhamet presently recognised to be that of Muley, who, he now doubted not, had missed, and issued forth at that lone hour in quest of them. In this conjecture he was not deceived. Muley was in reality traversing the level space below in the hope of distinguishing their figures, and chanting, as he proceeded, his accustomed strain to the camels, to beguile the loneliness of the desert waste. Although Alhamet thought little of the measure at this moment, yet, for the reader's gratification, a portion of it is presented as a specimen of those compositions which, in desolate Arabia, often serve the purposes of lash and bridle; for, as long as the song continues, the camel proceeds. The burthen of Muley's was generally to the following effect:—

"On, camel! on to the hair-tent of Mohara!
It is pitched near yon hillock of sand,
And within gleam the arms of her tribe,
And their trophies hang marshalled around.

It is lovely as palms in the vallies of Yemen!
It is close by a soft-flowing spring,
Whose freshness rejoices the traveller,
And whose gurgling invites to repose.
But mine be the rapture far dearer than rest,
For there—there dwells Mohara!

She is beauteous as morn in the desert!
Delightful as noon in the shade of the sycamore!
The stars are of fire, but her lustre surpasses them:
There is brightness in Heaven,
But the sun is less bright than the eyes of Mohara,
Haste, camel! haste to the hair-tent of Mohara!"

Such was the carelessly-vociferated strain of Muley, to beguile the tediousness of solitude, while seeking Alhamet, and his aged companion. His voice soon dying away by degrees, however, demonstrated that he had taken a wrong direction, and Alibeg continued.

* * * * *

Ere the startled Alhamet could possibly make any reply, a sound approached which his practised ear instantly knew for the trampling of horsemen, and soon passed them rapidly (the mimosa tree sheltering them from observation) in the direction

way repentance many people imputed to his excessive dread of a long sea voyage; and this conjecture, when it was afterwards observed that monsieur seldom exhibited any symptoms of superior courage, became consequently confirmed. However this might be, it was certain enough that monsieur Du Moulin's situation at Corvo was not the most enviable. His poverty indeed had grown proverbial, even among those who were poor themselves; and his utmost skill in fishing could hardly procure for himself, and his daughter, a sufficient maintenance. Jannette did what she could to alleviate his wretchedness, but this was little. She was, however, his only companion—his only treasure—saved from the wreck of his scattered friends, and confiscated property; and Du Moulin knew well how to estimate the jewel which to him (shining like a single benign ray in the middle of his toils and adversities) was truly "beyond all price."

Here then was the happy Yambo ar-

dire stroke had indeed fallen upon his family, he became rooted to the spot with horror and dismay. Thus transfixed, did he meditate long and gloomily, while Alibeg stood sullenly regarding him; and long and gloomy was the period which elapsed before the wretched Alhamet was undeceived.

* * * * *

Many weeks had now succeeded each other since the flight of Alhamet from his devastated home. The moon which lit him on the night of his departure from the hyma of Aben Voorg had waned, and passed away—another came, and found him still unseparated from his hoary companion, whom yet he could not avoid occasionally surveying with an indescribable feeling of aversion and distrust. It was involuntary, for he strove to subdue it—but it was well founded, for his efforts were unavailing. He had shrunk from returning to the abode of his slaughtered family, and probably adding another victim

tim to the swords of barbarians: since that lamented period, therefore, " Heaven and accident" had provided him sustenance —the spacious desert his only shelter— Alibeg his only guide. Even him he sometimes shuddered to look upon—but he knew not yet that " his abode was the desolate charnel-house, and his dwelling among dark tombs."

* * * * *

" Thus far have we journeyed," said Alhamet, somewhat timidly, " through thornless mazes only of unthreatening aspect, where the depredator lurked not, nor the serpent crawled; and thus far have I trusted to thy guidance, it is true, without reluctance, and without inquiry. But here, amid this curdling wilderness— these frightful chasms—these chilling precipices, I feel a degree of terror from thy presence to which I have hitherto been a stranger. In truth there appeareth more of mystery in thee than the wisest of human kind may solve or penetrate. Lo!

I am tired, and feeble—but thou art unwearied: yet thy travail has been greater than mine. How is it that thou journeyest far, and yieldest not to lassitude?—impart to me thy secret."

"Hope sustains me," answered Alibeg.

"Of what hope speakest thou?" demanded the young Arab.

"Of that which animates all bosoms, Alhamet," replied Alibeg, with an elated smile—"the hope of rendering others like unto ourselves."

"Age, which stamps deeper wrinkles on the brow, hath added none to thine," said Alhamet, earnestly: "assure me what thou art?"

"Ask of the monitor that is within thee," said Alibeg, with a displeased look—"thy conscience will reply to thee."

"It tells me thou art evil," said Alhamet.

"It hath told thee true," replied the aged Alibeg.

"Nevertheless," resumed the now-shrinking

shrinking Alhamet, "my heart hath heretofore assured me otherwise. I have been instructed to believe that crime, at the first sight, seems foul and odious; but that its hideousness decreases as we become accustomed to contemplate it."

"The doctrine was not false," said Alibeg.

"And yet I at first regarded thee as of an order alike glorious and enviable," rejoined Alhamet, with energy; "and it is only now that I begin to fear thee, as something which I ought to have avoided and abhorred."

To this Alibeg responded, while a grim smile of exultation again illumined his swarthy visage, which threw into strong, and (as it seemed to Alhamet) somewhat ghastly relief, the white folds of his embroidered turban—"Thus hath it ever been in the earlier, and shall be in the after ages of mankind! yet hath temptation triumphed—yet hath vice prevailed! Some at the first approach towards iniquity

CHAP. IV.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream. BYRON.

THE daylight grew fainter, as they proceeded onward, and the scene assumed, if possible, a still more terrible and forbidding aspect. At length, as the shades of evening closed finally over their darkened path, the lowering crags united their tall forms over a yawning gulph at the extremity of the rocky avenue, and which now appeared to present the only egress from this vale of horror.

* * * * *

"Thou hast demanded of me," exclaimed Alhamet, "during our journey to this dreadful region, why I adhere to my choice of becoming thine, in defiance of that internal monitor which warns me incessantly to abhor, and leave thee. Yet why

why require a definition of motives thou canst not feel, or comprehend? for the attributes of humanity are not thy attributes, nor the welfare of mortals thy welfare. See where yon gloomy abyss must end our fearful path! Look how the forked lightning flares from its horrid atmosphere! Oh! who art thou, that no longer resemblest Alibeg, and wherefore to this realm of terror hast thou guided me? Whence arises this strange splendour of thy shadowy visage, which no longer bears affinity to the meaner aspects of our middle world? What enormous symbol decorates thy brow? Even while I gaze, tenfold in magnitude glare thy dilated features—Ha! I freeze with horror! my death-cold blood trickles heavily to my heart! my brain revolves—I am lost—"

* * * * *

"Mine art thou to destroy—mine to be destroyed! many serve *me* who know not their own servitude, and provide me victims who are ignorant of their agency in the

gorgeous blaze of beauty and magnificence; while on high was perceptible the "pale horned moon," whose hour for attaining her full share of lustre was not yet arrived. In addition to these, may be also mentioned a partial view of one of the richest, and most delightful spots in the world—the country between Monte Pelegrino and Palermo, being universally so considered —the multitude and variety of its fruit trees, the softness of its climate, and above all, the number of fountains and rivulets, that meander through and adorn it in every direction, rendering it a delicious garden, which the environs of no other capital can equal or exceed. But Seraphina heeded in reality neither glowing sky, nor verdant landscape; nor even the beautiful expanse of unruffled water over which her anxious eyes seemed so intently, and almost continually to wander. Her thoughts were engaged by a far different, yet not less delightful theme; and here it might not be amiss to take advantage of her

her temporary abstraction, and proceed with a brief description of her person and family.

The marquis Estherholme was of German extraction, but the land of his own birth was that in which he now preferred to reside—delectable, luxuriant Sicily. In his early life he had married an accomplished lady at Vienna, of whose tender society death had long since deprived him. No longer able to endure the country of his ancestors, he had traversed successively many foreign lands in search of his lost happiness; and at last retired for tranquillity, with his only daughter, to a small palace he had long possessed near Monte Pelegrino, a short distance from Palermo. Here in a lovely, but sequestered situation, surrounded with orange blossoms, and aloes, not far from the sea shore, he contrived to pass his existence agreeably. Seraphina, the only offspring of his unfortunate union, formed, as may be conjectured, in this enviable retreat, the sole object

object of his pride and happiness. She was about the age of seventeen—gay, beautiful, and accomplished. Her large blue eyes—for she was fairer than the generality of Sicilian damsels—

" Shone sweetly lambent with celestial day,"

and seemed formed to disclose, by their mild engaging lustre, the becoming gentleness of her disposition. Her floating hair, adorned with a single rose, after the fashion of Sicilia's sunny beauties, was of that light golden hue so often met with among the northern divisions of Germany. She was exquisitely formed, and her attractions altogether were of that class which fix a lasting impression on the mind of the beholder. Such was Seraphina, the daughter of Estherholme, who, it was not likely, could remain long in such a country as Sicily without attracting admirers. Accordingly, the young count Rosalba had lately striven ardently to obtain her exclusive favour: but unfortunately, on a recent

a recent excursion to one of the small islands in the Mediterranean, a sudden storm overwhelmed the galley, and Rosalba was drowned. . Seraphina, however, bestowed on this accident few tears, and little sorrow: she had never affected his person, but rather regarded him with aversion, though his extensive possessions had prevailed on her father to sanction, and even abet his addresses. Yet there was one not so wholly indifferent to her —but more of him hereafter.

She was sitting in a recumbent posture near the open casement, that commanded a view of the Mediterranean, a small inlet of which approached very near the gardens of the palace. In this position, Seraphina did not perceive her lively and confidential attendant, Fiametta, who, half concealed by the gathering shades of evening, now glided silently into the apartment. The gorgeous effulgence which irradiated the west, had by this time partially disappeared: the sky was fast assuming

suming a deeper azure, and the moon gradually brightening, when Fiametta, who had hitherto remained unnoticed, watching the pensive attitude of her mistress, came suddenly forward, and with a loud burst of laughter awakened her from her reverie.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

She loves, but knows not whom she loves—
Nor what his race, nor whence he came;
Like one who meets, in Indian groves,
A beauteous bird without a name. MOORE.

"FIE, Fiametta!" exclaimed Seraphina, starting, "why did you disturb my meditations?"

"Were you fancying," asked Fiametta, archly, "that the drowned Rosalba could come from his ocean cave of shells and coral, and present himself to your gaze?"

"If he could," replied Seraphina, with more than usual coolness, "I fancy the meeting would be little gratifying on either side."

"You fixed your eyes on the waves so stedfastly," said Fiametta, again laughing; "and looked as if you wished some pageant to arise out of them, for the gratification

tification of your curiosity. I thought the phantom of a shipwrecked lover the most romantic that could spring from them."

Seraphina made no reply.

"Or were your thoughts more pleasingly occupied," subjoined Fiametta, in a softened tone, "and was Gialdini—the gallant, gay Gialdini—the subject of those broken meditations?"

"Ah, Fiametta!" said her indulgent mistress, with a deep-drawn sigh—"thou knowest my secret fears?"

"And wishes likewise," said Fiametta, promptly; "but were *my* wishes hearkened to in the matter, donna Seraphina should have nothing to fear."

"What dost thou mean?" demanded Seraphina.

"Zachelli says it is the wisest course," said Fiametta, with some hesitation.

"What says Zachelli? what course does he advise?" inquired Seraphina, hastily.

"And, saint Rosolia condemn me! whose

whose festival is to-night," exclaimed Fiametta, flinging herself beside her mistress, "if I do not myself think it the better plan to pursue. It is to run away with him, to be sure—leaving all scruples of a fastidious, unfeeling father, to be settled afterwards."

"No! Fiametta," said the determined maiden: "my father is not unfeeling, and if he were—never could my heart forget he is my father. But Gialdini is a wanderer—unknown—unfriended. Perhaps unhonoured in his native country—it may be even *dis*honoured—but the lips of Seraphina shall not suppose his shame. Yet if I, who love him much, thus acknowledge his possible inferiority to Rosalba, the selected of my parent, Estherholme—what will be his fury, when Gialdini openly declares himself my admirer, I tremble to imagine. But to leave—I cannot think of it at present. Gialdini *shall* declare himself—flight must be my last resource."

Fiametta said no more, probably a little piqued at this unceremonious rejection of Zachelli's counsel. Zachelli was the most favoured servant of the marquis, and perfectly in Fiametta's confidence, who thought him more spruce and obliging, and found him more affectionate and faithful, than any other of the household. Meanwhile, the earnest looks of Seraphina were still directed over the watery waste, till suddenly she started, and exclaimed—"See, Fiametta! I have not watched in vain. So came in days of yore the descending angels—the immortal sons of Heaven, and blessed with their bright converse the adoring daughters of mortality! look at that noble air—those graceful features: it is Gialdini's form—Gialdini's aspect! I do not bid thee retire—betray me not, and listen; but the chaste orb of Dian is completing her lustre, and the hour of our assignation is at hand—oh, Seraphina! it is indeed thy hour of paradise!"

Fiametta looked as desired. A light, but

but superbly gilded galley appeared in view, towards which Seraphina continued anxiously to strain her "soul-swimming eyes, as it approached the shore. A single figure was seen on board, in the act of pointing toward the palace, as if directing its motion. He appeared tall in stature, with a handsome countenance—of swarthy complexion, but commanding features. A small guitar was suspended upon his outstretched arm—the other was enveloped in the folds of his mantle. His eyes, and ringlets, were of the raven's hue, and his attire seemed studiously becoming; still there was something foreign in his aspect which declared him a native of some other land than Sicily. This was don Gialdini.

Seraphina still gazed with joyful emotion toward the approaching galley, and was not long unrecognised by Gialdini, who bowed with graceful humility, raised his plumed hat in salutation, and kissed his hand several times.

The galley now appeared to slacken its

speed, as it drew nearer to the palace of Estherholme, and presently rested on the calm bosom of the water. The ruddy stream of departing daylight had now completely yielded to the shadowy lustre of the silver moon, by whose beams only was the scene distinguishable. A solitary star that glimmered by her side, rendered faint by her own overpowering brilliancy, seemed struggling with her to irradiate the still darkening firmament through which she sailed with majestic supremacy. Gialdini changed his attitude—looked upward toward the lattice with an affectionnate gesture—seized his guitar without withdrawing his gaze, and, after a flourishing prelude, sang the following apt recitative.

"While nought save Beauty lists, I sing!
And round her bower Love's vesper fling,
With faltering hand, from silver string.
Awake my lyre! thy chords I sweep,
And music trembles o'er the deep—
Awake my lyre! and aid to show
The theme that bids my numbers flow."

The

The strings seemed to displease him—he paused to alter them, and presently addressed himself gracefully to commence again.

affliction. It was already open, Lorenzo never having sealed it, and she read, with terrible emotion, the following words:—

"I am wretched—I leave you—perhaps I may return, but do not let that perhaps too far deceive you. What is spoken expires with the breath, and becomes mere matter of remembrance—what is written endures, and produces conviction. I write the word—Adieu. Forgive, and pity, for what he has written, and for what he feels.

"LORENZO."

These lines appeared to have been scrawled hastily on the beach, upon the sudden appearance of the vessel which had brought Yambo back to Flores; and wherein, it seemed, Lorenzo in the bitterness of his regret, had determined at every hazard to pursue his wandering destiny. It was not that he felt he could not have adored

Abash'd look'd down,
With a storm-dark frown,
On charms outvied by nought it gave
To view: for stars peeping,
Nor summer cloud sleeping,
Match'd that eye whose soft glances so sweetly enslave."

Gialdini's voice now ceased abruptly, and he began to traverse hastily the small space afforded him for motion in his narrow vessel: he was evidently becoming impatient; when Seraphina, who had already attired herself, placed her finger expressively on her lips, in token of expected silence and secresy, and, waving a mute signal from the lattice ere she quitted the apartment, descended hastily to the garden. The galley was now observed to approach still nearer to the shore, and soon received on board its lovely burthen; when it instantly turned its gilt prow toward Palermo, where the feast of saint Rosolia was celebrated. Fiametta watched it disappear with her beautiful mistress, who, she well knew, would not return until some hours after midnight,

and then hastened to join Zachelli; little aware of the sorrow and desolation the changes of that eventful night were destined to produce in the family of Estherholme.

* * * * *

The blazing Marino was now glittering in the height of its splendour, and delighting the thousands of happy spirits that crowded to pass the midnight hours beneath its illuminated arches, and fiery pyramids, in habits scarce less gorgeous than the brilliant objects among which they were wandering, like the beatified inhabitants of some happier world. The splendid display of fireworks, with which it is usual to celebrate the festival of saint Rosolia, had not yet commenced; but the accustomed avenues of lamps, and magnificent trophies, were complete, and seemed to possess their accustomed charm for the smiling throngs that now paraded them. The noon of night was distant yet two hours, when a gaily-attired cavalier

lier directed his galley to a small bay at a little distance from the Marino, and led from it a lady of superior loveliness, on whose celestial form his eyes were rivetted, and for whose ear only his graceful lips dropped sounds of glowing admiration.

> "They were two lovers—Oh! how much is said
> In that brief phrase; how much of happiness,
> Of all that makes life precious, is summ'd up
> In telling they were lovers!"

They were Seraphina and Gialdini.—The tender moon, made paler by the glare of artificial light emitted from the rejoicing city, which appeared through the Porta Felice one line of flame even to the centre of the Ottangolo, showered over them beams of an unusual whiteness; as if in gratitude for their preference of her cold, wan lustre, to the gaudier streams of radiance that from a little distance saluted them, and invited their solitary footsteps. Hard by appeared stationed the small galley which conveyed them, in seeming readiness for a secret departure, when the

stolen hour dedicated to fond mutual endearment should have passed away.

* * * * *

"But did you never hear of the dead becoming visible?" asked Gialdini, with an involuntary shudder of recollection, while an unusual paleness crept over his features.

"I have heard of such marvels," said Seraphina, carelessly, "but hold them as mere idle legends, invented to amuse the credulous, or affright the criminal from his iniquitous career."

"I have gazed—I have witnessed," said Gialdini with emotion, while his lividness increased to a degree that resembled the aspect of the grave itself—"Oh! Seraphina—it is a dreadful tale!"

"What tale? what hast thou witnessed?" demanded Seraphina, with astonishment.

"What I would fain forget," replied the awe-stricken youth, "but the ghastly remembrance will for ever haunt me! I cannot

cannot—cannot bury it in oblivion. I have seen—I have beheld——"

Gialdini paused again, and looking around him with an air of mystery, took her fair yielding hand, and placed it for a moment on his own cold clammy forehead. Its touch was like marble—she started at the chill it communicated to her frame, and her countenance expressed the alarm she now felt for him. "But the heart is warmer," he said, smiling faintly, as if conscious of her feelings—"the brow may be damp and chilly, and the lip falter—but the heart that animates——"

"Good Heavens! Gialdini, are you ill?" she exclaimed.

"Nought but sick of those idle legends, Seraphina," replied Gialdini, half sarcastically, "which thou dost not regard. It is only a dizziness memory still casts over me—but thou canst not comprehend—beautiful Seraphina! heed not my transient malady—it will soon pass away."

He

He ceased, and again shuddered. But the curiosity of Seraphina being thoroughly awakened by that wildness of tone and manner she had often before observed in Gialdini, but never to the extent now exhibited, was not to be so easily suppressed, or gratified. She entreated to be indulged with the particulars of an event which seemed so deeply to interest him—a favour Gialdini had little desire to refuse. Accordingly, thus appealed to at the very hour in which the heart is always open, and by the lips of sympathizing beauty, he no longer refrained; but told with a throbbing breast, and changeful aspect, while his fair auditor trembled as she listened, the following appalling tale.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

I pray thee, tell me of some shadowy thing
Crossing the traveller in his path of fear,
On such a night as this? MATURIN.

IT was in a part of the delectable kingdom of Siam, where the huge elephant mingles unmolested with his harmless kind, here often seen issuing in troops of thousands from some adjacent forest, or pasture, while the hushed crocodile, and beautiful river horse, gaze aghast at the magnificent assemblage, that the wandering Gialdini fixed the scene of his narrative. Here, it appeared, although by what strange accident was left wholly unexplained, Gialdini himself had formerly resided, since the boyhood of his days, which had not yet reached their meridian. Here also had dwelt an Asian youth named Arion, betwixt whom and himself, a more

a more than common friendship seemed to have subsisted. The captivating *Zama* was the object of their mutual adoration—but even this untoward circumstance was insufficient to make them enemies. In the company of Arion, Gialdini was accustomed to divert himself with hunting the wild animals which abound in that sunny but dangerous region. When engaged in this employment, the two friends were inseparable; and their application to the toilsome sport was frequent, as it contributed mainly to their subsistence.—"One fatal day," continued Gialdini, "which I ever shall remember, we were pursuing the enraged rhinoceros, when I launched the fatal shaft which effected his destruction. It grazed the stem of an adjacent plane-tree, which caused my arrow to take a wrong direction—the first I ever sped that mistook its aim. Arion was near—I shouted to warn him of the erring messenger, but it was too late. He had received

ceived my arrow in his side—I gazed till he expired!

"We were alone upon that fatal morning, and I dreaded the attachment of some dark suspicion to myself: for—Arion was my rival. I therefore determined to dispose of the body secretly, and to affect total ignorance of his fate. With my own hands I scooped a shallow grave under the spreading plane-tree, and deposited in it the body of Arion. I extracted the deadly herald from his side, and replaced it in my quiver; that should the body ever be discovered—which was next to impossible, for the spot was remote from the habitations of man—no traces of secret murder might accompany the discovery. I then embraced him, and covered him with earth, moistened by my tears; and with my knife marked the plane-tree that shadowed his rest.

"I told Zama, on returning from my first unsuccessful chase, that Arion had resolved to penetrate further into the country,

country, and not to return till he had met with success. She commended his courage —but many moons passed, and he returned no more. I continued to hunt alone, or with other companions. On returning late one moonlight eve—such an eve as we now witness," said Gialdini, much affected, "laden with the produce of my skilful aim, Zama met me eagerly on the threshold.—'Our Arion is within!' she exclaimed, with innocent vivacity. I started with astonishment—but I disbelieved her —for I knew that he was buried under the shadowing plane. She saw my confusion, which she readily imputed to excess of joy.—'But he is sick,' she continued, 'and looks ghastlier than wont. Come and see him.'—'Ghastly indeed, must appear the putrid dead!' thought I —but I told her I would come.—'He complains of anguish in his side,' said she, 'but I understand him not—you may better comprehend his meaning.' Amazed, I rushed into the dwelling—Arion was not

not to be found. In vain Zama sought him every where—still her steady assertions that he had been present in her habitation shook me. I determined to visit his grave—but the very idea caused a faintness to steal over me, and I again sought the open air to revive my scattered senses. I had hardly gained the outside of the dwelling, ere I saw a dark figure standing by my side, who instantly saluted me. He complained, in a distressful tone; and I asked him his ailment, or how I could relieve him.—'I am afflicted with pain,' said he, mournfully, 'my side aches bitterly—it bleeds, too, for the shaft pierced it sorely.' —'Let me find the wound,' said I, endeavouring to approach him.—'You cannot,' he exclaimed—'but the arrow is in your quiver!' As the form still shrunk from me, the clear moonshine, which the shade of the dwelling had hitherto intercepted, burst full on his unchanged visage —God of the invisible world! I had been conversing with Arion."

Gialdini

Gialdini here paused, and covered his face with emotion. Seraphina ventured to suggest the possibility of his having been still deceived, but he shook his head mournfully, and resumed, in a hurried manner—" No! it was no delusion—I was not deceived. It was Arion himself, whom the upheaving grave had loosened from its cold, eternal grasp, to overwhelm me with deserved confusion—for I was faulty, although not criminal. But he vanished—I knew not whither—yet he eluded me; and in my furious search for him, even Zama was forgotten. I entered that dwelling no more—I sojourned not long in the vicinity of such horrible recollections: flight alone was left to me, and—I am here."

As he ceased speaking, and ere yet Seraphina had recovered from her amazement, they descried a form approaching them hastily, which they presently recognised to be that of Zachelli, the favourite, trusted attendant, of the marquis Estherholme.

holme. Surprised at what could be his errand at such a time, Seraphina paused, and impatiently awaited his advance; for she doubted not it was through Fiametta's means he had discovered them so readily, and that his intelligence must be of importance.

They had not long to await his arrival: in a few minutes Zachelli reached them, and, breathless with haste, requested permission to speak alone with donna Seraphina.—"Speak freely, and aloud," said Seraphina: "none hear thee now, Zachelli, who may not be fully acquainted with aught thou hast to say to me. Has thy master returned from his trip to Messina? Has my father arrived? Well, why dost thou pause?"

"He has—and count Rosalba," now stammered Zachelli, not without hesitation.

"Count Rosalba!" exclaimed both his auditors.

"Is arrived with him," said Zachelli, coolly,

coolly, being in his turn the most composed of the group.

Seraphina stood wrapt in astonishment at this communication. Gialdini gazed steadily on the aspect of Zachelli, as if mutely to elicit further information while a wild and peculiar expression marked his strangely-illumined countenance.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

Do the hollow grave, and the whelming wave,
Give up their dead again?
Doth the angry waste waft o'er its breast
The spirits of the slain? J. Baillie.

The floating strains from the distant Marino now passed them by unheard, and the gaudy crowd fluttered unheeded, while Zachelli continued with the rest of his marvellous communication. He told that the young count Rosalba, having escaped the wreck wherein it was reported he had perished, had encountered Estherholme on the road to Messina, being himself on his way to the palace of the marquis to convince them personally of his safety. That Estherholme had returned with him, accordingly; and finding Seraphina absent, had extorted from the fears of Fiametta (thrown off her guard,

guard, by the unexpected appearance of one whom she had long supposed at the bottom of the deep) a full confession of their secret intercourse. That upon this important information, thus obtained, the marquis and Rosalba had closely closeted themselves, and he feared some extraordinary mischief would ensue from their deliberations. He had stolen away to acquaint them with the danger of their situation, and, by so doing, make all the atonement in his power for the evil occasioned by Fiametta's weakness.—"I will instantly front him myself!" exclaimed Gialdini, with a mixture of suspicion and dread, which, nevertheless, he seemed striving to conceal; and Seraphina, though almost fainting with excess of terror and emotion, did not oppose his resolution.

Zachelli, having executed his purpose, made all the speed he could homeward, to console Fiametta, and avoid being missed; while Gialdini and Seraphina turned their steps also, but more slowly, toward the

the galley which was still in waiting to convey them back to the palace. What a change had the last few hours, it appeared, effected in their situation, and prospects! the betrothed of Seraphina returned, and their intercourse discovered! As they were proceeding in silent wonder, and brooding, it might be, over the probable consequences, they did not for some time perceive a strangely-attired female, who, though apparently of the lowest order of the people, stood regarding them with earnest attention. Her garb was not only foreign, but seemed of a nation with which even the travelled Gialdini was wholly unacquainted. There was a peculiar archness in the gaze with which she surveyed them so steadily, accompanied with a familiar impudence, which caused Gialdini to pause and question her.—"Who art thou? and whither bound?" he demanded, hastily, supposing she had business with him, from the closeness of her scrutiny.

"A Samoyede," replied the damsel, flippantly, "and my destination is the same as thine."

"How, to the palace of Estherholme!" exclaimed Gialdini.

"No!" said the female, significantly: "I am further bound than the palace of Estherholme—and so to-night art thou."

"Indeed!" said Gialdini, with an incredulous smile. Then suddenly changing her tone, she commenced in the manner of the scattered tribes she had named (the Samoyedes, who are fond of extemporal poetry, which they produce with singular facility), a kind of chant, yet rather spoken than sung, declarative of her power to foretel future events, much to the following purport:—

"Celestial fair one, list, I pray;
And, stranger, scoff not—turn and stay.
Thou! heedless of thy dangerous fame,
That art—what? who?—I cannot name;
'Tis thine to-night 'neath foes to quail,
Whose deeds might blanch ev'n heroes pale.
And, damsel, thou! too blest to dread
The hovering bolt which threats thy head:

Yet,

Yet, dreadless as thou seem'st, I see
Dark hours of wail in store for thee.
Some gift bestow—who such bestows
Learns oft to ward impending woes."

Although neither of the personages addressed could refrain from a contemptuous smile at this ill-timed interruption, yet Gialdini could not help fancying, from the marked manner in which she had singled him out for this display of her idle palmistry, that she knew something of his peculiar situation; and, therefore, presented her with some small pieces of money. Hereupon she took his hand, and after poring attentively over it for a minute, raised her eyes to his face, and thus continued:—

"Stranger! these lineaments believed,
I warn thee, bode, this hour achieved,
Unholier deeds, by bloodier race
Than lips may name—than art should trace.
There's much denotes thy nature kind:
But much—that thou wilt surely find
Friendship professed is only wind.
Trust not fair speech—of fraud take care—
Craft hems thee round—beware—beware!
Worse is at hand, I wist full well,
Than lips should solve—or mine may tell."

Gialdini withdrew his hand, musingly: her words implied danger of immediate evil, and his suspicions that she knew something of his present circumstances became confirmed. Meantime, the female solicited for a moment the hand of his lovely companion, Seraphina, and, regarding it slightly, resumed:—

"The lines that deck this sleek, smooth hand,
Denote thou'lt seek some foreign strand:
Dread secret foes—a treacherous band!
For many a gathering pearl of brine,
Shall dim those sparkling eyes of thine;
And many a tear its furrowy streak,
Shall trace adown thy faded cheek.
Rude storms are near—at last a smile—
But, oh! what weary hours the while!
Nor, maiden, scorn the sibyl's lore—
Lest, toss'd round some wild distant shore,
Who warns thee once should warn no more."

On ceasing, she was about to depart, though not without another significant glance bestowed on both her auditors, when Gialdini starting suddenly from his reverie, hastily inquired her name.—"Geronime," she responded; "and ere many hours

hours shall have elapsed—I tell it not in mockery, but for thy consolation—thou shalt hear it again. Farewell."

So saying, she continued to retreat as fast as possible towards a vessel that seemed moored at a little distance from the beach where they stood. At her signal, Gialdini saw a boat lowered from the vessel, which received, and immediately carried her on board. By this time the lovers had reached, and entered their galley, which instantly departed for the palace of Estherholme.

No sooner were they fairly launched again on the smooth shining surface of the ocean, than the vessel, to which had just retreated the mysterious Geronime, began to spread sail, and make directly towards them. The apprehension that she might possibly be a pirate, immediately darted across the mind of Gialdini, and he trembled for the fate of Seraphina, should this supposition be realized. For he knew,

that here the dauntless rover was not unfrequently encountered—

> " Whose bark in sheltering cove below,
> Lurks for the passing peaceful prow,
> Till the gay mariner's guitar
> Is heard, and seen the evening star;
> Then stealing, with the muffled oar,
> Far shaded by the rocky shore,
> Rush the night prowlers on the prey,
> And turn to groans his roundelay."

Impressed with this conviction, he commanded the rowers to make all possible speed—but speed was now too late; for the vessel lying between them and the palace of Estherholme, whither they were bound, easily intercepted their course—grappled with, and boarded the galley. The rowers sat appalled at their stations, and refused to oppose any other weapon than prayer to their pursuers, be the issue what it might. Gialdini, however, clasped the unconscious Seraphina in his arms, who had already sunk into a state of insensibility, and, drawing his light poniard, prepared for a desperate, although hopeless

less defence. But what was his amazement, when on board the vessel (evidently a pirate, from the uncouth and rugged appearance of her crew) he distinguished the marquis Estherholme, the father of his Seraphina, and by his side the dreaded count Rosalba, who appeared directing the movements of the seamen. Few minutes, however, were afforded to the unfortunate Gialdini, to collect his scattered thoughts, or form any rational conclusion. Half-a-dozen sturdy and vigorous rovers leaped instantly into the galley; and forcing Seraphina from his arms, by command of Rosalba, pinioned him, and bore him, powerless and half fainting, into the bark of the pirates. Gialdini cast a glance of agony around him, as he entered what, he now rightly conjectured, was to be his prison. Seraphina was still lying in the galley, senseless, which Estherholme also had now entered; and the fortunate, abhorred Rosalba, was preparing to follow him.

element from which he had been so lately rescued. Gialdini observed the body rise once to the surface, exhibiting still on its breast the hilt of the fatal poniard, and a grim smile (or was it only fancy?) of mockery on its features; when it again disappeared beneath the whelming waves, and was never found afterwards. Rugaноff now gave a signal to his crew, and Gialdini was instantly secured.

* * * * *

"Why truly," said Fiametta, one afternoon in the palace gardens, while endeavouring to appease her wretched mistress, "to lose two lovers on one unlucky night, was no slight misadventure. Praise saint Rosolia, notwithstanding—for that you escaped yourself from such a barbarous horde must have been owing to the good saint's especial interference, and protection. Saw you that huge knave with a yellow beard, and enormous pistols stuck in his girdle?"

"I saw none of them—nothing!" said donna

donna Seraphina, in a mournful tone. "But came they to the palace, Fiametta, in this guise?"

"In this guise, madam," responded Fiametta. "Zachelli says they are pirates, who were just about to set sail. The marquis, while closeted with count Rosalba, sent for their leader, or captain, as it seems he is styled. This ugly Muscovite soon appeared, accompanied by several of his crew (who called him by some hard rough name), and added not a little to the fright I had already experienced. They remained not long, however, and the count and marquis left the palace, by a private portal, in their company. I saw them embark in a small boat together—with the rest you are acquainted. But for what is become of the brave don Gialdini—Zachelli says, it is more than probable, we may never learn."

Donna Seraphina clasped her hands with fervour—raised her blue eyes to heaven, and wept bitterly.

* * * * *

It was now the hour of midnight. The vessel was scudding at an unusual rate, with a brisk, but not violent breeze, and the commander, Ruganoff, with the greater part of the crew, had retired to rest. The lieutenant, however, with two of the pirates, whose turn it was to watch, were still on deck, regaling themselves over a drowsy watchfire, and conversing in coarse language upon their past exploits, or present expectations. Gialdini was alone in his cabin, but perfectly unmanacled, listening to the sound of their voices, and wondering how much longer he was likely to remain deprived of liberty. Many weeks had now passed since their departure from Sicily, and still the pirate kept his onward course, without coming to any explanation of his ultimate intentions. It was true, he was unfettered, a favour not extended to him during the early part of the voyage; but he hardly knew to what, or whom, he was

to

to impute his partial liberation. He believed Ruganoff instructed to murder him on the seas: still the sometimes relenting mood of the rugged buccaneer, and a friend he had on board in the person of Geronime, the Samoyede female, gave him hopes of a better termination to his travels than it was intended by the marquis Estherholme should befal him.

As he was musing gloomily on what might be the probable issue of this unhappy adventure, while the glowing charms of his lost Seraphina crowded ever and anon upon his anguished recollection, the door opened, and a light step entered his cabin. The visitor bore no light, and moon there was none—but a glimmering reflection from the lighted embers on deck was sufficient to reveal to him the figure of Geronime, and he knew that he had nothing to fear. Starting, however, involuntarily on his feet, he hastily demanded the cause of her intrusion at that unusual hour; reminding her that he had already

already refused his food that evening, and could not now partake of it; for Geronime, he had discovered, was the pirate Ruganoff's loved and trusted companion; and one who made it her peculiar province to supply provisions to his unfortunate captives, even when forbidden to supply consolation. Gialdini well knew this—"My kind Geronime!" he therefore added, gratefully, "why will you torture with the offer of sustenance, one whom his wretchedness deprives of appetite?"

"Hush!" she exclaimed, motioning him to silence. "I bring you to-night a better gift than food—I bring you liberty."

"How? by what means?" inquired the startled Gialdini—"the voices I hear—the fire—the watch——"

"May be easily passed," interrupted the impatient Geronime, "and this night you may be free—only agree to the conditions."

"Name them!" said Gialdini, eagerly.

"That you return not again to Sicily," said

said Geronime, with marked emphasis. "The world is spacious, and is all before thee: but to Sicily you must not again return."

"Why do you impose an interdiction so cruel?" asked Gialdini, with amazement, and in a supplicating tone.

"Because thy return would injure thy benefactress," replied Geronime, impressively. "Because it would betray me, and because Ruganoff—whose welfare I prize beyond my own—would then be deprived of the reward for thy destruction. You must return no more."

"Ha! it was so, then?" said Gialdini, shuddering: "massacre was intended—was stipulated for?"

"It was," responded Geronime, solemnly. "But Ruganoff loves not blood—I love not blood—nor even gold, which he has loved so dearly. Do you consent to the conditions?"

"Seraphina—my attachment!" now stammered Gialdini.

"There

"There are means," again interrupted Geronime: "letters were invented for the use of those who love. Employ them discreetly, and Seraphina joins you elsewhere."

"I consent!" said Gialdini, with alacrity.

"And I confide!" said she, significantly: "that is—I will confide—when you have sworn——"

"I swear never again to revisit Sicily!" exclaimed Gialdini, with firmness.

"Enough!" said Geronime. "Now follow me cautiously."

So saying, she conducted him warily towards the lighted deck, keeping as far aloof from the flame as possible, that their dark figures might not be so easily perceptible in the shadowy distance. On reaching the deck, a motley scene presented itself to the eyes of Gialdini. The lieutenant of the cruiser, an Englishman, named Smyth, was occupied in the narration of apparently a very interesting legend

in spite of these trivial alleviations of her misery, Isabel, as time wore away, became daily more disconsolate—her cheek waxed paler, and her form grew every hour more feeble.

CHAP.

design, they could not avoid overhearing every syllable of his narrative, in which Gialdini appeared to feel a singular degree of interest, not a little to the surprise of his observant companion. As the tale proceeded, he almost forgot to breathe, in the earnestness of his attention to that strange wandering legend; which, for the reader's entertainment, shall here be divested of lieutenant Smyth's maritime phraseology, and presented as the story of the Caffre Slave.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness; I have used thee
(Filth as thou art) with human care, and lodg'd
In mine own cell. SHAKESPEARE.

In the isle of Borneo, the largest in the Indian Ocean, near the sea-coast, lived a slave who was christened by the name of Oromanzel. He was a native of Caffraria; and, though the term of his servitude had been long and miserable, and he had never once permitted the hope of its termination to animate his breast, yet had not forgotten the delightful groves, and almost overwhelming pastures, of the luxuriant country in which he was born. Oromanzel sighed incessantly for the sable associates of his youth, with whom he yet recollected to have partaken of his favourite pastimes; and for the simple enjoyments

ments which he still remembered having thought the height of felicity, while in his native region. Hence he was gloomy, and wretched; and ever on the watch for some opportunity of revenging himself on his purchaser, and present employer. This being his principal aim—almost the sole object of his ruminations, of course, it could not be long ere Oromanzel found the opportunity he so ardently desired.

Aboukir, a Mahometan diamond-merchant, and the present owner of Oromanzel, whom he employed in procuring gold and pearls from the interior of the island, and polishing them, one night later than ordinary, chanced to visit the hovel of his Caffre slave. They were alone, and without fear of interruption: the wily Oromanzel, perceiving his advantage, threw him instantly to the ground, and flourished a concealed poniard close to the throat of his unfortunate master. The luckless merchant, thus made aware of his devilish design, then addressed him, exclaiming—

"Oromanzel!

"Oromanzel! thou wilt not murder me?"—"I will," said the vengeful Caffre.—"Alas, slave!" now groaned the hopeless Aboukir—"what right hast thou to take thy master's life?"—"A better right than thou hast to be my master," replied the determined Oromanzel. "I am stronger than thou: nature meant me for thy master, although circumstances have made thee mine. I was privileged, in the land of my birth, to slay the lion, because nature made me his superior in the combat, and in artifice—and shall I not slay thee? Strength, and cunning, imply natural superiority. I know not what thou mayest urge—it is thus in Caffraria. Besides, thou art not of mine own religion—to slaughter thee is in me no crime: thine may be the true God—but we do not allow it to be so at the Great Fish River*." So saying, he drew the blade across the neck of his helpless victim—life ebbed fast in the stream which flowed from

* One of the boundaries of Caffraria.

from the wound, and Aboukir was soon no more.

For some time did the merciless Oromanzel gloat exultingly over the body of his murdered master, and rejoice that his own tiger strength had enabled him so easily to accomplish his destruction: but the hour of repentance was at hand. The malignant grin of triumph had hardly subsided from his sooty features, ere he began to feel alarmed for the probable consequences of the deed he had perpetrated; and to execrate his own stupidity, for not more deliberately weighing them beforehand, or selecting a place where the means of concealment could be found better than in his own hovel. Struck motionless by these appalling suggestions of his conscience, which he wondered had never assailed him before, he stood like a statue of despair, unable to do any thing to prevent detection, and the guilty instrument fell from his nerveless hand. The fall of the weapon, however, somewhat

what revived him: he heard that it struck hollowly upon the floor of the cabin, and the idea smote him instantly that he might there deposit the body he had slain. Accordingly, by removing a few rude boards, he produced a sort of grave, into which he then lowered the stiffening body of the murdered merchant, and carefully covered it with planks as before. Having completed this arrangement, he felt somewhat more at ease. Meanwhile, the lost Aboukir was sought every where —rewards of gold, and bees'-wax, every where were offered—but no tidings could be obtained of him. None knew, save Oromanzel, the dark resting-place of Aboukir—and he of course was silent.

Some time rolled on. It has been said that Oromanzel was silent, but he was not tranquil: nor was his condition in the least amended by the crime he had committed. Aboukir during his lifetime had a friend named Ali, who at his death succeeded him, and took instant possession of all

all his property. Oromanzel thus became the slave of Ali, whom he found a harder task-master than Aboukir had been before him; and who, moreover, now redoubled his vigilant endeavours to discover the fate of his predecessor, and the dread of his eventual success in this matter troubled the assassin exceedingly.

It was on a dark evening, illumined now and then by the harmless flashes of lightning common in that sultry climate, as Oromanzel was returning from his daily labour, rather later than usual, that his lonely way was intercepted by a shadowy figure, wearing the very Moslem habit in which he knew he had buried the corpse of his late master, now festering underneath the floor of his own hovel. At first, he almost doubted the evidence of his senses; but when he saw the cold gleaming eyes of Aboukir fixed steadily upon him, even the stout nerves of Oromanzel trembled, and the big drops of sweat coursed each other down his sable forehead.

forehead.—" Oromanzel," said the spirit, calmly, " I require of thee my bones—why hast thou treasured them up so carefully beneath thy cabin floor? I have too long been separated from them—thou hast divided us—restore them to me again. They are mine, and I must have them—dost thou hear, Oromanzel?"—At these words, Oromanzel, who knew that his cabin had yet to be searched, and thought it an excellent opportunity to get rid of the bones, affected extreme penitence, and replied—" Poor injured spirit—talkest thou of treasure! of what value to me is a putrid skeleton? Alas! thy bones are already half decayed—they are mouldering into dust, and will hardly bear removal—the reptile hath eaten into them so far. Yet rather than withhold aught from thee to which thou hast a claim, I will forthwith fetch them hither, and should they adhere together——"—" Kind, worthy Oromanzel!" said the spirit, vanishing as he spoke—" thou wilt

find my mortal remnants tougher, assuredly, than thou thinkest them." Away hurried Oromanzel to his hovel, elated at the prospect of being speedily released from all further anxiety respecting the discovery of the bones. As he proceeded onward, the lightning flashed more vividly around him, and the now-rolling thunder, by its approaching growl, threatened a heavy tempest; but Oromanzel either heard not, or refused to heed, the impending conflict of the elements, in his eagerness to remove the bones.

Immediately on his arrival, the Caffre having lighted a torch, commenced opening the grave, with combined caution and celerity. He started involuntarily, on beholding the decayed and wormy state of those very vestments which had appeared so fresh and lively on the phantom, a few minutes before; but what was his astonishment and horror when, on attempting to descend, he heard the stiff joints rattle, and saw the lank bones shrink closer together,

gether, while a grating voice demanded angrily why he wanted to disturb them? To this interrogatory, so terribly ejaculated from the lifeless jaws of death itself, Oromanzel, as well as fear would permit him, returned a veritable answer, adding candidly enough—"Besides, I fear lest Ali should come hither, and discover my criminality by means of these unlucky bones." To this confession the voice suddenly responded—"Let Ali come not hither until after midnight, and he shall find in this grave other bones than mine." The skeleton now ceased to speak—the crackling of the crisp joints too subsided—the thunder paused for a brief interval, and the ears of the guilty Caffre were saluted by what to him was yet more terrible—an impatient knocking at his hovel door. Oromanzel stood aghast, and panic-smitten: the prediction still rang in his ears—himself might, ere the morning, fill that dismal grave, and his betrayer was doubtless at the door!—What could he say, or

do?—While yet irresolute, the door gave way: two fellow-labourers, attached to his late master, entered, and beheld the opened grave; then rushed, in spite of his entreaties, to obtain the promised recompence, by proclaiming that the murderer of Aboukir was the Caffre slave. Oromanzel saw them depart, and hope fled with them: he however attempted to close the grave in his despair; but his strength was utterly exhausted, and, reeling beneath the weight of a massy plank, he fell headlong into the dreaded fissure. Why springs not the stout Caffre from that loathed receptacle of festering mortality?—what iron clasp withholds the brawny murderer? Hark! a voice—it reveals the dreadful secret!—"Midnight approaches—Ali will soon be here—I warned thee thou wouldst find the remains of my mortal sinews tougher than thou thoughtst them!" The skeleton had griped him in its suffocating hold! The whirlwind shook the hovel, and the thunder now lent its awful aid to solemnize

solemnize the uproar; while through every crevice of that crazy edifice were seen terrific lightnings, as if the fiends were already hovering in readiness to seize their desponding prey. Oromanzel glared frightfully upwards amid the appalling tumult —struggled vainly for an instant, and expired.

What became of the corpse of the diamond-merchant could not be ascertained: his body was never heard of more. It was even asserted by some that Aboukir was actually again alive, and had been seen to converse with Ali, shortly after this adventure: but as Ali himself immediately quitted the island, this incredible circumstance failed to receive any positive confirmation. The two labourers, however, still aver, that within that wretched hovel they saw the murdered remains of their late master, mouldering "in his habit as he lived:" but that on returning to the grave with Ali, they found only the body of the Caffre slave.

Toward this latter portion of the narrative, the features of Gialdini assumed so fixed, and vacant an expression, that his face less resembled the aspect of the living than the dead; so intensely was he absorbed in the recollections which, it was evident, the names of Ali, and Aboukir, had awakened in his bosom. Geronime would have vented her wonder—but at that moment a change in the position of the lieutenant, Smyth, presented a possibility of their gaining, unobserved, the lee side of the cruiser, of which they instantly availed themselves, just as the rough, unconscious seaman, finished his recital.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

Whose voice is heard? whose carbine rang?
Whose bullet through the night-air sang? BYRON.

"THE land lies yonder," now whispered Geronime, as Gialdini descended into the boat prepared for him—"yonder where the bright red star eclipses his twinkling brethren. Make speed—you will soon be safe."

"Safe, and far from my deliverer!" said Gialdini, softly, grasping the oars as he spoke, "but should we ever chance to meet again—I shall remember——"

A sign from Geronime to be silent, checked the rest upon his lips, and she now cautiously withdrew some paces towards her cabin.

Meanwhile, the hardy lieutenant of the Invincible, as the cruiser was called, sat

gazing listlessly on the expiring embers; and the cheated companions of his watch remained brooding over the tale they had been listening to so earnestly. Suddenly a light splash broke the surrounding stillness, and fell faintly on the ears of the startled pirates.

"Hark! what noise a-lee?" said Spalatro, with awakened vigilance. "The dolphins sport merrily to-night in the darkness."

"Or the gull must have taken a longer flight than ordinary," said Monctar, rising, "that dips her wing so late on her return."

"It is the plashing of oars alongside!" exclaimed the lieutenant, whose acute ears could not mistake the sounds they now plainly distinguished. "And see!" he continued, starting on his feet, and pointing to a scarcely-descried object that was dimly seen to skim along in the darkness. All hurried in confusion to the lee side of the

the vessel, and Geronime rushed into her cabin.

One—two—three pistols were fired by the rovers during the succeeding instant, and as many balls whizzed round the brow of the lonely ocean wanderer, and then, far beyond him, plashed for ever into the bounding wave. A tumult immediately arose on board—Ruganoff rushed on deck. Other shots were subsequently discharged, but the continued plashing of the oars, which grew louder and faster as the distance from danger increased, sufficiently assured the crew of the Invincible that none had taken the desired effect.

* * * * *

"You have done wrong, Geronime," said Ruganoff to her, in a surly tone. "Beshrew me but my very heart rejoiced when he struck the younker, Rosalba, overboard for suggesting such an accursed business. Yet having undertaken it, as you knew, and touched half the reward,

my duty, and my interest, required that he should perish."

"You know you shrank from his assassination," said Geronime, persuasively, "and can safely swear yourself not privy to his escape, if discovered. But I have his solemn oath that he will not return to Sicily, nor reveal his existence to Estherholme. The reward will be bloodlessly obtained—this was better than butchery."

"You have done wrong, I say again," replied Ruganoff, with sternness which she knew well was half assumed—"but at any rate I am glad my hands are rid of him. Fire away!" he continued, "as long as he is in sight. If the balls strike him—well; if not—let him find death elsewhere. The Invincible shall not alter her course to pursue him."

* * * * *

It was again the feast of saint Rosolia. The seasons had revolved—nature had changed her garb, and the skies their aspect, but brought no change to the joyless bosom

bosom of the love-lorn Seraphina. The hope, long cherished, of Gialdini's return had abandoned her entirely, but no other cheering expectation, or new-sprung affection, came to supply its place, and all before her was dreary vacancy and desolate despair. Society she had avoided since that fatal night, which she felt had deprived her of the only intercourse her bosom seemed formed to enjoy; and all her former amusements within the palace became also tedious, insipid, and loathsome. Hers was no idle flame—no transient semblance of affection: she had loved truly—tenderly; and the degree of mystery which enveloped Gialdini, had served only to heighten her attachment. It was in vain that she endeavoured to wring some particulars of his probable destiny from Estherholme: he lamented the fate of count Rosalba deeply, but of Gialdini sternly forbade her to speak at all. Thus situated, her only entertainment had been usually to "despond over her idol" with a

bursting heart, which had paled her cheek, and impaired her beauty. Such was the once lovely, but now hopelessly impassioned Seraphina, at the return of the long anxiously expected, and joyfully greeted, festival of saint Rosolia.

It was a gloomy evening, far different to that delightful eve (the last on which Seraphina had tasted felicity) when Gialdini had accompanied her to the celebration of that splendid festival. The heavens were overcast, and the wind swept dismally around the palace, as Seraphina now from her casement surveyed the tossing of the troubled waves—last festival she had looked from the same lattice on a different scene. She was alone—Fiametta, who had lately been united to her constant Zachelli, having accompanied him to Palermo, to witness the splendour, and partake in the festivities of this jocund season. Seraphina could no longer endure the recollections which crowded on her mind, and was about to leave the casement,

ment, when she thought she perceived a small boat labouring with the unusually rough waves, as often as their mighty undulations permitted it to be visible. She continued to gaze intently, and was not deceived: a boat of small dimensions, and containing apparently a single female figure, was evidently making for that part of the strand which approached nearest to the palace gardens. Alarmed at the tremendous risk it seemed to encounter, in surmounting each succeeding dangerous billow, Seraphina watched it nearer, and presently saw it arrive in safety. The adventurous female, who was indeed its only occupant, immediately leaped on shore, and after fastening her frail conveyance to the dripping beach, disappeared for some minutes among the groves of orange trees that encompassed the gardens.

After a little interval she again appeared, and it was not till now that (the distance being considerably diminished) Seraphina

raphina could obtain a distinct view of her person. In a moment she remembered the foreign-garbed sibyl, who had called herself Geronime, and entered the vessel which afterwards chased their galley, on the night of her last interview with Gialdini. Her air—her aspect—her very dress appeared the same! she could not be mistaken. In another instant, the daring stranger was beneath the lattice, making significant gestures to Seraphina, as if imploring her to descend. Whence could she come? and what could be her business?—were questions now that naturally suggested themselves. Seraphina knew not; but remembered her connexion with the capture of Gialdini, and hastily descended, with a fluttering bosom.

CHAP. XII.

Hath sorrow thy young days shaded,
As clouds o'er the morning fleet?
Too fast have those young days faded,
Which even in sorrow were sweet.
Doth Time, with his cold wing, wither
Each feeling that once was dear?
Come, child of misfortune! come hither—
I'll weep with thee tear for tear. MOORE.

No sooner had Seraphina reached the garden, than she was joined by the mysterious foreigner, who took her hand with a glance full of meaning, and gently hurried her to a little distance from the palace, as if anxious to escape the observation of its inmates. Seraphina, although not without fear and trembling, submitted to be led by this strange conductor to a small imbowering grove, at the extremity of her father's territory, whence the sea was discernible. As they pro-

" Seek thou the West! what hope survives
Beyond the vast Atlantic lives.
Seek thou the West! hope dawns for thee
Afar beyond that billowy sea.
When sinks the sun, in splendour drest,
His wearied orb points out the West;
And there, when all grows dark beside,
His lingering glories last abide.
Hope for the morrow these portend—
Hope thou—for hope's the lover's friend.
'Tis hope must guide—must prompt to flee
Where I have been, and thou shouldst be."

Geronime ceased, but continued pointing to the West, and this attitude still spoke volumes to the agonized Seraphina, who hardly knew what meaning to elicit from her mysterious intimations, and singular manner.—" Oh! tell me," she exclaimed, " the drift of these strange allusions?—wild and incomprehensible, it is true, yet solemn, and of import to me, if I construe aright the meaning of thy words and gestures."

" Aright thou hast divined them, maid of Sicily!" now responded Geronime, with fervour. " They are of import to thee, and my heart dictates them. The lonely bride

bride of the relentless rover pities, and would serve thee. Relentless did I say? pardon me, Ruganoff—thou art not relentless! Sicilian damsel, I—even I have loved. Oh! how distractingly! Thou hast loved too, it may be, though not so steadily. Gialdini——"

"Ah! what of him?" cried Seraphina, eagerly. "Tell me of *him*, and I will give thee jewels—load thee with fortune—cover thee with gratitude! I will reduce myself to penury—exhaust my treasure on thee—and after reproach Heaven that all I possessed was so inadequate to thy recompence!"

"Hast thou not heard of him," inquired Geronime, "since——"

"Never!" said Seraphina, mournfully: "thine are the only lips—save Fiametta's—I could ever prevail upon to breathe his beloved name."

"Hast thou received no letters?" demanded Geronime, casting on her a scrutinizing glance.

"None,"

"None," said Seraphina.

"I thought it—I feared it—I knew it," now murmured Geronime, in an under tone—"they have been intercepted." She then added, in a louder voice—"Rosalba was a villain of the blackest dye, and Estherholme is——"

"My father!" said Seraphina, hastily interrupting her.

"True," said Geronime, seeming suddenly to recollect herself—"true. But, the victim of both, Gialdini is——"

"Oh, where?" cried Seraphina—"tell me where? thou answerest not—perhaps he is in his grave! thou sawest him betrayed upon that fatal night—perhaps thou hast seen more! perhaps thou hast seen the thirsty daggers of thy abhorred associates plunge for his precious life—clashing each other in that gentle bosom that yearned only for peace, and throbbed for Seraphina!"

"I *saved* his life," said Geronime, emphatically, and as if not a little gratified with

with her own exploit. "I gave him liberty—I saved his life."

"Bless thee for that," cried Seraphina, gratefully—"an angel could no more! he lives then yet—still lives——"

"Gialdini lives!" said Geronime.

Seraphina knelt in gratitude to Heaven and his deliverer, clasping fervently her uplifted hands.—"And thou wilt not tell me where?" shé articulated, half reproachfully.

"This paper will inform you," replied Geronime, almost equally affected—"but read not it now. I knew not whether I should find you here. I therefore wrote for you, designing to leave it with your attendant—it will tell you every thing. Abandon Estherholme—seek the Azores—there peace and felicity await you still—That is, if—if—but no—I will not doubt him. Report affirmed it positively—but I cannot doubt his faith."

"Whose faith?" asked Seraphina.

"Gialdini's," was the reply.

"I do

"I do not fear it," exclaimed Seraphina, fervently.

"I yet hope thou hast no cause," returned Geronime. "There is but another word to say—farewell."

"Not yet—not yet," said Seraphina, detaining her: "say, how can I reward you?"

The Samoyede only smiled.—"You are happier than you were?" said she, at length, to Seraphina.

"Oh! yes," exclaimed the already-altered damsel—"you have snatched me from the grave!"

"Then I am rewarded," said Geronime, impressively. "And look," she resumed, pointing toward the ocean, "the fleet bird has opened her wings—the Invincible stays for me. See how she spreads her plumage to the breeze! The sun is set, and before he shines again, I shall be far from the coast of Sicily. Let not our interview be known to Estherholme—he will

will frustrate thy purpose. Again farewell."

Seraphina looked as directed, and saw a vessel dancing proudly on the swelling billows, which some intervening trees had before screened from her observation. Her canvass was already fluttering in the wind, and she seemed preparing instantly to sail. Starting from the sight, she turned again to Geronime, now conscious that their interview could be but of short duration, as the vessel was evidently waiting for her.—"You, then, refuse all recompence?" she repeated, in an earnest tone.

"I covet not wealth," said Geronime, with seriousness: then suddenly changing her manner, while her features relaxed into their accustomed smile, she added—

> "I ask neither gold, nor glittering gear,
> Yet I came through peril to greet thee here."

"But—we shall meet again?" said Seraphina, anxiously, as the Samoyede girl departed toward the beach. Geronime turned suddenly, pointed to the floating cruiser

cruiser with evident pride, and, after a brief pause, responded—

"We meet no more—the anchor's weigh'd—
Our bark's prepared—yet, nought dismay'd
The sibyl views its sails unfurl'd
To waft her round the watery world.
Mine art my solace—none I fear,
And few I grieve, and some I cheer:
A little space—a little while—
And thou may'st bless the voice, and smile,
Which bade thee seek that western isle."

Geronime now darted swiftly toward the beach, and was again for some few minutes lost to sight among the shrubs and aloes, through which her path lay. Presently, however, Seraphina again distinguished her unfastening her boat, into which she then leaped, and after waving an adieu to her companion (who returned it graciously, though almost too much agitated to be sensible of what she did) was soon seen to approach the vessel. The breakers ran high, and often concealed the boat altogether, but its fearless conductress, accustomed to what might be not

not improperly termed her own element, surmounted every difficulty. Seraphina watched her received on board, when instantly the sound of a shrill whistle faintly reached her ears, and the cruiser took its departure.

CHAP. XIII.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.

BYRON.

THE daughter of Estherholme continued to gaze on the receding vessel of the rovers, often clasping to her lips the sealed packet given her by Geronime, full of anxiety—full of new-born hope. The night was likely to be a stormy one—but the fearless Invincible bounded in gallant trim over the foaming waves, each rolling billow a transparent mountain, as if regardless alike of the fury of the elements, and the wrath of man. In a little time, her shivering sails were alone to be distinguished, which the wind seemed bent on converting into shreds of useless canvass. Still she bore bravely on, and a small white speck in the middle of the dark horizon was alone discernible of the pirate

pirate cruiser, when Seraphina turned towards her father's palace.—"Go!" she exclaimed, ere she quitted that part of the garden which overlooked the beach—"and the blessings of at least one woful being, unto whom thou hast dispensed the balm of happiness, go and abide with thee. Hunted and execrated are ye by mankind, and most abhorrent must be your recollections—but may the remembrance of a single benign act of clemency prove a cordial to your bosoms! for one, at least, among ye, shall the prayer of the daughter of Estherholme rise everlastingly. Now soon farewell, Sicilia!" she continued, hastening onward as she spoke, "farewell—farewell!"

Night fell heavily around her, and the gloom increased every instant, as Seraphina, still clasping the packet close to her beating breast, retraced her path with agility toward the palace. As she reached the marble entrance, she again looked back for the vessel of the rovers—but it

was gone. The white speck was no longer visible—the gathering atmosphere rested alone in lowering masses on the foamy ocean, but the cruiser had entirely disappeared.

* * * * *
* * * *
* * * * *

In the Atlantic Ocean, lying off the coast of Portugal, not far to the northwest of Cape St. Vincent, and nearly opposite to Lisbon, are situated certain islands called the Azores—so named from the astonishing number of gosshawks reported to have been originally found thereon. They were formerly very little celebrated, except by mariners, who, previous to the discovery of America, usually deemed them the westernmost extremity of the navigable globe. A little to the northward of this cluster, and separated from the rest by a larger extent of ocean, are Flores and Corvo; the former so denominated owing to the abundance of flowers

flowers which spring thereon spontaneously, and the latter on account of the multitudinous flights of crows which, it is recorded, were disturbed by the first adventurers. The two are at an inconsiderable distance from each other, and the almost constant intercourse maintained between the inhabitants, serves to enliven the apparent solitude of their situation.

On the beautiful island called Flores, the finest and healthiest, it may be, of the whole group, lived an aged Spanish gentleman, named don Alvarez, whose dwelling was situated on the top of a small flowery eminence, close to the sea shore. His habits of life were very secluded, almost his whole society consisting, until lately, of his two lovely daughters, Isabel and Maria: but recently the abode of don Alvarez had been enlivened by an additional inmate. This engaging stranger, don Lorenzo, as he announced himself, had obtained admission to the domestic circle of Alvarez in a singular manner,

which deserves recital. It was on a clear sun-bright morning, now nearly a twelve-month since, that a handsomely attired foreigner had arrived in a small boat, entirely unaccompanied, reporting himself to be the sole survivor of a wreck which, he averred, had taken place near their island on the preceding night; and notwithstanding that no remains of the wreck could be discovered, and the weather was exceedingly calm, his story obtained credence. The inhabitants exerted themselves to supply his most pressing necessities, and among the rest, in a conspicuous manner, don Alvarez, to whose house he was taken, it being nearest to that part of the beach on which chance had landed him. From this hour the well-informed, captivating Lorenzo, became an inmate of the hospitable mansion of Alvarez, whence he was not soon likely to remove; as every passing month served only to make its noble owner more enraptured with his society.

Here,

Here, in addition to every comfort and enjoyment the warmest friendship could devise or bestow, don Lorenzo, it was affirmed, had obtained the affection of the beauteous Isabel, the eldest daughter of his host, Alvarez, and was likely soon to revel also in the enviable transports of successful love. This was by no means a surprising circumstance; but, on the contrary, a consummation just such as might have been expected, whether to be "devoutly wished" or otherwise, as the natural consequence of his residence under the roof of Alvarez. Isabel was beautiful in person, and in disposition mild and amiable, but somewhat romantic. Her imagination was kindled into enthusiasm by those marvellous legends of (sometimes lying) travellers she had occasionally, though but rarely met with; and those were heroes, in her estimation, who could barely enumerate or converse upon the wonders with which her memory was stored. But Lorenzo had in reality wit-

nessed many of those wondrous productions of nature, the existence of which even Isabel—the romantic Isabel—deemed almost incredible. Born in the glowing East, and a stranger to none of its monstrous or beautiful rarities, he discoursed with her long and frequently on his own native region; and much of those burning climes he had to tell which roused her amazement, and startled her sensibility, for—

> " There the large olive rains its amber store
> In marble fonts; there grain, and flower, and fruit,
> Gush from the earth until the land runs o'er;
> But there, too, many a poison-tree has root,
> And midnight listens to the lion's roar,
> And long, long deserts, scorch the camel's foot"—

all which in turn became the subject of their animated conversations. Thus circumstanced, it was not at all astonishing that a mutual attachment should commence between Lorenzo and Isabel, but rather that their felicity should not have been much sooner consummated; to account

count for which, however, the bridegroom had some very material reasons, as will appear hereafter.

Upwards of a twelvemonth had thus glided happily away, passed by Lorenzo almost wholly in the family of Alvarez, when an untoward occurrence happened, which failed not to produce a considerable change.

On a stormy night, towards the commencement of winter, while the hollow wind raged furiously round the unsheltered dwelling of Alvarez, and the tempestuous ocean added its deafening roar to swell the tumult, a sound was distinguished that could neither be mistaken for the roaring of the sea, nor the sweeping of the hurricane. It was a human voice, apparently exalted in an angry tone; and Yambo, the black menial of Alvarez, surprised at the unwonted circumstance in such a moment of terror, hastily ascended to an upper lattice, for the purpose of ascertaining whence it could proceed.

CHAP. XIV.

One stormy night, as I remember well,
The wind and rain beat hard upon our roof;
Red came the river down, and loud and oft
The angry spirit of the water shriek'd.
At the dead hour of night was heard the cry
Of one in jeopardy. HOME.

THE family of Alvarez had already retired to rest, with the exception of Lorenzo, who, as was not unusual with him, still remained in the library. Isabel and Maria, although they found it impossible to sleep, heard not the voice which had alarmed Yambo, being deeply engaged in their devotions, amid the appalling hurricane which, accompanied by thunder and lightning, now raged fearfully around them, while—

"Relic, and rosary, and crucifix,
Did rock and quiver in the bickering glare."

The

The good old gentleman, Alvarez, regardless of the elementary conflict, had fallen instantly into a sound repose; and Lorenzo was too seriously engaged with his own ruminations to regard any thing.

Yambo opened the lattice, and now distinctly discerned, as often as the fitful flashes of lightning illumined the darkness, a group of figures toilsomely ascending the steep cragged rocks which alone intervened betwixt the isolated mansion and the sea shore. These seemed to consist of a whimsically-attired female, followed by a train of six or seven powerful ruffians, apparently habited in the costume of different countries, all cloaked and armed for defence or concealment. While Yambo yet stood observing them with astonishment, by no means unmixed with sensations of fear, the rough voice which had at first aroused his attention again broke forth in a strain little better pleased, and sulkily demanded, while its hoarse tones reverberated even louder than the

rumbling thunder—"Whither, I say, art thou leading us, Geronime?"

"*From* yonder roaring breakers," now responded the female, pointing significantly downwards, "and to where you can hardly be used worse than they have used you. I promise provision, and safe shelter, to each of you that dares courageously to follow me."

"He deserves not either that follows a woman's counsel, or guidance, too far," grumbled one of the most rearward of the party.

"Let him who dares not follow a woman," returned the female sharply, "even were it to death, go find his fate from the fire of our pursuers, who have still some shots to spare for him—or from the foamers we have just escaped—or from the hunger he so keenly feels—he deserves not to be of our band."

"Well spoken, Geronime," said the gruff voice that first broke silence. "Thou hast never yet deceived me—save in the escape

escape of that younker, not far from this very island, about a twelvemonth since."

"Wait till to-morrow before thou blamest me," said Geronime again, significantly, "and perhaps thou mayest rejoice at his liberation. Meanwhile, put on thy resolution, Ruganoff. We have been sorely beset, of late, with evils. Our band half killed in that last desperate encounter—our cruiser all unfit, in consequence, to weather a gale like this—ourselves worn down by hunger we have no safe means of satisfying, what awaits us but destruction, except woman's invention can avert it? I do not say our present course is without risk, or difficulty—but it is the best we can now pursue. Come nearer, and attend to me."

She now lowered her voice considerably, and, Yambo thought, pointed often, with much earnest gesticulation, toward the lonely dwelling of his master. In this conjecture he was confirmed, when, on gaining the top of the small eminence where

where it was situated, he saw the whole group approach it in silent anxiety, and, after a little hesitation, give the accustomed signal for admittance. Now, although Yambo was by no means free from some troublesome flutterings of perturbation at this circumstance, he never once thought of yielding to the suggestions of his fear, and keeping the strangers on the sure side (*i. e.* the outside) of the edifice; but, on the contrary, immediately descended, and, as his duty demanded, proceeded to unbar the portal. It might be that his humanity had a little share in this promptitude, but what was more probable is, that the presence of a female among them had divested his mind of its worst terrors—a female robber being, in the opinion of Yambo, a prodigy altogether beyond the production of nature. Accordingly, he ventured to unbar the door, expecting that the travellers needed but to inquire their road, or at most a little refreshment to support them

them on it under such discouraging circumstances; although what could have been their errand to the beach, whence he watched them arise by a steep and perilous track, he was still wholly at a loss to divine. How great then was Yambo's amazement, when, on his opening the hospitable door, the female of the party (still foremost) presented herself boldly, and requested to be admitted to don Lorenzo! in vain Yambo stammered that the time for an audience was most inopportune—the determined supplicant was not to be denied. She persisted in requiring to see him, and Yambo in endeavouring to avoid disturbing him at that unseasonable hour, at the instance of one whose garb appeared little superior to what might have been worn by a beggar for his bounty; and the following dialogue ensued between them.—"He has just taken his supper," said Yambo.

"He is fortunate," said the female, with apparent

apparent *sang froid;* yet added, in an under tone—" I have none to take."

" He is now retired to rest," added Yambo.

" Mine has been broken for him," she exclaimed—" for his service—for his safety! but he will not have forgotten it."

" You cannot see him to-night," rejoined Yambo, pertinaciously.

" Menial! I must," replied the resolute Geronime; " this hour—almost this instant. Trifle no longer, but say to don Lorenzo a female suitor requests and awaits an interview. Accept this gold—we are not destitute—and alarm none—arouse none but Lorenzo."

Wholly unpractised as was Yambo in the trickeries of servitude, he could not avoid understanding this as a significant hint that her business with Lorenzo was meant to be entirely private; while so much had the sight of the gold raised his opinion of them, that he unhesitatingly admitted the whole group, and promised instantly

instantly to acquaint don Lorenzo with the arrival of such munificent visitors. He found him pacing the floor of the library, wrapt in meditation, although wholly unconscious that he should have to listen that night to any thing but the continued beating of the storm. Accordingly, Yambo instantly disclosed to him that there were below, in company with a mysterious female, who had inquired alone for don Lorenzo—

> "Some six, or seven, that did hide their faces
> Even from darkness."

Lorenzo looked amazed, but asked no questions; and snatching his poniard from the table before him, hastily descended to the hall of the mansion, whither Yambo curiously followed him.

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

These are not natural events; they strengthen
From strange to stranger. Say, how came you hither?
SHAKESPEARE.

THE first object that met the sight of Lorenzo as he entered, was the figure of Geronime, a little advanced before the rest, who were huddled together in the most shadowy corner of the apartment. Lorenzo started, in still greater amazement; and his consternation was not decreased, when he perceived (although none presented them) a pistol in every hand, ready for use if their situation should happen to require a resource so desperate. He, however, conquered his trepidation, and approaching Geronime with a bold, determined air, seemed tacitly to require of her an explanation of this singular scene and visit. She appeared perfectly to

to comprehend the meaning of his inquiring glance, and, advancing still further to meet him, addressed him with confidence —"I deliver not to betray—be assured you are safe. Only dismiss your servant for *our* security—for yourself you have nothing to fear."

Not without a considerable degree of apprehension, however, did Lorenzo order the reluctant Yambo to retire, but wait without where he could hear him call—an injunction wholly unnecessary to Yambo. As soon as the attendant had disappeared, Geronime stepped back a little, and motioned to the foremost of the yet hardly distinguished group, who now strode forward, and stood before Lorenzo. In this personage, by the distinction of a yellow beard, and broad, square shoulders, the latter found no difficulty in recognising their Russian commander, Ruganoff. Smyth, the lieutenant, although severely wounded, was also among the group which remained behind; and the rest were evidently

evidently part of the rover's crew, who all, to say truth, appeared in a sadly maimed, and distressed condition.

"So—we have dropt again alongside!" said Ruganoff, addressing Lorenzo, at length, with some confusion.

"We are, indeed, again confronted," replied Lorenzo, sternly—"but for what purpose? wherefore come ye? I cannot imagine chance so much mine enemy as to have conducted ye hither. No!" he continued, in a tone of agony, "thou hast again been hired, true ruffian like! to dodge me to my haven—to blight my hopes—to drive me from my solitude, and destroy the felicity you yet feared might smooth the meridian of a life hitherto devoted to adversity."

"Not so," returned the rugged chief with calmness, putting up his pistol as he spoke, "our errand is of a different complexion. We have been sorely handled in a recent conflict with a privateer of superior metal—many of those who were some

some time your gaolers are not now of our number. The rest have escaped—but she has chased us hither; and our vessel is so damaged, she will no longer ride safely in such a tremendous surf and gale. Add to this, that myself, with the remnant of my crew, are famishing for food, and you will have pretty nearly the extent of our miseries. She," pointing to Geronime, "knew your abode in this island, together with the name you have assumed; and while the Invincible lies in a snug bay concealed from her pursuer, we have roamed hitherward in the hope that you would aid us to avert starvation —a fate even the stout-hearted rover neither covets nor deserves. What I request is food for my brave companions, and temporary refuge—to-morrow we sail again. Speak then, what cheer awaits us? Shall we have jovial fare, and hospitable harbourage; or bare shelter, and but a sorry welcome? Which, or neither?"

Lorenzo was so perfectly astonished at the

the man who a short time since had been hired to deprive him of life now soliciting his assistance, that, for a while, he knew scarcely what, or how to answer him: it might have been gratifying, under other circumstances, to behold his enemies thus humbled in the dust, but that they should apply to him for rescue in the hour of their necessity was strange indeed.

"Even grant that my life was saved by stratagem," said he to Ruganoff, after a lengthened pause, "what share hadst *thou* in its preservation? and on what ground dost thou expect from me any other requital than refusal, and abhorrence?"

"I pardoned your liberator," said Ruganoff with firmness, while Geronime again stepped anxiously forward, as if to enforce the appeal.

"But your bullets whizzed merrily round me though, in the starlight," observed Lorenzo, sternly. "I had music—deep music to cheer my lonely passage."

Ruganoff attempted to laugh—looked at

at his pistols—muttered something about duty to his employer, and then added—"But I withheld the pursuit, though I knew thee unharmed, and forbade the Invincible to change her course."

"It was so," said Lorenzo, clasping his forehead with his hand, while meditating how to dispose of his unwelcome visitors—"for that it may be that I owe thee something. But chiefly for my pledge given here—to this fair sibyl, whose services I well remember—you must not arrive unwelcomed, nor depart uncheered. Such aid, and such refreshment, as Lorenzo can command, shall be offered to your acceptance: in the morning go forth—fear nothing—and let us part in peace."

Lorenzo now called Yambo, who hastily entered, and, by his order, produced provisions for the hungry pirates, part of which they devoured greedily, and the remainder reserved for consumption on board their vessel. For these Ruganoff proffered a compensation in gold, which

Lorenzo

Lorenzo peremptorily rejected, permitting him, however, to reward the fortunate Yambo with several pieces for his trouble; which, added to those he had received before, composed a larger sum than the happy negro had ever till then possessed. During all this time Lorenzo remained present, although little conversation passed between him and the rovers; until suddenly Geronime, passing him closely, as if by accident, dropped softly in his ear—"The elements are to me familiar—I regard not their strife. Follow me to the edge of the cliff which overhangs the beach—I have something to communicate." Lorenzo replied not, but followed her with his eyes until he saw her glide, unperceived by her companions, through the portal which opened in the direction she had named; and then, after some little musing on the safety and propriety of such a step, prepared to follow her to the spot of assignation. This was not prudent, but the many painful recollections which the sight of

of Geronime had awakened in the bosom of Lorenzo determined him to hear whatever intelligence she had to impart with such apparent secresy: yet he resolved to use the utmost caution. A pair of pistols were consequently added to his poniard, and thus accoutred he ventured fearlessly to his appointment, while the thunder growled heavily over him, and the lightning flashed every instant across his solitary path.

CHAP. XVI.

He passes now the ivy bush,
The owl has seen him, and is hush;
He passes now the dodder'd oak,
Ye heard the startled raven croak.

* * * *

The otter hears him tread the shore,
And dives, and is beheld no more:
And by the cliff of pale grey stone
The midnight wanderer stands alone. SCOTT.

THE tempest was still unabated: the rain, indeed, had ceased to descend with such impetuosity as heretofore, but the lightning seemed to have acquired increased brilliancy from the cessation of the pouring torrents. Lorenzo, however, still dauntlessly advanced with folded arms, and a dejected aspect, until he drew near the rock described by Geronime, which commanded a full survey of the now tempestuously-raging ocean. Here paused (impressed

(impressed with the sullen grandeur and solemnity of the prospect) the agitated, depressed Lorenzo, and proceeded to take a more deliberate view of the troubled scene around him. The sombre frowning sky—in comparison with which the expansive foaming ocean exhibited an awful whiteness—opened only to send forth flashes of sulphureous fire, which seemed at every startling emission to threaten the dazzled beholder with eternal blindness. It was now that he perceived, by the aid of these terrific exhalations, in a small bay beneath him, secured from the violence of the angry surge, the cruiser of Ruganoff safely riding at anchor, and sheltered by projecting crags from the view of his enemy, should she venture to approach so near the shore. While yet Lorenzo stood reflecting upon, and, it might be, half admiring, the hardihood of the rover, who had dared to run his bark into so perilous an inlet, he heard suddenly a voice which he knew to be that of Geronime, chanting

in a low tone, and with even more than her usual wildness, the following mournful lines; from the tenor of which, however, it appeared plain that she had wholly misinterpreted his present mood, and feelings.

"Thou! who lament'st Love's thousand pains!
Gaze! drown thy griefs—resign thy chains,
Whilst the wild wish o'er conquer'd reason reigns!
Dread not the deep, thy rippled home;
There's calm below that heaving wave:
There's rest beneath each billow's foam,
Thy suffering breast that then shall lave.
Quench'd in its surge thine anguish dies—
Shrined in its caves thy sorrows sleep:
Ah! halcyon thought for thee to prize,
Who liv'st to wake, and wak'st to weep!
Doubt not the cells of ocean fair—
Its chambers vast—its treasures rare!
Then plunge—plunge deep—forgetfulness is there!"

No syllable of this romantic strain escaped the ear of Lorenzo, for whom it was evidently intended, although it was equally evident that the singer had mistaken the merely pensive attitude in which he stood regarding the tumultuous scene before him, for one of frantic sorrow, or darkly-

brooding

brooding despair. On casting his eyes, however, a little to the left, he observed her apparently waiting for his approach, half-sheltered by a small cavity in the rock, which afforded a convenient refuge from the still-increasing tempest, and instantly advanced to undeceive her.—"I am neither hopeless nor covetous of change, fair sibyl," he exclaimed, with a sickly smile, "and least of all do I desire that kind of refuge thou hast proposed so temptingly; and, as I guess, supposest me to meditate. Thou art deceived, in spite of thy prophetic capabilities, which, on some occasions, nevertheless, I venture not to question. I live not always to be awakened by suffering; nor, even on this dreadful night, do I wake to weep, but to listen to thy communications."

Geronime looked earnestly on him, and abandoning at once her sibylline attitude, seriously demanded—"Is there no communication these lips might make to thee, on learning which thou wouldst weep?"

Lorenzo paused for a moment, as the whole past rushed across his memory, and another faint smile usurped his livid features.—" It becomes not," he responded, half divining her meaning, " the favoured adorer of the beauteous Isabel, to weep at any thing. But waste not the few moments we may pass together alone—I am here to yield attention to what thou hast to divulge."

" And hastily to be gone to Isabel," said Geronime, reproachfully, " and glut her pleased ear with a rival's wretchedness. There was a time, that, when Seraphina was the theme, Gialdini would have attended much more patiently."

Lorenzo started—the sound of names he was lately unaccustomed to the utterance of had struck upon his ear, and thrilled him like sudden lightning. He passed his hand hastily over his face, as if to conceal his emotion, but in reality to recal and collect his fleeting and scattered senses. Having rallied himself to such a degree

degree of firmness as he was able, he proceeded, with faltering accents, to make further inquiry.

"What of my Seraphina?" he demanded—"I almost dreaded—yet I hoped——"

"Hoped? dreaded?" repeated Geronime, scornfully—"these are true lovers' accents, and beseem not thy false lips. But I forget," she continued, in a tone of sarcasm, "thou hast not lately seen her—not even heard of her—and a twelvemonth's absence——"

"I have obeyed your injunctions," said Lorenzo, eagerly, "and kept my oath. I have written repeatedly, likewise, to her whom it were still impossible not to idolize, but that she designs me neither notice nor reply; and, it is evident, no longer cares for my existence."

Geronime shook her head—cast her eyes expressively upwards, while (or did Lorenzo's own just then deceive him?) their lustre was dimmed by the tears which now filled them, and exclaimed,

with a voice in which sorrow and reproach seemed mingled—"Away! thou dost belie her!"

Another instant, and Lorenzo would have implored further information—another instant, and the whole particulars of her interview with Seraphina would have been unravelled to his ear. But fate here put an awful termination to their intercourse, and the dark disclosure of Estherholme's double treachery was never destined to escape from her lips. While yet she was gazing upward, a flash fiercer than any that had hitherto enveloped them, burst from the scowling atmosphere, and the unhappy Geronime sunk a lifeless weight toward that grosser element to which she was thus suddenly made akin. She was smitten by lightning: a moment's attempt to shriek an exclamation—it was only a moment's—was her last effort ere the scorched spirit escaped from its blasted tenement. By the succeeding flash, Lorenzo beheld the appalling

appalling change which had taken place in her aspect: he had caught her as she fell—and now, with a thrill of horror utterly indescribable, felt her stiffening in his arms!

CHAP. XVII.

Hark! there be murmurs heard in Lara's hall—
A sound—a voice—a shriek—a fearful call!
A long, loud shriek—and silence—did they hear
That frantic echo burst the sleeping ear?
They heard, and rose, and tremulously brave,
Rush where the sound invoked their aid to save.

BYRON.

IT was a low, faint scream, as of smothered agony, which alone burst from the blighted bosom of Geronime, and even that expired unfinished upon her blackening lips. But what would not the vigilant ears of the rovers at that moment have distinguished, placed as they were amid perils of every description? nor did the shrill cry uttered as she fell, although checked instantaneously, as by sudden suffocation, escape the startled Ruganoff, and his wary companions. The distance of

of the small rocky elevation to which Geronime had appointed Lorenzo to follow her, was very inconsiderable from the residence of Alvarez; and a transitory pause in the storm happening to favour just then the progress of the sound, her exclamation easily reached the mansion. In a moment the quick eye of Ruganoff discerned her absence, hitherto unnoticed by the pirates; and the next he had struck the unoffending Yambo to the ground, partly from a suspicion of treachery, and partly in his speed to discover the fugitive. The rest followed him quickly to the open beach, whence it was evident the voice proceeded, each bestowing as he passed a hearty kick upon the prostrate Yambo, who lay too much amazed and terrified to resist, even by words, this exceedingly uncouth treatment. Accordingly, ere Lorenzo had recovered from the shock of horror occasioned by the unhappy fate of his companion, he found himself surrounded, and seized forcibly,

by half a dozen sturdy pirates, with Ruganoff at their head, who demanded with fierce oaths an explanation of the scene before them.

* * * * *

Ruganoff wept bitterly, but believed the tale delivered by Lorenzo; and knew too well the appalling traces left by "heaven's own lightning," now easily discernible in her discoloured countenance, to doubt for an instant his veracity. He knelt in unfeigned anguish over the blackened body—kissed the scorched lips—clasped it again and again, and would on no account be separated from the endeared remains of her who had been from very childhood the faithful partner of his adventurous existence. It was an affecting sight to behold those rugged countenances, already oppressed by want and disaster, again distorted by additional calamity—as if the very heavens had resolved on their destruction. It was a singular scene—impressive, and not easily forgotten.

gazed on shalt thou ever see more—none of those who have hitherto consorted thee shall again be thy companions. All familiar objects thou must now forego—forsake—forswear! forget thou canst not—else how gladly wouldst thou consign them to oblivion! But henceforth thy lot will be separate from these. I have arranged that from this, thy desolate hour, my bark shall be for a space at thy command; in which thou but beholdest my solicitude to advantage thee. Direct it where thou wilt—(away, I know, from Europe)—and, for its callous crew, whose hearts are as hard as their conditions desperate — whose deeds I already have disclosed to thee, that thou might'st not choose unwittingly—continue to command, or abandon them, as thy choice then may dictate. See! the vessel is near whose return sets *me* at liberty: she is a sagacious falcon, that never misses her gorge.

From

customary vivacity, and his looks were almost constantly directed towards a particular casement, which happened to overlook the sea, now sparkling gaily in the resplendent beams of the soft morning sunshine. Presently—"What art thou looking at, Yambo?" demanded Alvarez, with excited curiosity.

Yambo seemed unwilling to answer; but still kept his eyes fixed steadily in the same direction.

"Art thou thinking of thy trip to Corvo?" said his master, kindly. "I remember thou wert to have sailed thither to-day; but thou shalt not go except the waves be smooth, and the wind fair for thy passage, Yambo."

Here the grateful menial approached, and respectfully kissed the hand of his considerate master, but almost instantly resumed his former station and employment.

"I see an unwieldy vessel, of apparently considerable strength," cried Yambo presently,

sently, unable any longer to conceal the interest he felt in the object he was really watching, " just heaving into sight, and yonder smaller vessel has altered her course in consequence. See! now she alters too—and, by yon rising smoke which obscures her bow, the pealing of her thunders has already commenced."

" Ah! she holds her in chase," exclaimed Alvarez, who by this time was also stationed at the casement; " and, by the crowd of sail she carries, the fugitive, although light, appears to have little chance of escape."

And the fact was in reality as Yambo, and his more experienced companion, had very reasonably conjectured, from the miserably disabled trim in which the Invincible now seemed barely to float upon that element, which it had formerly been her pride to skim briskly, and defy. The sorrow and consternation occasioned by the death of Geronime, did not deter Ruganoff, and his abandoned associates, from proceeding

proceeding on their voyage as soon as the storm permitted, which was not until near daybreak. Of this Yambo was aware, as he had watched them through the lofty lattice whence he first observed them, and to which he had again ascended on recovering from the fright and blows they (in their first alarm) so plentifully bestowed on him. From this exalted situation, he beheld them some time afterwards descend cautiously to the beach, but without the female who had accompanied them on their ascent towards the dwelling of Alvarez, bearing with them, however, a burthen of no small dimensions, and of which they seemed particularly careful. In a little time, moreover, Lorenzo returned alone, and commended his silence, at least, whatever he might think of his courage—purchased his future secresy at a still greater price than had been already paid for it—and told him, with assumed jocundness, that his nocturnal visitors had re-embarked, and would set sail instantly.

This

that his hour was come, had yielded his last breath without a groan, as the bark swept fleetly by his gory reclining place. It was a moment of the most consummate horror to all on board the vessel, but more particularly so to Lorenzo, who, beside the anguish he felt for the fate of Seraphina, whose gentle blue eyes seemed even in death to reproach him for having so recklessly abandoned her, knew himself also the immediate cause of the parting of one other unhappy spirit which had that night flitted from its earthly tenement. The death of Ruganoff had been dealt by his own hand, however mistaken the apprehensions which induced him to the deed, and he now too bitterly felt they were mistaken—a conviction not likely to diminish the regret he endured for his rashness. He had given two victims to the bony tyrant on that fatal night—he had furnished with two aerial passengers that

CHAP. XVIII.

Far on the horizon's verge appears a speck,
A spot—a mast—a sail—an armed deck!
Their little bark her men of watch descry,
And ampler canvass woos the wind from high;
She bears her down majestically near,
Speed on her prow, and terror in her tier. BYRON.

THE privateer continued still to pursue the half-disabled Invincible, which its commander seemed determined should prove eventually his devoted prey. Meanwhile, the vessel of Ruganoff, severely battered as it had been only the day before by the same powerful opponent, and cramped in her number of hands by the destructive fire of her enemy, during a long and valorous resistance, was neither in a fit condition to combat or to fly. The heavy guns of the privateer were frequently observed to be discharged, while now

now and then only a feeble return of fire was attempted to be made by the vessel of the pirates. Of these warlike salutations the smoke alone was perceptible to Yambo and Alvarez, their distance from the vessels being great, and becoming increased with each succeeding minute; the plan adopted by the rover being, as it appeared, to run before the wind in a course direct from Flores, as if he had determined that the final wrestle with his gigantic opponent should at least take place afar on the mighty ocean—for hope of escape he must have deemed absurd. The chase still continued, and, although it was evident that the privateer gained considerably upon her victim, the obstinate resolution of the rover made it likely to continue for some time; until, as they mingled gradually with the blue horizon, the pirate first, and afterwards her follower, totally disappeared.

"Good night to the Invincible!" said a voice beneath the casement, as soon as neither

neither vessel was any longer visible; and a heavily-drawn sigh finished the ejaculation.

Alvarez instantly flung open the casement, and as instantly perceived Lorenzo standing with folded arms, in a pensive attitude, and eyes still fixed on the spot where the receding vessels had vanished. The noise of the casement, however, disturbed his meditations, and looking upward he discovered the good old Spaniard, his face still wearing its accustomed smile, as often as confronted with the visage of Lorenzo, to whom he was extremely partial, and in whose society he forgot his years.

"A spectacle has been yonder," said Alvarez, carelessly nodding toward the ocean as he spoke. "I guess they were pirates, but the rogues doubtless will meet their recompence. The minor vessel—be she whatever she may—stands no chance with her pursuer."

"I believe both were armed," said Lorenzo,

renzo, with much confusion, feeling the necessity of making some observation.

"Why are you stirring so early?" asked Alvarez, thus affording him an opportune change of subject.

"The tempest was most terrible," he replied; "I could not sleep."

"It waked me at its height," observed Alvarez, instantly, "and I thought I heard the faint shriek of a female, during the succeeding pause—I could not get it out of my ears. I even fancied I could distinguish the hurrying of feet, and the sound of other voices, afterwards—but my rosary was my resource, and, thanks to Saint Miguel! I soon fell asleep again."

"Thanks to the saint, indeed!" thought Lorenzo, but finding this second subject equally disagreeable, he said nothing.

At this moment he was happily relieved from his embarrassment, by the appearance of Isabel and Maria, the blooming and incomparable daughters of Alvarez, whom the tempest seemed also to

have

have disturbed before their usual hour, and who now entered the garden to enjoy the freshness of the morning breeze. The enchanting Isabel, who was a tall dark beauty of the most exquisite proportions, held in her hand a beautiful bouquet of just-gathered flowers, with which she advanced toward Lorenzo, who flew to meet her with a step sufficiently "earth-scorning" to remind the spectator that—

> "A lover may bestride the gossamer
> That idles in the wanton summer air,
> And yet not fall, so light is vanity."

Her majestic, and finely-moulded form, was completely enveloped in a flowing garb of orange-coloured silk, which, surmounted by her profusely clustering ringlets of perfect sable, floated gracefully around her. Maria, her younger sister, was differently attired, but scarcely less beautiful. A close white habit shrouded her tender, and delicate figure, which, contrasted solely by her fine glossy locks, dark complexion, and animated features, became

became her exceedingly. Lorenzo, as already observed, immediately joined them in their morning promenade; and Alvarez, perceiving that he left him in better company, presently withdrew from the casement, and addressed himself again to the completion of his toilet.

Yambo, however, still proceeded heavily with the performance of his several duties. His thoughts dwelt continually on the secret events of the preceding night, which he had yet considerable doubt whether he ought not to divulge, although paid to do the contrary. Who could be those mysterious—even terrific-looking strangers? and what could have been the nature of their former intimacy with his master's friend? These were questions that still constantly presented themselves to his imagination, but for which he strove vainly to elicit from his invention a satisfactory answer. He thought upon the romantic manner (to say no worse of it) in which Lorenzo first landed on the island,

island, now more than a twelvemonth since: the disjointed tale—the solitary boat—all conspired to breed suspicions in the mind of Yambo, which, had he never known of this strange visit, would never have existed. And here it may not be objectionable to digress a little, and explain in what manner Geronime became acquainted with the residence, and assumed name, of don Lorenzo; who, though he owed her his liberty, and perhaps his life, and was willing enough to pay the debt should payment be ever required of him, would much rather have never beheld her face again.

It chanced that a short time after the escape, or liberation, of Lorenzo (then Gialdini) from the rover's cabin, where he had been confined, Ruganoff had been driven by a train of circumstances which it is not necessary to relate, again into the neighbourhood of the Azores; and actually took refuge in the very creek that so lately sheltered him, whence he had departed

on

now enabled to enjoy with his adored Jannette, the already aged Du Moulin contrived to pass the latter portion of his days much easier than the former. Isabel he considered as the primal cause and origin of his better fortune, and would have grieved sincerely for her apparent unhappiness, if grief for any thing could have found room in his heart: as it was, his best endeavours were exerted incessantly for her gratification, and he never omitted subjoining to his daily orisons a blessing on the head of his present benefactress.

One clear spring evening, shortly after the demise of Alvarez, the now doubly wretched Isabel chanced to stroll alone to visit the tomb of her deceased parent, erected on an adjacent hallowed eminence, to which she frequently of late directed her solitary steps. How different was now her tread—how utterly contrasted to the light and airy de-

Lorenzo. He was sensible of the strong claim Geronime possessed on his gratitude —he had promised, moreover, to liquidate the debt, should it ever fall into his power, but was thwarted by circumstances over which nothing human could possibly have any control.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIX.

I have a heart; but if it could be false
To my first vows, ever to love again,
These honest hands should tear it from my breast,
And throw the traitor from me. Oh! Imoinda!
Living or dead, I can be only thine. SOUTHERN.

MEANWHILE Lorenzo was now far from happy, although he strove to bury from Isabel, in particular, the cause of his new-sprung inquietude. The remembrance of his only half-forgotten Seraphina again tormented him, since his fatally-broken interview with Geronime; and, he felt inwardly assured, would now continue to do so, until he contrived to obtain some additional intelligence respecting his formerly-beloved, and (in spite of all the sophistry he could summon to his assistance) still tenderly-prized Seraphina. But how was he to obtain such intelligence,

since letters he had repeatedly tried in vain? and what right had he—the betrothed of Isabel—to seek tidings which, if obtained, might prove poisonous to their felicity? She, too, who alone could have communicated them, struck mute for ever with the theme of his longing upon her lips! It was true that her death, and the now almost certain destruction of the rovers, might be deemed to have partially released him from the scrupulous observance of his oath—not to revisit Sicily: but could he abandon Isabel—the fond, confiding Isabel—to seek felicity elsewhere, on the strength of such broken syllables as alone had met his ear? and those, too, from the lips of at best a mere wandering vagabond? he dared not even think of it at present. Yet she did say—the words of Geronime—her dying words, did lead him to infer that his once-adored Seraphina had not forgotten him; and this conviction—aided as it was by his constant recollection of the tears which accom-

accompanied her words—was alone quite sufficient to render him unhappy.

In the midst of his inquietude, however, Lorenzo forgot not to reward the secresy of the well-meaning Yambo, and determined accordingly to do so in the way of which he was most likely to approve. There lived in the island of Corvo, a short distance removed from that of Flores, and to which Yambo was frequently dispatched on business for Alvarez, a certain damsel, between whom and this sooty Adonis it was affirmed that there existed a steady, and immutable attachment. There had also recently existed in the mansion of don Alvarez, an elderly matron, named Ursula, whose sole charge it had been to attend on the whims, and arrange the apparel, of her two young mistresses. This important personage was lately deceased, and it was intended to let the office also remain defunct for the present, in the family of Alvarez—for who could be found to fill it like Ursula?

Now Lorenzo happened, on that eventful morning, to have conceived an idea that Jannette (the name given by her sponsors to Yambo's mistress) could fill it with equal precision and rectitude. To be brief, he had requested of Isabel the presentation of this birth to the intended bride of Yambo, rightly guessing that he would be happier near her than, as was now the case, with an arm of the ocean betwixt them; and it is almost needless to add that he did not solicit in vain. This additional piece of service Lorenzo had yet to communicate to Yambo, and not many hours elapsed ere he found an opportunity of doing so without being observed.

The day proved exceedingly fine, and even sultry for the season, which induced Lorenzo to indulge his meditations, though not of the most pleasing kind, by loitering alone in the garden longer than ordinary. Here he chanced to encounter Yambo, arrayed in his best holiday attire, being equipped

equipped for his voyage to Corvo, where dwelt the rustic object of his affection, and whither he was now bound on some (most probably) charitable errand for his master, Alvarez. Now, therefore, as he hurried to the beach—"Yambo!" exclaimed Lorenzo, conscious that the present moment was of all the most opportune for imparting his agreeable intelligence.

The negro stopped somewhat reluctantly, for, sooth to say, Lorenzo had been no great favourite with him, since the mysterious occurrences of the preceding night.

"Whither art thou going, Yambo?" now demanded Lorenzo, who seemed perfectly aware of that involuntary rising aversion which the black could so ill disguise.

"To Corvo, senor," was the laconic answer.

"And suppose I should have a message thither," said Lorenzo, smiling, "pertaining to the arrangement of a small matter of business, in which, it may be, an affair

of gallantry too is concerned, thou wilt, I trust, deliver it safely for me—wilt thou not, Yambo?"

Yambo bowed coldly, evidently not much pleased with this addition to his duty.

"There lives on the coast of Corvo," resumed Lorenzo, "whither, good Yambo, thou sayest thou art bound, a damsel of French lineage, who, with her aged father, the industrious Du Moulin, hath long been in—I say not poverty—but certainly necessitous circumstances. She is called, if I rightly remember, Annette—Nannette——"

"Jannette!" said Yambo, in amazement, while a most unequivocal expression which seemed to say—"Do, if you dare!" was strongly portrayed in his dusky lineaments.

"Jannette, I mean," returned Lorenzo, coolly. "I must, to this young maiden, transmit a message of no mean import, as regards her future advancement and felicity—

city—and thou shalt be the bearer of it, Yambo."

He now proceeded to state more explicitly to the astonished Yambo, the true nature of his interference with the affairs of the lively French damsel; and to convince him that his only object was to render his servitude less solitary, or, it might be, to facilitate their entrance into the hymeneal bands. Yambo smiled, pleased at this suggestion, and began to think the circumstances under which he had found so firm a benefactor appeared already less suspicious than heretofore: in conclusion, he promised to acquaint Jannette with the preferment offered her, and thanked Lorenzo a thousand times for his potent intercession in her cause.

Yambo now gaily departed on his expedition to Corvo, unmindful of the blows, but not so oblivious of the remuneration he had received, since the preceding sunset: while Lorenzo, less philosophically, again became lost in those dangerous ru-

 minations

minations from which the accidental passing of the menial had aroused him. Since his residence in the family of Alvarez, nevertheless, or at least during the latter portion of that residence, he had not been accustomed to meditate so gloomily; but recent occurrences had combined to disturb him—the remembrance of his woes had been awakened in his bosom—

> " And slight withal may be the things which bring
> Back on the heart the weight which it would fling
> Aside for ever: it may be a sound—
> A tone of music—summer's eve—or spring—
> A flower—the wind—the ocean—which shall wound,
> Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound."

* * * * *

Monsieur Du Moulin was a native of France, which, however, the commotions almost constantly taking place in the *grand nation*, had compelled him to abandon, and seek refuge in some more secure although, perhaps, less polished country. Accordingly, Du Moulin fixed on America, but, somehow or other, got no further on his course than Corvo, which mid-

way

way repentance many people imputed to his excessive dread of a long sea voyage; and this conjecture, when it was afterwards observed that monsieur seldom exhibited any symptoms of superior courage, became consequently confirmed. However this might be, it was certain enough that monsieur Du Moulin's situation at Corvo was not the most enviable. His poverty indeed had grown proverbial, even among those who were poor themselves; and his utmost skill in fishing could hardly procure for himself, and his daughter, a sufficient maintenance. Jannette did what she could to alleviate his wretchedness, but this was little. She was, however, his only companion—his only treasure—saved from the wreck of his scattered friends, and confiscated property; and Du Moulin knew well how to estimate the jewel which to him (shining like a single benign ray in the middle of his toils and adversities) was truly "beyond all price."

Here then was the happy Yambo ar-

rived, and seated, with Jannette, in the hovel (for it was little better) of Du Moulin, who had reserved the finest of his that day's sport for their evening repast, when all were suddenly startled by the sound of voices on the outside of the lowly portal, and presently a loud knocking announced the arrival of wholly-unexpected visitors.

CHAP.

CHAP. XX.

What will not woman when she loves—
Yet lost, alas! what can restore her?
She lifts the latch—the wicket moves—
And now the world is all before her!

ROGERS.

IT was a clear moonlight night, and the first movement of monsieur Du Moulin was to the casement of the cabin, stuffed not with "tattered remnants of a money-bag," but plentifully patched with pieces of sail-cloth, for the better expulsion of the weather. He here plainly distinguished the figures of three persons, who appeared waiting for admittance at his humble door—two habited in the attire of seamen, and the third, a female, who appeared either sick, or fainting from excess of terror. At a short distance from the beach, toward which he also turned his

his wary eyes, he discovered moreover a floating bark, from which it was evident the female had been borne; but for what purpose, or with what design, was yet left to conjecture. Having thus reconnoitred, Du Moulin tremblingly imparted the result of his observations to Yambo, whose thoughts ran upon nothing but a second adventure with his new piratical acquaintances: when told, however, that the female appeared sinking and distressed, he instantly counselled their admittance, in opposition even to Du Moulin himself, who, although sufficiently hospitable, was not over valorous in affairs where the issue, should a struggle happen to be necessary, was likely to prove even worse than dubious. Emboldened, however, on this sudden occasion, by the presence of Yambo, he consented to the admittance of the strangers, who indeed seemed little inclined to abide much longer on the outside of the crazy edifice, having with repeated strokes nearly battered

tered the frail door from its hinges, and bestowed many hearty curses upon it for the resistance it still opposed to their entrance.

"Hilliho! hillo!" exclaimed a rough voice, evidently that of a sailor—"have you no feeling here within? who bars the door thus inhospitably against the entrance of woman in misfortune?"

"Not the inhabitant of this mansion!" said Yambo, somewhat too pompously, forgetting at the moment that he was not in the hall of Alvarez; but as he accompanied his words by charitably opening the door, the mistake was pardonable.

In a moment entered two sailors, bearing in their arms a female of apparently exquisite loveliness, but worn by disease, it was evident, to the mere shadow of her former self. Her long fair hair drooped dishevelled over her graceful form, and her beautiful blue eyes glared wildly around her, unconscious of all they seemed to gaze upon. She was under the influence

fluence of delirium: she had not yet spoken, but her heedless demeanour, and wandering look, revealed the vacant mind. Jannette clasped her hands feelingly at the sight, and instantly approached the unhappy sufferer, as if already anxious to render her every assistance her distressed situation so earnestly required.

It was now that the foremost of the seamen narrated, in a hoarse voice, the nature of her unfortunate malady, together with the cause of their bringing her thither. He told that she came from Sicily, bringing with her, as had since appeared, a considerable quantity of money and jewels. That her passage was taken to the Azores, but long ere they reached them she fell sick of a fever, which had first deprived her of strength, and latterly of reason likewise. They had treated her on board in the best manner they were able, but their surgeon happening unfortunately to perish by an ill-timed accident, they could render her no further assistance

ance. They, therefore, landed her at the nearest point, and urged the immediate procuration of a medical attendant; promising, on the part of their commander, to be responsible for all expences incurred by those who were kind enough to afford her a refuge, and proffering ready gold for their present defrayment. Such was the lamentable tale told by the elder seaman, who seemed of some command among his fellows, and concluded by saying, with characteristic drollery, carried even into the presence of affliction, which yet he scorned not to compassionate—"Flores is the port to which yon comely frigate is bound: but from Corvo thither is only a short scud, and, when she recovers, you may put her over. At present her hulk is worn, and her upper tackle disordered—it is safer to remain in harbour awhile than proceed in such bad trim—better to recruit a little before she risks the passage."

Jannette now proceeded to take charge of

of the unconscious stranger, and attempted to lead her to an inner apartment, when she feebly raised herself, and, while some slight glimmerings of reason appeared already to illumine the darkness of her intellect, exclaimed—"You are a gentler nurse than I have had of late. I see many around me here—but all are strange. Yet oh! if ye are compassionate, have pity on Seraphina! whoever ye are, restore to me Gialdini! my peace—and my Gialdini!"

These accents, being uttered in some foreign language, were wholly unintelligible to her conductress, but not so to the seamen who interpreted them. It appeared by them that the utterer was the victim of some hopeless passion: but more than this, as those with whom she was now to be left in charge, notwithstanding the benevolence of their intentions, understood not her language, was not likely to be speedily ascertained.

By this time the seamen had departed, after

after promising to touch again at the island on their return, which they said would not be long, and the unfortunate patient was conducted by the daughter of Du Moulin to her humble apartment. Yambo offered his assistance to fetch the best medical practitioner the island afforded, which was instantly accepted; and Du Moulin occupied himself in delaying their repast, until the sick stranger should be properly looked to, and every thing adjusted for her comfort. In a short time Yambo returned with the physician, who, after much deliberation, pronounced his patient to be labouring under delirium (which was known before), and prognosticated that when the fever had attained its crisis (if it had not already passed it), she would either die, or recover. With this certainly not to be contradicted definition of her case, Du Moulin was compelled to remain content; the sage practitioner promising to send immediately such medicines

cines as would be likely to assuage her restlessness, and sooth her to repose.

After a little space, Jannette rejoined her father and Yambo, reporting that Seraphina (for it was indeed the pitiable Seraphina whom strangers had that night entrusted to her care), after taking the draught prescribed for her, had fallen almost instantly asleep, and was not likely to awaken for some time. They accordingly partook of their frugal supper together, Yambo rejoiced to have escaped a second encounter with the rovers, of whose ruffianly fierceness he discerned no traces in the demeanour of the peaceable seamen; and Jannette overjoyed at the prospect of advancement, and happiness, which Yambo had, a short time previous, unfolded to her view. Du Moulin was pleased that he had opened his portal, or rather permitted Yambo to do so, for the admission of those who had so liberally rewarded him; and more particularly when he reflected that there was no other cottage

tage near, where the distressed stranger could have obtained the shelter and rest so necessary for her recovery. All were delighted: the debilitated, and somewhat alarming plight, of their new inmate, was a check upon the joy which rose to their lips, but they still trusted that the skill of the renowned practitioner, and constant attendance of Jannette, would speedily restore her to convalescence and tranquillity.

* * * * *

One serene evening, the sun shining more brightly than usual for the advanced period of the season (as it was now upon the verge of winter) tempted donna Isabel, and Maria, to enjoy the fresh seabreeze which saluted them through the opened lattice, in preference to their accustomed amusements of books, or music. The time appointed for Yambo's absence at Corvo had now elapsed, but he had not arrived, though almost hourly expected, and Isabel, who was impatient to behold her

her new attendant, began to blame his delay; while donna Maria, and even the indulgent Alvarez, were constantly devising plausible excuses for his protracted absence. Lorenzo, too, was a deserter from their society on the evening specified—the last donna Isabel was ever destined to witness from her lattice "sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft," with feelings so tranquil as those she now enjoyed. Yet she was not now happy, although it was only at intervals, "few and far between," that the melancholy cast of her countenance evinced the disquiet of her mind. Even on the eve of her expected union, she fancied her lover more cold than he was wont to be—more chilly, and distant, than even at the first kindling of their mutual flame: she strove vainly to discover his purposes—she even doubted his affection. He appeared lately to have grown so reserved—seemed so entirely to abandon her to solitude, that she feared he repented of his plighted vows—

vows—and she feared true. Lorenzo, indeed, was utterly changed: his purposes were shaken—his mind altered—his resolution gone. He had wandered that afternoon, as usual with him of late, solitarily toward the beach; and Alvarez had not yet arisen from his *siesta*, or after-dinner repose, common and necessary in a Spanish climate, to which he was inured —Isabel and Maria were alone.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXI.

Brunhild is on her bride bench sitting,
Pouring the gude red wine:
Her maids the coronet are fitting—
But where is sir Lochrine? *Scotch Ballad.*

"HEIGHHO!" exclaimed donna Isabel, after a gloomy, and protracted silence—"what a world of vicissitude is this!"

"Why, truly, Isabel," said Maria, laughing, "you have spoken of it as I believe many to have proved. But you must allow that hitherto we have experienced—you and I—a very small share of its vicissitudes."

"I was just then thinking," rejoined Isabel, "of that auspicious morning on which, sitting together as we now are seated, we first discovered the solitary boat dancing gaily over the blue waves hither,

hither, which, you remember, brought us don Lorenzo."

"Yes!" said Maria, cheerfully, "and have you forgotten our surprise when, some little time afterwards, the same boat, although securely chained to the beach, as Yambo has often affirmed, was loosed from its fastenings without the violence of wind or wave—broke away without rending its chain, and was never heard of afterwards? For my part, I conceived its release to be perfectlv magical—but a strange vessel being, about that time, observed very near the coast, one cannot be positive how the boat obtained its liberation."

"True—true," remarked Isabel, with evident abstraction: "I wish I was sure, Maria, that the altered conductor of that little vessel would never desire to break his flowery bonds, and abandon us in like manner."

"Who? don Lorenzo?" demanded Maria, with astonishment.

"Ay, my Maria," returned the love-lorn maiden, "little as you may dream of such a chance—a sorrowful chance to Isabel—should it ever happen."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Maria, her light heart evincing itself in her careless demeanour—"you but vex and torment yourself, my dear Isabel, by indulging in these groundless, and gloomy apprehensions. What occurrence could induce you even to think Lorenzo capable of such a causeless, and culpable, change in his sentiments?"

"Alas!" rejoined Isabel, despondingly—"was I not happy when Lorenzo first arrived—still happier when he gave me his society—and do I not now grieve over the reverse? is he not changed to me, as to himself—utterly, deeply changed? the smile that answered to my smile is fled, and in its stead an absent look of coldness keeps possession of his aspect, and will not be removed. These are symptoms, Maria, of approaching indifference, that will not—

not—cannot be mistaken; nor do they arise from imagination only—I feel but too keenly the consciousness of their more solid foundation. Was I not cheerful once, and am I not now melancholy—yet who, save Maria, seems anxious to enliven me? had I not formerly a companion more than reverenced—almost as dearly worshipped by Isabel as her Deity—and am I not now alone?"

The sprightly countenance of donna Maria changed gradually as she listened to her sister's earnestness, and, for the first time, she began to think Lorenzo less assiduous of late than he was used to be: but far from still further depressing the spirits of Isabel, she immediately changed the subject, by exclaiming—"Look! Isabel—a vessel approaches that, by the direction of her course, must come from Corvo; it is strange that neither of us should have observed it sooner. Now that tall promontory veils her from our sight—presently she will emerge again.

I told you so—and look already how proudly she rides over the bare beach yonder! what colour bears she at her masthead, Isabel? we shall have news from Yambo, at the least."

Isabel looked in the direction pointed out to her, but made no observation.

"See! now she slackens sail," resumed Maria, eagerly, "and a boat descends—a passenger enters it, beside the rowers, and now they near the shore. It is Yambo, but without his expected companion—Jannette does not accompany him—he is alone."

It was not until now that Isabel, gazing more earnestly from the lattice at this intimation, caught a glimpse of a figure much more interesting to her than any thing pertaining either to Yambo, or his favourite. This was Lorenzo, who appeared watching anxiously the approaching boat from a retired part of the beach, toward the spot where he knew, in the course of a few minutes, it would set

ashore

ashore the somewhat tardy Yambo. He had been recently in the act of writing, for an open paper was still in his hand; which, when Yambo pointed out to the boatmen a more convenient landing-place at a little distance along the coast, he waved impetuously, as if commanding his instant approach to the place where he stood. The boat approached, accordingly —but with it approached the darkness which was to veil its return from even the searching eyes of Isabel; for the sun had now sunk to the island of Flores— his short race until the morrow was concluded, and the duskier hues of twilight were fast usurping their dominion over every fading object. The last gesture of Lorenzo, that Isabel could distinguish, was a slight wafture of his hand across his eyes, as if they required clearing, ere commencing the lengthened gaze which he afterwards took in the direction of her dwelling. Expiring day withdrew its latest beams, while yet his eyes were (or

seemed) fixed upon the darkening dwelling of Alvarez, and Isabel—the soft, enamoured Isabel—could behold him no more.

Finding now that every object in the landscape grew too dull to be any longer distinguishable, Isabel and Maria, calling for lights, retired to an inner apartment, there to await at least the arrival of Yambo, and wonder still at the protracted absence of Lorenzo. Here they found don Alvarez, who, with social and affectionate conversation, endeavoured to pass away the dreary interval. They had not long to await the coming of the negro, who entered in apparent alarm and haste, and having confusedly delivered an account of his mission to Alvarez, concerning indifferent matters merely, approached the expectant Isabel. He now narrated, as hastily as possible, the strange adventure which had taken place at Corvo, and procured for the poor abode of monsieur Du Moulin, his intended father-in-law, an additional

additional inhabitant; requesting that Jannette might remain a little longer to attend, and assist in restoring, the health of the friendless female whom Providence seemed to have entrusted to her care. To this recital Isabel paid very little attention, but, of course, accorded with his wishes; when Yambo suddenly approached her nearer, and, with fast-increasing confusion, said—"But I have other tidings, which must be now delivered to—to you—donna Isabel."

"Tidings! of whom?" demanded Isabel.

"Don Lorenzo," stammered Yambo, choking—"who has embarked, and——"

"Embarked! how! whither!" interrupted Isabel, fearfully.

"Just now for Sicily," responded Yambo, in a breath, "after committing to my care this paper, which he desired I would give into your hands."

Isabel snatched the paper with a determined effort, as if resolved to know the worst, ere she gave way to overwhelming

affliction. It was already open, Lorenzo never having sealed it, and she read, with terrible emotion, the following words :—

" I am wretched—I leave you—perhaps I may return, but do not let that perhaps too far deceive you. What is spoken expires with the breath, and becomes mere matter of remembrance—what is written endures, and produces conviction. I write the word—Adieu. Forgive, and pity, for what he has written, and for what he feels.

" LORENZO."

These lines appeared to have been scrawled hastily on the beach, upon the sudden appearance of the vessel which had brought Yambo back to Flores; and wherein, it seemed, Lorenzo in the bitterness of his regret, had determined at every hazard to pursue his wandering destiny. It was not that he felt he could not have adored

adored the beauteous Isabel, but only that the thought of Seraphina was poison to his felicity, as often as chance might awaken her remembrance in his bosom: he believed his future course (had he remained in Flores) to be strewn with happiness, but that her constant image would have been the wormwood to fling its bubbling venom over the flowers in his path, and this he could not endure. The daughter of Alvarez perused his last epistle with feelings almost productive of suffocation: for a time she found it impossible to articulate a sound, or syllable, but gazed wildly around her with a vacant aspect—

> "Then burst her voice in one long shriek,
> And to the earth she fell like stone,
> Or statue from its base o'erthrown."

Alvarez rushed to her assistance, and presently perused, with sorrow indescribable, the open scroll which her hand still grasped with convulsive energy, as all she

was now ever likely to possess pertaining to the lost Lorenzo. Yambo retreated astonished—the effect of his communication had been even worse than he apprehended; and Maria assisted to raise, and recal to animation, her (as she at length too bitterly acknowledged) not vainly apprehensive, and now miserable sister.

* * * * *

The day was at length arrived on which Jannette Du Moulin was to depart for Flores, and enter upon her new, but agreeable vocation, of superior attendant on the ladies Isabel and Maria. It was true that the former, donna Isabel, appeared to have lost for ever the gay, admired gallant, who had interposed for the reception of Jannette into the household of Alvarez, and, if report said true, was shortly to have consummated her own felicity at the hymeneal shrine: but this made no difference to the duties of Jannette, nor caused any alteration in the arrangement. Indeed, Isabel, on the reverse, anticipated considerable

considerable satisfaction in advancing the fortunes, and protecting the peace, of one for whose admission to favour her lamented Lorenzo had himself condescended to intercede; and she accordingly determined to watch over her innocence with ceaseless vigilance, and unremitting kindness. It is to such trifling resources as these that the heart commonly flies, or clings for consolation, which, by greater events, has been bruised, or lacerated. Meanwhile, the vessel floated in the harbour—the hour approached—the very minute was at hand, which was to witness the embarkation of Jannette, and waft her to the scene of her anticipated prosperity.

And Seraphina—the gentle, wronged Seraphina—whose destination (according to the seaman's tale) was also Flores, was she sufficiently recovered to accompany her? she was—nor had the benevolence of Alvarez been slumbering, nor omittted to invite the sick stranger to his hospitable dwelling, as soon as he heard fully the

particulars of her distressed situation. Slowly and gradually had the fever left the beautiful, fair-haired Seraphina, but the print of sorrow was still plainly enough perceptible upon her lovely, and expressive visage. She was, however, prepared to accompany Jannette to Flores, although she knew (for report had not been idle during her illness) that the only attraction it ever contained for her had quitted while she was delirious, and returned to Sicily. Seraphina knew this—yet gratitude for the kindness of Alvarez, and it might be some lurking particle of feminine curiosity, induced her to visit that island: but she meant that her stay there should be only transient—Lorenzo was gone.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXII.

I am not mad, I would to Heaven I were,
For then 'tis like I should forget myself.
Oh, if I could, what grief should I forget!
I am not mad; too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity.

SHAKESPEARE.

JANNETTE Du Moulin was already standing at the low portal of her father's cottage, her light airy form completely equipped for departure, in company with a statelier, more majestic figure, who appeared to lean on her supporting arm. This was Seraphina, habited, for the first time since her recovery, in her travelling dress, for the purpose of accompanying Jannette to Flores, whom she had liberally rewarded for her services during her indisposition, by many valuable presents, in addition to having rendered her father's situation more comfortable than heretofore.

fore. She appeared still wan, and feeble, but there were symptoms of a returning lustre already in her eyes which augured a speedy renewal of health and spirits, while it indicated that hope was not yet entirely extinguished in her bosom. Her lofty, dignified figure—her beautiful ringlets—

> "That o'er her forehead's white float gracefully,
> Like waves of gold chafing an ivory shore;
> Her lovely lids, fair as the fleecy clouds
> Whose dazzling whiteness gems the summer sky,
> And like them only chided at, because
> 'Tis Heaven's own blue they hide,"

formed altogether a striking exterior, which impressed with reverence, while it commanded admiration. Du Moulin had rushed into the small inner apartment of the cottage, and was pouring forth audible prayers, mingled with tears and sobs, for the safety and prosperity of his only child, now for the first time about to be separated from his paternal care.

In this pious, and affecting employment, Seraphina was unwilling to disturb him until

until the last moment, but the boat was now waiting, and Jannette and herself could stay no longer. She therefore approached the door, and softly summoned him to take a last adieu ere they went on board. Presently he appeared, wiping hastily away the marks of his sorrow, for grief he knew to be contagious, and embracing Jannette tenderly, exclaimed—"Go, my child! go—and may the prayer of a solitary old man avail thee more than he, perhaps, deserves it should—but it cannot more than thou hast merited. Thou leavest Du Moulin alone—but he who is a friend to the fatherless, will prove likewise a comforter to the father whose offspring——Go—I can speak no more. Thou hast my blessing, and I have long had little but a blessing to bestow upon thee. Jannette — my Jannette — rise—take it again, and begone!"

Jannette prepared to obey, but still wept bitterly. Again she knelt at his feet—she clasped his knees—she almost refused

refused to leave him; when Seraphina, who knew their time expired, drew her gently toward the door, and the aged Du Moulin once more vanished into the inner apartment. He rushed again presently to the portal—but Jannette, and her companion, were gone.

* * * * *

The bark of Lorenzo now rolled swiftly on toward the romantic shore of blooming Sicily, whither, urged by the remembrance of recent occurrences, and the still unextinguished love he bore to Seraphina, he had indeed determined once more to direct his fatally-erring course. It had cost him many a pang to abandon Flores; but Lorenzo had pondered long and deeply upon the subject, and finally took that course which, in his imagination, appeared most likely to be productive of future tranquillity. And here—

" Pass we the long, unvarying course, the track
Oft trod, that never leaves a trace behind;
Pass we the calm, the gale, the change, the tack,
And each well known caprice of wave and wind;

Pass

Pass we the joys and sorrows sailors find,
Coop'd in their winged sea-girt citadel;
The foul, the fair, the contrary, the kind,
As breezes rise and fall, and billows swell,"

and proceed to the first event of importance which befel Lorenzo on his passage. The vessel had not yet cleared the vast Atlantic, that spacious "world of waters," ere one dismal night they were startled from their slumbers by the cry of the watch, acquainting them that peril was at hand—peril unforeseen, and unavoidable. Almost at the same instant they were hailed by a strange approaching vessel, which appeared to have risen upon them suddenly in the darkness, and which, whatever might be her intentions, it was now too late either to think of wrestling with, or to avoid. Presently the summons was repeated—

"A flash is seen—the ball beyond their bow
Booms harmless, hissing to the deep below,"

and they are hoarsely directed to lay to, and quietly await her approach and inspection.

spection. In a few minutes their enemy was alongside: the darkness was intense, and they could only distinguish of her that she was much superior in warlike appointment and preparations, although not in size, to their own vessel. From her masthead, moreover, was indistinctly perceptible the terrific flag, whose ominous woof seemed of unfigured sable, flapping heavily between them and the almost equally dark canopy of heaven, the appalling signal which shut them out from hope. They were instantly boarded by the pirates, as they had too rightly conjectured their assailants to be, the vessel hastily ransacked, and the whole crew clapped into irons, for the next slave market at which it might suit their captors to dispose of them. Among these was Lorenzo, who in vain bewailed his unhappy destiny, now groaning under a second, and, if possible, still more hopeless sea captivity.

In the morning the captives were permitted

mitted to breathe on deck, and Lorenzo was afforded a clearer opportunity of surveying the hopelessness of his truly-wretched situation. The vessel was a brig, well armed and manned: on the "white glassy deck" stalked in observant silence a slender, and somewhat diminutive figure, who yet appeared to be its commander, from his authoritative step and manner. This personage was attired in a blue sea habit, profusely covered with ornaments, in a style neither naval nor military, but apparently disposed as chance, or taste, seemed to dictate. In addition to this fanciful garb, he wore, as professional appendages, several pair of handsomely-mounted pistols, and a small, but elegant hanger. To him, as may be naturally conjectured, Lorenzo now directed his chief attention, as on his beck appeared to depend (if any at all existed) the sole chance of his deliverance.

The haughty commander still paced majestically the ivory-coloured deck, with real

real or affected indifference to every thing around him: nor did his stern, though not masculine features, once relax from their apparently-accustomed rigidity. Yet Lorenzo could not help fancying—although their expression was changed since he last saw them—that there was something in the curbed sparkling of those expressive lineaments he well remembered to have seen before; but the chief met his eye wholly unmoved, and the fixed frigidity of his motionless features forbade any nearer attempt at conviction.

Lorenzo, however, still found it impossible to withdraw from those singular lineaments his steady gaze, as often as the snowy plume which drooped from his naval hat, and sometimes partially shaded his aspect, permitted them to be visible. At length, an occurrence favoured his observation: the hat was removed—was it by chance or design?—and the whole visage distinctly revealed to his strained, and wondering sight. The eyes once more

more encountered his own—their mute eloquence was not to be mistaken. Yet how could it be possible? her fate still fresh in his memory—that demeanour—that garb! He laughed incredulously—but could reality long be deemed *im*-possible?—he gazed on Geronime!

CHAP.

once more saluted his pleased, but astounded ear.

"Thou art—thou art!" he falteringly exclaimed, "in spite of this uncouth garb —this altered deportment. Yet say, inexplicable being, whom the wrath of angry clouds cannot annihilate, nor the turbulence of ocean deter from the renewed committal of crimes upon its bosom—thou! whom I had falsely dreamed the joys and sorrows of humanity could never more assail or enliven, yet whom here I have again encountered——"

"Just in time again to do thee service," said Geronime softly, interrupting him: "follow me below to my cabin—there we may converse less guardedly. Pietro!" she cried with authority, to a ruffian who approached—"strike off his chains."

Lorenzo, after having submitted to this welcome operation, proceeded to follow her who, "whate'er her guilt," seemed born to be his benefactress. Ere he descended, he paused to cast another prying glance

glance over the rough visages of the crew around him—they were not the same as were led by Ruganoff, previous to the supposed death of Geronime by lightning on the isle of Flores. The latter failed not to observe his scrutiny, and Lorenzo thought he perceived her lip curl into a smile of scorn, as she entered the cabin. However this might be, he felt now a kind of abhorrence mixed with the gratitude he owed her, that he was not conscious of feeling formerly when the deeds of Geronime occupied his remembrance. While musing upon this, his thoughts wandered involuntarily to the *past* of his existence—he compared the present event with other occurrences of his former life—and, although he considered his present course preferable to a continuance of opprobrium and bondage, yet shuddered when he reflected on the similarity.

As soon as they were seated alone in the cabin of the rover, she who appeared to be its only occupant, cast upon him a

piercing look, as if able to take his whole thoughts from him at a single glance; and then seemed to await his commencement of their interview. But Lorenzo spoke not yet—his own appalling recollections, aided by that withering look, had deprived him of the power of utterance. He felt an insurmountable chill take possession of his faculties from the moment they were left alone—an insuperable aversion to the continuance of their solitude—on deck he had better subdued these emotions, but here his breast panted almost to bursting—loneliness with her appeared too horrible. His companion viewed his agitation with a contemptuous calmness, and awaited its passing over for some time patiently—but still Lorenzo spoke not. Then rising with a still scornful, but more softened aspect, she led him by the hand to the small cabin window, and, pointing to the waves, as if conscious that Lorenzo had too deeply felt the superiority of her presence, exclaimed—"There roll the dark

dark blue billows over which so long hath roamed the once blithesome Geronime—there roll the greedy breakers which have now engulphed all that was dear to her! there wander the gorgeous waves thou didst not shrink to brave in the days gone by, when the hand of compassion restored thy captive form to liberty—and here is but the bosom that bestowed it on thee. The ocean is a world of perilous strife—but the sea-hardy pirate is its monarch, and dares dauntlessly outride its fury. It is true, thou art at mercy of the one—and in presence of the other; but despiser, as thou hast been, of ocean's peril, and friend, as thou art, of ocean's sovereign—what canst thou have to fear? I wait thy answer?"

"I know not unto whom my answer is made," replied Lorenzo, falteringly—"what art thou? who?"

"I was Geronime—I am De Rolfe," returned his companion, somewhat proudly still—"erewhile the ruler of the ocean's

bride, and lately his successor to the watery realm. Thus much to thee, as thou hast demanded of me what thy own memory should have better supplied thee with. My band know not that I am female—as I am—but in form alone. Thou must preserve my secret."

"Faithfully!" said Lorenzo, with more energy than he had yet spoken. "But, tell me—where is Ruganoff? where his bold comrades?"

Geronime pointed expressively downward.

"The seal and the sea-snake will know," said she, evasively, "if they know not already." Then, having in some degree calmed his apprehensions, she proceeded to narrate the manner in which the Invincible was chased on the succeeding day to that terrific night whereon she had sped for safety into the creek at Flores.—"But man," she continued, "man, as well as the elements, is commonly the rover's foe; and better had it been for the Invincible

to

to have withstood the severest rage of storm and billow, than to have thus awaited their cessation, for the sole effect of facilitating the triumph of her foe."

"I saw her held in chase," observed Lorenzo, "on the morning of her departure."

"We ran her out to sea!" exclaimed his animated auditor, half triumphantly. "The privateer gained on us—a train was set to the powder-room—we took to the boat—she was blown into the air! not an atom of the Invincible fell into the hands of her destroyers. Ruganoff kept no ill-stored magazine—it was but a stout resolution—a hissing flame—a tremendous explosion—and the whole was accomplished! her timbers were scattered to the water's edge—a volume of smoke remained of the Invincible—would it had sufficed for the suffocation of her conquerors! but it was only smoke—they could not tow it into harbour after them, nor boast of trophies won from an empty cloud!"

"And yourselves?" demanded Lorenzo.

"We were taken up by the privateer," rejoined the narrator, "but afterwards all escaped, a few miles off the coast of Portugal. We were, however, too numerous; our boat swamped, and we were—separated. I quickly provided for my own safety, by changing my attire, and —you behold me here! Ruganoff, and his brave associates, have, I apprehend, contrived to drop anchor elsewhere."

Lorenzo next proceeded to question her respecting that which she had touched upon least, and, he fancied, seemed rather to wish to avoid—the point of her own recovery after quitting the Azores, whence he had seen her borne, in the arms of her companions, an apparent blackened corse. It was here lay the marvel, or, as Hamlet would have said, the "rub" of the matter, and for his better comprehension of this mysterious circumstance,

cumstance, he made bold to solicit some further information.

Geronime, whom for the future we must call De Rolfe, answered him to this point briefly, and whether satisfactorily, or otherwise, Lorenzo asked no further questions. She said, that though, owing to the force and suddenness of the stroke, her form might have borne the appearance of death (which fact she did not attempt to dispute), she was only in reality severely scorched by the electric fluid; and that, on removal to the vessel, she soon began to revive, much to the satisfaction of Ruganoff, and the rest of her attendants. The remainder of the night, she affirmed, had been spent in efforts for her perfect restoration; and her rugged associates had so well succeeded in their unwonted task, that not a nerve of her frame any longer felt the remotest effect of the seemingly mortal shock she had in that storm sustained.

Lorenzo heard this tale, and, at its con-

clusion, again fixed his eyes on the features of the narrator, whose wild expression was even heightened by the fanciful and picturesque attire she had chosen. But once more arose the interrogatory in his mind—can this be possible? and the only response his reason rendered him, made his heart to quake, and his cold frame to tremble.

CHAP.

could, to preserve their former settlement from falling a prey to the cruel Patagonians. Here also yet lived the gallant stranger Falkland, new christened since that hour of blood by the Indian name Ogloo—but the aged Oromanes, his pretended preserver, survived not that dreadful massacre. Thrice, during the desperate contest, had the mysterious Falkland, with almost more than human valour, saved the life of Ozembo; and well won the character for superior bravery he still preserved among the present chiefs of the tribe, with whom such was an essential virtue, and principal recommendation to their reverence. Here, then, at present dwelt the wandering Ozembo, surrounded with every charm exhausted nature could produce for his gratification, in a delightful vale, teeming with delicious and odorous productions. To its other advantages was added that of safety, for

low-prisoners entirely disregarded. Meanwhile, he was himself a guest at the table, and partook almost constantly of the small neat cabin, appropriated solely for the commander's use; De Rolfe exacting in return only this easy compliance with his request, and interests — that he would carefully avoid discovering to any on board the secret of her sex. With these terms, as may be supposed, Lorenzo found it no hard matter to comply: but he was still far from happy—far from tranquil. He could not yet endure the society of that singular female, nor conquer the indescribable antipathy he felt to being in her company, for ever so short a period, alone. Yet he strove to repress these feelings, particularly when he reflected how much he was indebted to her presence for even the partial liberty he now enjoyed; and remembered that it must be through her means alone he could hope to carve his way to ultimate freedom, which boon indeed she had already promised him. In consideration,

consideration, therefore, of benefits already received, and further expected advantages, Lorenzo managed to pretty-tolerably conceal those sensations of dislike which yet he could never teach himself to subdue, or overcome. At least, he contrived to cover them from open observation—from De Rolfe's own keen penetrating glance it was impossible to cover any thing. But the final destiny of his fellow-captives (although he had succeeded in alleviating their present miseries), Lorenzo was still unable to alter. He was told they would be taken to Tunis, there to be disposed of as slaves, and would most probably endure all the horrors of Mahomeddan thraldom for the rest of their unhappy lives; but that for himself awaited a different destiny, as circumstances, or his choice, might direct.—"To Tunis!" sighed Lorenzo—"shall I then breathe so near my Seraphina!" and much he wished to be set ashore on the opposite strand of Sicily, but durst not ask, on account of

his former oath to the contrary. De Rolfe eyed him askance, as if perfectly acquainted with his thoughts, but made no verbal observation at that time.

* * * * *

Don Alvarez lamented deeply the departure of Lorenzo, the mystery of which he strove vainly to fathom, and for which he found it impossible to assign in his own mind any sufficient cause. He had questioned Isabel, but she knew not of any recent occurrence likely to have occasioned such an event—the adieu left by him (that committed on the beach to the charge of Yambo) was not at all communicative—yet it was the only adieu he had deigned to take even of his tenderly-adored Isabel. In this it was not surprising that there should seem more of mystery than the aged, and unsuspecting Alvarez, could elucidate. Yambo alone, if he had chosen, could have thrown perhaps a partial glimmering of light on the affair;

affair; but this he had hitherto refrained from doing, for several weighty reasons. In the first place, he could not do so without in some degree criminating himself; and, secondly, no possible benefit could arise from such a communication. Beside, ought he, even now, to betray the confidence of those who had so liberally rewarded him for secrecy? Lorenzo, too, was gone—the hour was past—"And perhaps as well," thought Yambo, not unfrequently, "that it has passed so harmlessly—that he is gone." For Yambo (although he forbore to communicate them, and still esteemed Lorenzo for his bounty) had his own ideas of the wrecked stranger's origin, since the transactions of that tempestuous night, and they were not the same as heretofore. He now deemed that—and not without, at least, fair cause for suspicion—

"With desperate men, in desperate ways, he dealt;"

but his suspicions were the offspring of his

his own bosom, and he resolved to keep them to himself.

Seraphina had now for some time adorned with her presence the mansion of Alvarez, in which she had met with sufficient to gratify her curiosity, and where she heard daily more than sufficient of Lorenzo to awaken her interest, and requite her for the transient delay caused by this visit: but the period had now arrived at which she meant to be gone. She generously forbore to torture the desponding Isabel with the tale of her own affection for Lorenzo, or her conviction that (to Flores) he never would return. But her own bosom (Seraphina's) still beat high with hope—the hope of a joyful, and speedy reunion, with the object of her unalterable attachment. For Isabel—her very form seemed to droop under the chilling breath of this first fell blast of adversity—this simoom to her future happiness—and her spirit to partake of its withering

thering influence. Her mind, once so romantic—her bosom, once the seat of all that was lofty and enviable—

> " Proud thoughts, aspirings high, beyond
> Whate'er yet dwelt in soul so fond—
> Glimpses of glory, far away
> Into the bright vague future given,
> And fancies free and grand, whose play,
> Like that of eaglets, is near heaven !"

divested at once of its superior longings—its exalted visions of felicity—became the throne of gloomy desolation, and despair. In vain Alvarez strove to comfort her—in vain her sister, Maria, remonstrated with her, and expatiated lovingly on the folly of excessive grief for the loss of one, who, whatever his inducement, had unfeelingly abandoned her—nay, who could not now even be aware of its existence. In vain she represented to her, in moving words, the unhappiness likely to accrue to their aged sire from witnessing her lengthened indulgence in such determined melancholy; and that protracted sorrow could not

not recal the past, but might embitter the future. Isabel, although she seldom failed duly to acknowledge her sister's kindness, yet turned with loathing from such hollow consolation. What to her appeared now even the happiness of Alvarez? what the happiness of the whole world, now that her own was lost for ever?—an object which (had it been in her power to have conferred) it seemed scarcely worth her trouble any longer to achieve. If there was any thing which awakened her interest, or excited her care, it was the fostering and instruction of Jannette, the favour heaped upon whom appeared to her mind rather like the performance of a duty she owed to Lorenzo, than any especial grace shown to her new attendant. The presence of Seraphina, too, might be deemed in some degree to enliven her; unconscious, as she was, that in the fair southern adventurer she harboured a dangerous rival, in reality the blameless cause of her wretchedness. Yet

in

in spite of these trivial alleviations of her misery, Isabel, as time wore away, became daily more disconsolate—her cheek waxed paler, and her form grew every hour more feeble.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXV.

Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest
When they promise a glorious morrow:
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the west—
From her own loved island of sorrow. MOORE.

ONE clear eve, on which Isabel had been pointing out to Seraphina the spot where Lorenzo had first landed in Flores, after escaping the violence of wind and wave, and eluding also much greater peril which she knew not of, they lingered longer than ordinary on the wave-rippled beach, although the declining orb of departing day had already warned them to return. It was a subject to interest the feelings of both—a theme more than commonly overpowering to either; and a sight no less rare to witness two such beautiful exceptions to the reproachful fickleness almost universally

universally ascribed to the softer sex. For such is the proverbial and acknowledged inconstancy of woman, still found ever ready to perpetuate, perhaps, the worst stigma that attaches to her fair fame; and, however frequently she may have already varied, always capable of another change. Not so with Seraphina and Isabel—both were alike still deeply affected at the bare mention of their heart's sole sovereign: each seemed to feel that still—in spite of his seeming abandonment of her rosy fetters—

> "He was her own, her ocean treasure, cast
> Like a rich wreck—her first love, and her last."

Lorenzo, then, was the theme of their thoughts—the subject of their conversation. The soft broad disk of the declining sun appeared already to rest on the watery horizon, and, from the universal stillness that prevailed around, all nature seemed to sympathize in the departure of his

his life-dispensing radiance. It is not extraordinary that, at such a moment, Isabel should have felt more deeply than usual those sensations of melancholy in which she had of late too frequently indulged. "There he landed," she exclaimed, pointing to an insignificant inlet where Lorenzo had first stepped on shore, "and thence, too, I received his parting glance—Oh! never shall I forget it—but when will he return?"

"There is a softness in the hour of sunset," said Seraphina, thoughtfully, "that accords not well with sorrow—except it be with sorrow whose poignancy is past. Let us retire."

"No—no—let us remain," mournfully responded Isabel: "all hours are alike to me—it is sometimes a pleasure to me even to weep. The sun of nature is about to set—but the brighter sun of Isabel hath long since sunk into darkness. He will arise again, to revive creation—but when will

will Lorenzo's presence again cheer the bosom of Isabel?"

Seraphina gazed on her earnestly, but, although she had already denied her confidence to the unhappy Isabel from motives of compassion, scorned to flatter the hope it was her own consolation to believe would never prove substantial.

"To-morrow thou wilt be gone to a happy clime," resumed Isabel, in the same gloomy strain—"to-morrow! there fortune will smile upon thee—friends will cheer thee—thy fond relatives will seem doubly endeared to thee, for thy heart hath room for affections such as these—the morning sun will arise to look upon thy gladness, and his evening beams gild only thy felicity—because thou hast never been destined to experience the blight of disappointed love! or, if thou hast——"

"I have—I have!" exclaimed Seraphina, with sudden emotion—"but let us now change the theme. To-morrow, indeed,

deed, I shall depart from Flores—but it will be only to cherish the remembrance of the kind, gentle friends, whom a vast rolling ocean then will separate—and, if they were not happy, to regret anew that I could not make them so. Among those remembered friends, none will be dearer than Isabel—none more frequently dwelt upon. Come, let us now return—Maria must have been awaiting us long, and I have yet much to arrange for my departure—to-morrow I bid adieu to the Azores. Come."

Isabel now sighed, and reluctantly consented. Slowly and heavily did they retrace their path to the dwelling of Alvarez, though the night closed fast around them, and the chill wintry wind rudely saluted their tender, light-clad forms. On arriving at the mansion, they found Maria indeed anxiously expecting them, and Alvarez in no small alarm at their protracted stay. Yambo had been dispatched

ed to search for them, and Jannette was in tears. No explanation, notwithstanding, was required by any one of their lengthened absence—all seemed to recollect that "rapture heedeth not the fleeting moments, neither doth misery take note of time." On the following day Seraphina set sail for Sicily.

* * * * *

Meanwhile, the vessel of De Rolfe, on board of which was Lorenzo, pursued swiftly her billowy course over the broad Atlantic, intending without delay to pass the Straits toward Tunis, where, as specified by her commander, the pirates purposed to dispose of their captives. They had not yet reached the vicinity of Cape St. Vincent, ere Lorenzo had taught himself considerably to abate (if not entirely to overcome) the aversion with which he had heretofore regarded the strangely-altered Geronime, now called De Rolfe, who yet amid all her vicissitudes—it was worthy

worthy of remembrance—still sustained the character of his preserver. He had done more—he had even admitted the pirate captain to his inmost confidence—concealing from him no part whatever of the former occurrences of his eventful life. This he at first would have deemed impossible—but the rover had so won upon him by kindness, and convinced him by repeated proofs that De Rolfe was indeed the being some time known to him as Geronime—still always his deliverer and friend—that Lorenzo at length had yielded, and poured forth even his most secret thoughts to his scrutiny. In the fulness of his gratitude he had done this—or it might be, in the fulness of his desolation; for he looked around him now on every side, and nowhere distinguished a friend. Accordingly (and which, under the circumstances, is not surprising) he determined that the female leader of that fierce band, De Rolfe, should fill that vacancy

vacancy in his bosom which he found it painful to feel, but which he would not perhaps have bestowed on another confidant than one (like De Rolfe) well qualified not to tremble, if he could not believe. And yet De Rolfe had not, in express terms, sought this confidence, neither did he appear greatly surprised at the astounding events communicated to him; which latter circumstance failed not to astonish Lorenzo even more than the recital appeared to amaze De Rolfe.

One gloomy day, as Lorenzo was standing on the deck of the vessel, and remarking how ably the crew performed their different duties, he felt his bosom elated with a kind of pride, while bounding over the azure element, to which he had hitherto been a stranger. De Rolfe, who was by his side, appeared instantly to guess his thoughts, and taking him by the hand, as if secretly conscious of his every wish, led him to examine more minutely

nutely those objects in the wooden fabric which seemed to have awakened his curiosity, or excited his applause.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVI.

'Tis true, they are a lawless brood,
But rough in form, nor mild in mood;
And every creed, and every race,
With them hath found—may find a place.

* * * * *

And some—and I have studied all
Distinguished from the vulgar rank,
But chiefly to my council call
The wisdom of the cautious Frank. BYRON.

THERE was a brisk breeze, which seemed increasing as the day drew toward its decline, with a heavy gathering sky, over which the scud drove rapidly, and Lorenzo felt sensibly that, on such a night as now appeared approaching, it was no small consolation to possess so tight and yare a vessel as that he now surveyed. Already the bellying canvass appeared swollen to an extraordinary degree—the strained cordage creaked—but not the

slightest symptom indicated any other sensation in the crew than the utmost fearlessness, combined with the strictest order and discipline. Lorenzo looked around him with a swelling bosom, and found it impossible, at that moment, to avoid partaking slightly of their evident enthusiasm and confidence. He views how proudly she divides the curling waves —how skilfully the uproarious elements are made conducive to her speedier progress, at once her scoff and servants—

> " How gloriously her gallant course she goes—
> Her white wings flying—never from her foes!
> She walks the waters like a thing of life,
> And seems to dare the elements to strife.
> Who would not brave the battle fire—the wreck—
> To move the monarch of her peopled deck?".

Such were the thoughts of Lorenzo, at that moment, created in his mind by the captivating display of well-ordered skill, and magnanimous courage, accompanied by docile obedience, he was then beholding. De Rolfe, still his close companion, observed

observed the unconquerable expression of applause rise in his approving countenance, and failed not to continue the subject. He now, therefore, conducted him again to the quarter-deck, or, at least, to the small space which in this mimic man of war was so called, whence they could discern all that was passing in the vessel; and here pointed out singly to his notice such of the crew as he had before observed to attract the eye of Lorenzo, making comments on their history.

"Yon meagre-looking man," said De Rolfe, "has been branded for robbery—you see the mark of infamy stamped upon his shoulder—he takes no pains to conceal it. He is a native of France, and appropriated to himself some hardly-wrung tribute which ought to have gone into the king's exchequer. A rebel! to rob his country of her revenue—but no matter—the contributions *our* revenue may receive are better taken care of.—He with the swarthy complexion, now standing

by his side, is a Florentine. He loved a maid of his own country, but his rival, it seems, outwitted him—he stilettoed him for it, and fled. He will never abandon us to return, for the *Sbirri* are on the look-out for him: besides, if he could, he has forgotten his mistress.—The next—so alert on the shrouds yonder—is a Briton. He had fought for his island long, but at length did something amiss, and was, it appears, to have been punished for it: but this he avoided by uniting with us. He is sometimes riotous, and always brutish in his manner, which he calls honesty—but will seldom flinch at hard fighting. —The negro there—who limps over the deck as if he trod on heated iron—is a runaway slave. He hailed our vessel from the Indian coast, and requested that he might be taken on board to live for our future service, or receive a leaden death from our powder engines—he said, he cared not which. I was struck with his earnest misery, and received him: although,

though, I believe, my principal inducement was his having endured so severe a bastinading as renders him for the present incapable of fulfilling the conditions himself proposed.—The gigantic figure at the helm is a Swede. He is the victim of an unfortunate predilection for the ancient order of affairs—in other words, it is to a political change that I owe the powerful co-operation of the worthy Swede. I find him the most honourable, and trustworthy, of any under my command.—You see yonder a Mahometan, whom his four wives formerly plagued nearly out of his senses. There are no women here, and he contrives to pass his existence quietly. His greatest delight lies in constantly infringing almost the only prohibition his prophet has imposed on him—there is no better friend to a well-flavoured flask of wine. It may sparkle in the glass, but shall not stale in the cask, is eternally his motto. Such are a few of my coadjutors—knaves, it is true, but regards De Rolfe

as an inauspicious circumstance this conviction of their knavery? no! he rejoices that so many of his future associates are already initiated in their knavish trade. Are they robbers? let them plunder as they will—it is for the general hoard. Are they murderers? let them sluice their hands in gore—such work must the dauntless rover have to do. Are they drunkards? then I can stupify them! or, are they avaricious? they will fight the better for it. Should I gain aught by the absence of such propensities as these? ought I not rather to encourage their growth? that is, I mean, to a certain extent, that, restrained by discipline, they may open a surer road to——"

"To what? most unhappy being!" here interrupted Lorenzo, "who darest to build thy projected greatness on the worst failings that disgrace humanity. To what desirable pre-eminence can the ill deeds, and abhorred propensities, of wretches such as these uplift thee?"

"Nay,

"To Patagonia!" exclaimed Ora, fearfully: "wilt thou return to struggle with our fiercest enemies? Shall Ozembo go to the Land of Fire—shall he cross the deep water to avoid his dearest friends? Ozembo, whom I have loved, and whom I still must love —whom Orontes loves—whom Ogloo ——"

"Name him not!" here interrupted Ozembo, furiously—"name not the detested Ogloo! he is the bitter drop that poisons all my present happiness—he is the venomed adder that hath crept into my paradise, and transformed its choicest rivulet of bliss into a source of real, insufferable agony! I was happy —thrice blessed in the full enjoyment of thy love—thy sole undivided affection, and esteem. Ogloo—accursed Ogloo——"

"Hears thee, and wonders at the epithets bestowed on him," said a voice

proffered command under De Rolfe would not have been rejected—but I find I was deceived. Thou shalt have thy wish—thou shalt behold Seraphina. De Rolfe—on whom of late, thou knowest, thy destiny hath much depended, and who was never wont to deceive thee with falsehood—De Rolfe hath promised thee. Thou shalt have thy wish."

"Generous De Rolfe! When? Where?" inquired Lorenzo, eagerly.

"Here—on this night!" exclaimed De Rolfe, with a smile which might almost have been thought derisive, and stamping fiercely on the deck as he spoke. Lorenzo, starting with astonishment at his words, would fain have demanded a further explanation, but De Rolfe, turning hastily on his heel, darted into his cabin.

The heavy, lowering sky, growing darker and darker, now gave fearful signal of the speedy approach of night, while the wild roar of the billows, which

rose

rose higher at each succeeding instant, became proportionately augmented, and the gale seemed still with every passing moment to increase. Her canvass was all taken in, save a single sheet at her bow, which appeared in constant danger of being rent to shivers, and the hollow whistling of the wind through her bare rigging cut across the ear, at intervals, with a shrill, heart-sinking sound. Woe to those who that night braved the stormy Atlantic in a bark less sea-worthy, or less skilfully manned, than that which contained Lorenzo! so thought the latter, as standing alone on the wave-beaten deck of the rover, he surveyed for a time appalled the approaching darkness, and then followed De Rolfe into the cabin, to extort from him if possible some further elucidation of his ambiguous words.

Scarcely, however, had he entered the cabin, where he found the mysterious De Rolfe lying calmly on a sofa, when the cry of "a boat! a boat!" was heard above,

sed by the unusual tumult that prevailed, mixed once again with the well-known war-cry of his tribe. Anxious to learn the cause, he instantly repaired to the place of assembly appointed on such emergencies, as usual, in the open air. Here he soon ascertained that the chiefs had reason to believe their retreat discovered by the Tehuelhets, who, according to the report of a spy just returned, were about to attack them on that very night. The consternation this intelligence occasioned throughout the assembly was extreme; for the number of the Tehuelhets was reported considerably to exceed their own, and of their valour they had already received more than sufficient proof. Accordingly—as may well be supposed under their present exigence—

"In that wild council words wax'd warm and strange,"

while deliberating on the best course to be

ALIBEG THE TEMPTER.

Printed by J. Darling, Leadenhall Street, London.

ALIBEG THE TEMPTER.

A TALE WILD AND WONDERFUL.

BY

WILLIAM CHILD GREEN,

AUTHOR OF THE ABBOT OF MONTSERRAT,
&c. &c.

" Whence comest thou?"—" From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it." JOB, i. 7.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR A. K. NEWMAN AND CO.

1831.

ALIBEG THE TEMPTER

CHAP. I

Wherefore hast thou left thy grave? MONTGOMERY.

APPALLED did Lorenzo gaze on his dripping form, and endeavour in one whirling moment to recollect all De Rolfe had told him respecting the fate of Ruganoff and his comrades, since their last parting on the island of Flores —but in vain. A chaos of events only would arise to his remembrance—he could fix nothing clearly. There was something of burning—of bondage—of

 shipwreck

shipwreck! Had not De Rolfe assured him often that Ruganoff was dead—engulfed by the swallowing waves? had he not asserted Geronime alone to have been saved from some fatal catastrophe —that her comrades were food for the otter, and the sea-dog? was it so? or had he only dreamed it so? he could not tell, but his brain swam giddily, and, urged by the impulse of terror, he would have sought De Rolfe instantly, but wanted the power to do so. Just at that moment, the violent motion of the vessel causing him to reel backward, he perceived close behind him the features of De Rolfe, who seemed for some time to have been earnestly regarding them; but whose scrutinizing glance, Lorenzo could not help thinking, appeared directed rather toward himself, than to the wave-worn object who still remained standing piteously before them.

Lorenzo, with a faint cry of recognition,

tion, now retreated toward De Rolfe, and seizing his arm with a convulsive gripe, pointed to the drenched figure, and feebly articulated—" Behold !"

" It is Ruganoff," said De Rolfe, with more than stoical calmness, " but he does not know me, nor shall—you have promised not to reveal my secret to any on board this vessel."

" But didst thou not tell me that Ruganoff no longer existed ?" demanded Lorenzo, with even added emotion, as he reflected on that fatal promise—" that the sea weed was his shroud—the cold worm his companion ?"

" I saw him struggling under the green salt wave," returned De Rolfe, with an air of indifference—" I saw not his escape. But—come nearer—nearer still——"

Lorenzo, confused and speechless, here approached him as desired.

" Are there no circumstances," De

Rolfe continued, "in that same appalling tale thou last night toldst me, to warrant Lorenzo in the supposition that this is not in reality Ruganoff, but only some foul fiend assuming here (I grant thou knowst not how) his living likeness for abhorrent purposes?"

Lorenzo again stood aghast at this insinuation of De Rolfe, which, indeed, his own conscience had already suggested to his bewildered mind. Meantime, the crew still loitered around them in astonishment, not knowing, without their commander's order, how to dispose of this utterly-unexpected claimant on their humanity; when Ruganoff, who had not yet spoken, advanced, and, with his usual roughness, said—"Why stand ye all amazed? afford ye no warmer welcome to a brother seaman whom distress hath made your guest on a night like this? is such the best cheer I am likely to receive? am I among speechless puppets?—or moving statues?"

"It

"It is—it is!" exclaimed Lorenzo aloud (to whom the sound of Ruganoff's voice appeared to have brought conviction) clinging still, as for protection, to De Rolfe.

"It is—thou art right," responded Ruganoff, bluntly. "I am Ruganoff—to whom, but a short time since, thyself, as thou knowest—instigated, perhaps, by certain remembrances—afforded a much kinder reception."

"Some demon art thou," cried Lorenzo, shunning him, "and not Ruganoff! some thing of evil, hither sent to ensnare me, if possible, to even deeper perdition. But I know thee—back, fiend! to thy native darkness—thou art baffled, for I know thee!"

"Approach me—gaze—assure thyself!" said Ruganoff, advancing, indignant at this burst of invective from the lips of Lorenzo, of which, nevertheless, he scarcely comprehended the meaning.

"My bark is destroyed—my command gone—but, I am he——"

"Away—away—thou art false, and execrable as the power that sent thee!" exclaimed Lorenzo, shrinking from him still. "Loathed as the agent of a fell superior—abhorred as the realm whose inhabitant thou art—away, I say—away!"

The amazement of the rugged Ruganoff, on finding himself taken for something even worse than he really was, and by one too with whom he had possessed the advantage of a previous acquaintance, was ludicrous in the extreme. He knew not whether to laugh, or to appear incensed, at those expressions which he yet found it impossible wholly to understand. De Rolfe knew their meaning better. He stood fiercely regarding both Lorenzo and the dripping figure that caused his consternation, with an aspect in which were truly depicted

depicted triumphant pride, and demoniac exultation. But Ruganoff marked it not, nor indeed took any particular notice of his person; and even Lorenzo failed to observe it, but still clung wildly to him, as the only being in whom he had ever reposed unlimited confidence, and who alone knew the meaning of his expressions, and his fears.

After a brief pause, Ruganoff again attempted to make himself heard. He told his tale in much the same manner as De Rolfe had narrated it, with the exception that to the last overset of their boat, near the Portuguese coast, he added his own escape, which Lorenzo now remembered (or thought he remembered) De Rolfe never having positively averred to be impossible. Finding himself, however, to be still in danger, he had contrived to recover the boat, and quitting the coast of Portugal, had determined to wait alone on

the high seas, with what provision he could stow on board, for the passing of some merchant vessel which might convey him to place of safety. But this more than commonly boisterous night had nearly caused him to repent his resolution—driven his frail boat with violence against the brig of which he had now the fortune to be on board—his signals being disregarded by her crew, because they were unheard, and himself barely rescued a second time from a watery grave.

This narrative Ruganoff bluffly delivered, and without reserve, in presence of De Rolfe and Lorenzo, making only some few necessary deviations from fact, just sufficient to conceal his ancient piratical propensities, which he knew not how the former might have relished—but not once during the recital mentioned the name of Geronime.

And

And now the gloom of night had completely closed around the betossed, and creaking vessel, which still bravely rode the tempestuous billows, and her crew seemed conscious would continue to do so undamaged, even although their fury should increase. On every side of her the ocean appeared like a vast sheet of living foam rising tumultuously into various images, and incessantly breaking over her whitened deck, or washing her shrouds with its spray; while the black, overhanging sky, formed a chaotic contrast to the "snow-crowned" waves among which she bounded so dauntlessly. The wind now howled through her rigging more furiously than ever, causing her very masts to rock and quiver, and then anon subsided into a low wailing sound, more dismal, if possible, than the loud rushing of its boisterous violence. The whole formed a scene of noisy confusion, and

terror, such as even the stormy Atlantic seldom exhibited: thus much, although they shrunk not from braving its fury, confessed the stoutest hearts among the crew of De Rolfe.

There is a tradition, well enough known to many who frequent that perilous ocean, of a shadowy unsubstantial vessel, which, in case of tremendous weather, is reported to be constantly abroad upon its surface; for the purpose, it is believed, of abstracting from such wrecks as may then happen the souls of the drowned sailors, and conveying them to a place of security to wait for judgment. This tradition is not confined to the Atlantic only, but extends also to other seas, where, it is affirmed, the same vessel (or one extremely like it, at least) has been frequently seen to glide on a stormy night, which, it was afterwards found, had proved fatal to some of the convoy observing it. Among the many spectral

spectral barks with which the superstition of sailors has, as it were, peopled the seas alluded to, it is chiefly remarkable of the present, that its appearance is commonly just before, or immediately succeeds, a shipwreck: to the living, however, the sight of it is no gratification, except as a mere matter of curiosity, for it neither assists, nor has any thing to do with them—its business is solely with the dead.

While yet the voice of Ruganoff was ringing in the ear of Lorenzo, and ere the latter could collect any reply to his "plain unvarnished tale," the hoarse wind was augmented by a hoarser cry from the forecastle, proceeding at once from many rugged throats opened in conjunction. The exclamation was, "The dead man's bark!" and every eye was instantly turned towards the rolling main, to catch a glimpse of the terrific spectacle.

CHAP. II.

The dead man's bark glides swiftly on,
The shivering drown'd to save:
Near yon sad wreck her goal is won—
Where ghosts shriek o'er the wave!
Whistles the wind, and loud, yet nought
To aid her speed avails:
Swoln by no human blast, I thought,
Her light, and filmy sails. *Portuguese Ballad.*

LORENZO perceived a whitish burst of light, moving direct to windward, which, on gazing intently, he discerned with astonishment presented the likeness of a blue burning hulk, bearing transparent sails, and skimming the troubled waves with superhuman velocity. Wherever it passed, the turbulent billows submitted to a preternatural calm, and became instantly smooth, as for the purpose of facilitating

facilitating its passage. The roaring blast appeared hushed and tame on approaching this terrible object, over which, it was evident, it possessed no power—as if the very winds shrunk appalled from encountering any thing less material than themselves. It is not extraordinary that a sight from which even the elements appeared to recoil with terror, should possess a proportionate influence over the minds of men; and to this feeling of involuntary awe now yielded the stoutest hearts among De Rolfe's sturdy, and hitherto-invincible crew. Each strained his sight—each felt his breast sink and swell with a fluttering motion till now unknown to him, or endured but rarely—each strove to hold his breath, and effectually held his silence, while this horrible phantom glided awfully, magnificently by. Nor was Lorenzo less moved than the rest: he, too, felt his thick breath heave

heave, and his heart palpitate, as the pale gorgeous vision fleetly disappeared. Even the rugged Ruganoff was excited to wonder, and emotion not to be suppressed—De Rolfe alone remained immoveable. Calm and inscrutable as usual, the commander stood beside them, surveying still their consternation with a curled lip, and haughty demeanour, but little regarding the object by which it was occasioned. On them, however, his glance shot lightning, and his fierce eye revealed his inmost soul: had Lorenzo spared an instant to regard just then his hideously-impressive features, he must have discovered in them, at that fearful moment, something more than was mortal. But his whole soul was engrossed by the spectacle which had suddenly attracted his eyes, and he averted them not to observe the malignant sneer that at once irradiated and disfigured the aspect of his too fatally-believed

believed, and trusted, confidant and friend.

Just as the ominous messenger disappeared from view, De Rolfe burst from his apparent trance of exultation, and exclaimed—"Ay, go! cleave thy swift course over the billowy waste, like a hungry prey-bird to the far-scented offal—there will be food for thee ere the morning shines! Thou! who skimmest the watery gulf, on one hand, as far as the ice-bound shore of the northern Muscovite, and, on the other, dost traverse even that which laves the seaward extremities of the great Celestial Empire*—on—sail on! our Atlantic to-night requireth thy fleet presence, and thou knowest, fell raven, thou wilt not

* The Samoyedes are scattered along the shores of the Frozen Ocean, even as far to the west as Archangel: others inhabit the mountains near Lake Baikal, and many are within the Chinese frontiers. Geronime, therefore, might fairly be supposed acquainted with those extraordinary portions of the globe, and their fantastical appurtenances.

not depart ungorged. Speed, bark, speed swiftly — fatally! for well thou knowest, ere thy dreadful course be won, will thy work be waiting for thee —the wreck gone down—the last wild bubbling over, and the spirits of the shrieking drowned alone point out to thee the spot of thy destination. A precious freight — a lovely aerial burthen—beauty cut off in its early bloom —gentleness cropt in the morning of its sweetness, shall on this night be thine. Speed, thou unerring harbinger, speed—speed!"

During the latter portion of De Rolfe's animated speech, Ruganoff had turned him regardless aside, and kneeling toward where the framework of the vessel had formed something like a cross, now appeared to be repeating his prayers, with frequent inclinations of the head, after the Russian custom. Lorenzo observed him again and again salute

lute the holy symbol, rude as it was, which in his need chance seemed to have erected for his worship: but De Rolfe turned away, and however joyfully he had hailed the appearance of the spectre bark, it was evident he liked not the present exhibition. A sudden shivering seemed to seize him, which he could not control, and he removed to a distance of several additional paces: while Lorenzo, approaching nearer to the Muscovite, heard him return warm thanks for his recent preservation, and fervently implore that, in spite of this portentous encounter, their vessel might ride the gale in safety to its termination. Such was the supplication, in his hour of peril, of the humbled Ruganoff; who knew too well the fatal certainty of wreck and devastation being at hand, when he saw abroad that never vainly-commissioned vessel, not to shudder at its appearance. It had now passed, but the

the terrified rover still remained prostrate, while De Rolfe yet kept aloof from surveying his sacred posture, with averted looks, and a scowling countenance.

The agonized Lorenzo acted differently. He hung over the kneeling Ruganoff unobserved, and, as he watched his reverential attitude, murmuringly exclaimed—"Can he kneel?—and I may not bend! do holy aspirations pass his rugged lips?—and mine may not utter them! dares he to ask eternal salvation?—and Lorenzo must not supplicate! Yet, if unpolluted by crime—Alas! I *am* polluted. If I preserved my conscience free from reproach—my hands from blood—(such were the easy conditions, as they seemed to me)—have I preserved them? No. While I kept unstained my innocence, though assailed by temptation—hope! when I yielded to guilt—despair. Have I not yielded?—

ed?—be not so busy, memory—Ah! I have yielded. Juggled out of my self-command by circumstances, I know that I am criminal—I fear too far for mercy. It is not barely the perpetration of offence, but mine own act, and oath, and bond, and will, as the price of uncurbed enjoyment, and unlimited freedom, that if I did commit—Away! I have committed—let me not think the rest. But—can he pray? down then, stubborn Lorenzo, to thy prophet's very pantofles—it is never too late to strive! but what shall I solicit? rags again, desert fare, and poverty? the wasted camel, faint with the wearying march—the parching thirst created in the throat by flying particles of the fiery sand, and the scanty drop wrung from his slaughtered form alone to appease its suffocating agony? hunger, and toil, and strife, and solitude—the dreary solitude of the scorching wilderness, made still more lonely

lonely to me by the massacre of all whose existence once rendered it tolerable? No! Aben Voorg—Zeid—Mohara, too, is gone—she whom I loved as I have not loved another! I heard her dying exclamation poured—Muley, where wast thou?—let me not thither, kind Mahomet, let me not—there could I only find added desolation—there could I only meet madness and remorse. What then have I to ask? since not without a total restitution of advantages evil won could I again be admitted within the pale of his sanctuary, and to restore what I am would make me what I was, but dare not again become—there is nought left to require. Beside, is it not too late? for know I not that of all my vagaries past, and faded joys, their guilt will alone remain? joys! I have never tasted them—mirth has been strange to my lips, as pleasure to my bosom: or, if her bright cup sparkled near my grasp,

it

it was only to be dashed—But, softly! see, he arises—he kisses the blessed symbol his fancy has helped to frame—can this man be evil? yet trust him not, Lorenzo, albeit thou dost not slay—he may still, perhaps, dissemble."

Ruganoff now arose, but appeared to be still absorbed in mute, and somewhat barbarous adoration, of the half imaginary crucifix. Lorenzo crossed sullenly to De Rolfe, and simply observed, with a significant glance at Ruganoff—"Thou hast not seen?"

"I *know*," replied the personage addressed, coolly, but with bitterness, still continuing his averted gaze.

"He must be what he seemeth," said Lorenzo, again regarding Ruganoff earnestly.

"And that is—what?" inquired De Rolfe.

Lorenzo made no answer, but seemed to think more favourably of Ruganoff.

Meantime,

Meantime, the latter, having finished his almost heathenish ceremonies, advanced with a bold and confident air towards them, seeming not a little invigorated in mind, at least, by his lengthened spiritual exercise. Observing, however, that Lorenzo still regarded him with a steady, suspicious look, he exclaimed with genuine warmth, and in no gentle tone—"There is much ingratitude, younker, in this rough shaking off of an old acquaintance—but I dread thee little now. I am armed—I am invulnerable. A power greater than thine—and thine seemeth much in this vessel—hath enabled me now to scoff at thy attempts to do me shame, or harm. I am sheathed in brass—thy words will pass idly now, and wound me not. Do what thou wilt—denounce me if thou choosest: I feel that within me which dares defy thy grovelling nature to its worst. Thy voice has

has authority here—mine possessed it elsewhere—I spoke not the word, and thou livest: thyself mayest choose to give it utterance—and I am instantly nothing. But I yet am assured there is something in Ruganoff—destitute as he seems—of an eternal nature, which thou canst not destroy. In this I am mightier than thou—for I feel the exalted spirit which animates my words, and dwelleth in my bosom, superior far to thine."

"How! that again!" now exclaimed Lorenzo (on whom a new light seemed to have flashed suddenly, as if kindled by his words) and he gasped anxiously as he spoke—"tell me, and truly——"

"I have told thee nothing but truth," answered Ruganoff, surlily—"now and before. If thou wouldest hear more, demean thyself better first: my limbs require rest—my body lacks food—both thy least beck could furnish, but neither have

have been proffered me. Salt water—although he loves it—is no beverage for the brawny, sea-worn veteran: yet none other hath moistened my throat for a longer period than thou wottest of—ay, or carest to inquire. Dost thou think me *all* spirit—jackanapes?"

Lorenzo drew a pistol—one of a superb pair conferred on him that morning by De Rolfe—he had just loaded them—and now levelled it full at the broad breast of the unshrinking Rugsnoff, exclaiming—"Spirit, or devil—or, it may be, both—this brings thee a lengthened rest. Thou art already shriven—if shrift may aught avail thee, which I more than question. This be the proof!" Thus spoke Lorenzo, as he cocked the pistol—and, as he ceased, he fired.

A sudden flash in the darkness, and a report scarce loud enough for the announcement of so great a crime, were all

all that preceded the fall of Ruganoff, who sunk where he stood, like a tree that had been felled, uttering neither word nor groan. The crew were amazed, but silent: they appeared to deem it the act of their commander, or committed with his sanction, and none rushed to abet, or even support the fallen. Lorenzo himself seemed astonished at what he had done. For a while he stood motionless, with the discharged weapon in his hand still pointed towards his victim; then he grew ashamed and sorry, and, it was evident, had he delayed the fatal stroke a few brief moments longer, the impulse of humanity would have stopped his hand. But it was now too late. Ruganoff lay motionless at his feet—the recording angel had, perhaps, already added his blood to the catalogue of the offender's crimes in heaven, and it would not be easily wiped away. So thought the already

penitent Lorenzo, as with a heart full of grief, and swimming eyes, which the darkness, however, effectually concealed, he bent sadly over the body of the fallen pirate—

> "As if to search how far the wound he gave
> Had sent its victim onward to his grave."

Presently he observed the limbs to move quiveringly—life was not yet extinct in the body of Ruganoff: a hoarsely-muttered sound was the next symptom of animation it betrayed—Lorenzo knew not if it was a curse or no, but he felt that he deserved it should have been for his rashness—for his ingratitude. Another low murmur succeeded, but Lorenzo was still unable to distinguish any thing: the wretched being now half arose, but spent by the speedy effects of the wound, and excessive previous exhaustion, he instantly sunk again apparently lifeless, and rolled heavily towards his murderer. The latter

latter started with horror, as he felt the writhing arms clinging convulsively around his trembling knees, but compassion was mingled with his dread, and it was not until now that he summoned for him that assistance Ruganoff before really stood in need of, and which should have been earlier bestowed. He remembered that the now expiring man had asked for drink, and immediately commanded one of the crew to bring some water: it was brought, but Ruganoff only shook his head faintly, and, collecting all his strength for a last effort, appeared about to communicate something to Lorenzo.

On perceiving this, two of the pirates, for his better ease while speaking, supported him in a partially elevated posture; and Ruganoff then commenced that speech which was his last, in broken sentences, somewhat to the following effect.—"I know not why you have

slain me—some strange mistake—I have always been rather your friend than enemy. Even now, in my parting moments, you are my greatest consolation —you from whose hand I have received my doom! I rejoice to think that to one human being, at least, I have extended that mercy myself so soon must supplicate; though requited for my clemency—as you have requited me. I thought not always thus—but my spirit is changed. I am Ruganoff now no longer—my vessel burnt—my comrades drowned — brave Monctar! — gallant Smyth !—faithful Spalatro!—where are ye all?—am I last of my band? I am childish to ask the question—I knew I was the last. But listen to me. I have heard news of Estherholme—he is dead —gone to his narrow, dark abode, and I—scarce my breath holds to tell thee out the tale—who shot that pang through my bosom? Ha! who did it?

it was thou, and I cannot but think of it, because—but I forgive thee—Oh! again—again!"

Lorenzo's attention during this recital, especially since the name of Estherholme was mentioned, scarcely permitted him to breathe. He saw that utterance was fraught with anguish to the speaker, but had not power to check him in the narration of what he was so anxious to hear.

In a few minutes, Ruganoff continued—"Speech is painful to me—but let me finish. Flow not so fast, my gushing life-tide! cease—he expired in Portugal a short time since, whither he had sped in pursuit of Seraphina—thy Seraphina — who has abandoned her home to search for thee. She knows thy abode to have been Flores—Flores —and is, perhaps, at this moment there. Estherholme found her not, but died despairing—as he should have died. Return

not thou to Sicily—at least—not yet—happiness awaits thee first in the Azores. Part we in peace—I never did thee harm: others I have wronged, but they sleep soundly now, undisturbed by the remembrance, as I shall do to-morrow—and thou hast lived to avenge on me their injuries. I can add no more—Estherholme thus removed, no obstacle now exists to thy felicity. Farewell—seek Seraphina—Ruganoff's task is accomplished! last of my crew, I yet leave behind me one who—though he slew me—cannot curse my memory."

The dying rover again sunk heavily on his side, as he concluded—he seemed, indeed, to have uttered his parting accents. In vain Lorenzo now essayed to staunch the tide that still trickled fatally from his bleeding bosom, rendering him fainter and fainter at every succeeding gush—it flowed in spite of his unavailing efforts, by which he only

bedabbled

bedabbled himself with gore—Ruganoff appeared about to expire.

But where was De Rolfe during this affecting scene? did he appear to feel no interest in the events of the passing moment? far—far otherwise. Alone, with arms majestically folded on his breast, De Rolfe now proudly stood, observing, with a triumphantly-lighted countenance, the tragical catastrophe of this strange encounter. He interfered not either to prevent, or to accelerate, such a fearful issue as had arisen from their unexpected interview; but, it was now evident, from the proud fire of exultation in his eyes, that he was far from displeased with its bloody termination. Yet whence could arise his gratification at the circumstance? why should De Rolfe thus fiendishly rejoice at the slaughter of the unoffending Ruganoff? This Lorenzo was wholly unable to divine, as, rising from

his recumbent posture over the prostrate slain, he first caught a glimpse of his triumphant aspect. Then hurling the fatal weapon as far as his trepidation permitted him into the boiling waves, and exclaiming—" Thou shalt do no more murder!" he turned gloomily to demand an explanation of this conduct. " Curse on my wretched destiny!" he added, as the second pistol followed the former into the bellowing surge—" I told thee, De Rolfe, I was born to be criminal. Why dost thou seem thus unfeelingly to rejoice at what my unhappy hand hath perpetrated?—Answer me?"

" Thou hast slain *him*—he was thy only friend!" now cried De Rolfe, in a loud exulting tone, while the radiance of joy still more distinctly lit his wildly-expressive features.

" Distraction urged me to the deed," exclaimed Lorenzo, looking astonished —" I

—" I could forbear no longer. He provoked me to frenzy—I gave the fatal fire—but am now sorrowful for his wretched doom; since once to his clemency, as thou knowest well, I owed my own worthless life. I suspected, too—but I will not think so longer, it is impossible—my fears were false: his was the demeanour of a faithful Christian—I ought to have weighed it better. I am not blameless—dost thou not behold me contrite?—but how can Lorenzo ever want a friend, when De Rolfe is near who has hitherto guided him?"

" Duped ideot!" now burst from the lips of the altered De Rolfe—" yet hold—thy precipitate words are true. I was thy friend—am thy associate—and shall be so for ever! thine still to haunt thee, like an accusing conscience, and keep with thee—and never be cast from thee!" He paused, and Lorenzo

now stood perfectly thunderstruck; and shrouding his visage from such thickening horrors, clasped his bewildered forehead with convulsive violence, and begrimmed his face with the colour of his hands. While thus for a moment buried in reflection, or rather while in that state of stupor which admits not of any reflection, a strange peal of laughter rang loudly in his ears, which, on looking up, he observed proceeded from the changed commander of the vessel—the now-scoffing De Rolfe, who, perceiving him again attentive, tauntingly resumed—"But he to whom, by thine own base confession, thou owest thy vagrant existence—he who would fain have guided thee to happiness, hast thou requited with evil, and rashly rendered powerless to serve thee more."

A horrible suggestion here again flashed across the almost-frenzied imagination of Lorenzo, of which the ghastly

ly idea made his brain spin giddily, and his whole frame to tremble. He thought upon the strange circumstances accompanying the recent mysterious reappearance of De Rolfe—his present disguised situation, and suddenly changed demeanour. Why did he shun the recognition of Ruganoff? From these his mind wandered to the transactions of that awful night passed on the island of Flores by the beaten and famished fugitives—the apparent death of Geronime, and subsequent conveyance of her body to the vessel with lamentations "not loud but deep"—her miraculous restoration during the night, according to her own account, by untaught pirates—and again he shuddered visibly. These were no common events —were they such as could in nature exist at any period—

"And overcome us, like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder?"

Lorenzo deemed otherwise, and then turning suddenly to his companion, demanded with faltering earnestness—"If he whose still warm body spouts gore for my offence be the only friend of Lorenzo—oh! what art thou, who didst counsel his destruction?"

"Behold me and judge!" De Rolfe responded sullenly. "My form is flesh like yours—my feelings more temperate. I am greater in wisdom than thou, as thou ownest—I am steadier of purpose, as thou shalt acknowledge. Further than this I may not answer thee—no! for my task is yet unfinished here. Further than this I will not answer thee—no! for the lofty spirit I still bear is not in more bound to subserviency. And further, I know, thou canst not penetrate—else thou hadst never raised thy hand to slaughter the only being whose wish was to advantage thee. It is in vain thou strivest to

staunch

staunch the wound—he will expire within an hour at latest. The ball has carried corruption into his vitals, and loosed the streams of life—who sped the fatal summoner? Thou! over whom is again flung the horrible incarnadine predicted in thy destiny, because thou wilt deem terrestrial good felicity, and dream thou canst cull earth's flowers, without rending thy spirit on its thorns. Thou! stained with ingratitude—a heart-breaking libertine—many times perjured—thrice a murderer! well mayest thou stand aghast—deemest thou still to enjoy tranquillity? share it then with the pale-blooded forms of thy butchered companions, for these thou wilt never lose. In the closet thou shalt recal their remembrance—in the wind thou shalt hear their voices—in the forest thou shalt feel their forms: the cold fresh sweeping of the summer leaves shall seem to thee as the clinging of the dead

—even

—even as the clammy embracing of the grave. Arion — Rosalba — Ruganoff! and which of these had done thee injury? Rosalba would thy quivering lip proclaim to have wronged thee? it may be so—but say not the laws of Heaven, and of humanity, the murderer for the slain?—thou shalt sustain wrong, if thine integrity thou wouldst hold spotless, and yet not smite to destroy. Now wander to the wide earth's extremest verge—from the frost-bound pole to which the quivering needle flies, even unto its stranger southern antipodes—from the point which the sun shall next irradiate with his rising glory, to that which is illumined by his setting gorgeousness—thou shalt never find forgetfulness of the visions that will pursue thee, but only augment many fold their hideousness. Seek the proud climes where civilized humanity hath fixed its most boasted abode: thou wilt find

find their civilization but a boast, and their vaunted superiority an empty bubble. View their extensive marts, where lurketh hollow deceit beneath each winning countenance—mark their gay minstrelsy, whose enlivening aid is too often invoked to veil some crafty purpose—see how the loaded ocean groans and heaves beneath their floating edifices! then gaze on the merchant's lean, and anxious aspect—is this the man to whose gain and quietude the very main vouchsafes its assistance? then watch the wan faded looks of haggard beauty—are these the effects of yon seductive strains? observe the dull squalidness of the daily market drudge —are those sunken features the reward of his industry? Then turn thee, and roam over regions scarcely yet inhabited by man—the mountain barely accessible to his footsteps—the savage tract where he hardly has dared to venture—the lone

lone wilderness where never, or rarely, hath heretofore been erected his rude dwelling. Here study his frugal, and repulsive fare—his perilous adventures in the search of it—his desperate struggles with the ferocious habitants of that unenviable territory—his imminent escapes—escape not always the brawny Indian's portion—and his laborious life. Are these the sole earthly rewards of abstemiousness—of courage, and of benevolence? all were his virtues—practised, not pretended to—and only this their recompence? if such alone prove the terrestrial meed of the guiltless, untutored savage, what, worse than homicide! hopest thou can be thine? But fulfil thy chosen doom. In a little space thou wilt turn thy prow for ever from these detested shores. Look not amazed—thou yet thinkest again to visit the Azores?—vain-sighted mortal! it will never be. No face thou hast hitherto

gazed

gazed on shalt thou ever see more—none of those who have hitherto consorted thee shall again be thy companions. All familiar objects thou must now forego—forsake—forswear! forget thou canst not—else how gladly wouldst thou consign them to oblivion! But henceforth thy lot will be separate from these. I have arranged that from this, thy desolate hour, my bark shall be for a space at thy command; in which thou but beholdest my solicitude to advantage thee. Direct it where thou wilt—(away, I know, from Europe)—and, for its callous crew, whose hearts are as hard as their conditions desperate — whose deeds I already have disclosed to thee, that thou might'st not choose unwittingly—continue to command, or abandon them, as thy choice then may dictate. See! the vessel is near whose return sets *me* at liberty: she is a sagacious falcon, that never misses her gorge.

From

From the wreck she brings tidings—Seraphina, whom thy love hath but lured to destruction, from this spot—on this night, thou beholdest again! Lo!" he triumphantly added—"she comes! she comes!"

Lorenzo cast his eyes in the direction pointed out by De Rolfe, and again distinctly saw the shadowy vessel, now apparently returning with her freight of fresh-delivered phantoms over the roaring surge. Among the shivering group of spectres that crowded her sulphureously-illumined deck—a ghastly crew but dimly visible—was one whose drooping wretchedness principally attracted his attention. Could his fate be so trebly accursed? the deep blue eyes of Seraphina glared wistfully upon him! a conviction that she was on that night lost to him for ever rushed at once upon his mind—the seamen's tale was indeed true—and he stood for some time as if petrified

petrified into stone. Swiftly, and yet majestically, passed the appalling pageant—no currents were obstructive, nor winds needful to her course—and at length the dead man's bark finally disappeared among the dense black masses of cloud that on every side bounded the horizon.

But how looked Lorenzo on this second disappearance of the (to him) so awfully-freighted vessel? conscious that he gazed but on the disembodied spirit of her whom he had vainly loved while living—whose kindred dust was now doomed to the dreary ocean, he remained for some time motionless with terror and amazement. But when he saw the grizly vessel vanish, bearing with it the only hope that at present could sweeten his abhorred existence, his awe seemed to diminish, and frenzy appeared to take possession of his bosom. He raged—he stamped—he tore his hair with violence—

lence—he felt himself perfectly duped by one of those "juggling fiends" that speak only to deceive—

> "That patter with us in a double sense,
> And keep the word of promise to our ear,
> But break it to our hope."

He stretched out his arms toward the receding phantom—he exerted his voice, but in vain; it had sped from his sight with the rapidity of the passing wind, and refused to appear again to his solicitations. Meanwhile, the storm which had been (or appeared to have been) partially hushed, during the passage on their windward side of the spectral vessel, now burst forth again with renewed fury, and its howlings seemed increased by their temporary suspension. Ruganoff, who, amid the dreadful uproar, had still lain gasping on the unsteady deck until the passing of death's fearful messenger, seeming then to be conscious that

of future happiness. No cheering object was here to enliven her dull moments—no companion, save an aged female, named Magdalen, who acted in the capacity of a superior attendant, and had strict charge of her health and security. Among the objects which here employed her always melancholy thoughts, the most frequent was her abandoned—loved Lovinski; and if hope ever entered her bosom in this dismal solitude, it was when she remembered his oft-repeated vows, and felt convinced, by their fervency, that he was not likely to forget her. Yet of what avail was likely to be his remembrance of the "happy, heartfelt hours," she had passed in his society? Of the long-deserted mansion in which she was now immured, Lovinski knew not even the existence, and had he known its situation, or the gloomy existence to which she was now doomed by her unfeeling mother (for the count had

that appalling harbinger of wreck and destruction! his feelings were too powerful for expression—almost too horrible for endurance. He stood by the side of the constantly-heaving vessel, forgetful of all but his own agony, his dishevelled hair streaming on the hollow and pitiless wind, in seeming defiance of the elements to do him any further harm. "Can it be possible?—so near my clasp too!" he exclaimed, in a tone scarcely to be distinguished from the hoarse voice of the tempest—"but, Seraphina! we shall meet again—meet in a happier sphere. Who shall prevent us?—who ordain it otherwise?"

"Thy master and mine!" now shouted suddenly an exulting voice.

Ruganoff had already expired. Lorenzo turned abruptly to where, a few minutes before, had stood the female pirate, but his eye met only vacancy—De Rolfe was seen no more.

Several

* * * * *

Several expectant springs had passed away, and as many succeeding winters had elapsed, ere the aged and benevolent Alvarez, bowed down by years, disappointment, and infirmities, yielded gradually to the decay of nature, and sunk at last into his quiet grave. It was long ere he relinquished the feelings of grief in which he had indulged on the first departure of Lorenzo from Flores; but, as time wore away, the conduct of his now seemingly fickle and ungrateful guest, appeared to his mind in a totally different point of view from that in which he had hitherto been accustomed to regard it. He now weighed more maturely the abrupt, and mysterious departure—he might almost have said flight—of the young foreigner from his hospitable dwelling, and wondered how he could so long have remained

mained blind to the base ingratitude of his thankless visitor. He found leisure, too, now to deliberate on the strange circumstances which attended his first introduction into his own secluded family; and, as the affection he once felt for his already adopted son-in-law became weaned, or weakened by absence, Alvarez most sincerely regretted having extended his benevolence so far. In the course of these deliberations, Yambo had been admitted to a due share of his master's confidence, and, it is hardly needful to observe, felt his scruples respecting the discovery of what he knew relax considerably with the lapse of time. Accordingly, one morning the domestic, with many supplications for forgiveness, and declarations that he had done all for the best, divulged without reserve the transactions of that fearful night, as far as he had witnessed them. As may be supposed, this communication served little

him a letter purporting to be from his young mistress, Agatha Smolensko, with many well-feigned expressions of contrition for having forgotten it so long.—" Creeping, treacherous slave!" cried the exasperated Lovinski, fancying that he could already penetrate the shallow artifice; and, as he spoke, he struck the shrinking menial a blow with the hilt of his sword which felled him to the ground. The weapon was heavy, and Nicholas appeared to have felt its full weight; the blood spouted instantly from his temples, and even sprinkled in its progress the green habit of his murderer—for the wretched domestic had indeed received his death-blow. Lovinski saw—but disdainfully turned on his heel, and again entering his carriage, drove rapidly homeward with the billet of Agatha.

He had not sufficient patience to await his arrival, as may be easily sup-

 posed,

were calm or stormy—sunny, or overshadowed like her own future prospects, but the heart and the thoughts of Isabel were still the same. In vain did her sister, Maria, still essay with lively converse, and remonstrances, to win her from her settled melancholy—in vain try to abate, or dissipate, her determined sadness—

> "The serpent of the field, by art
> And spells, is won from harming;
> But that which coils around the heart,
> Oh! who hath power of charming?"

Such was the situation of affairs on the island of Flores, when the good old Alvarez, after a life principally passed in the devising of accumulated acts of benevolence, yielded back his spirit into the hands of its Creator, and added another pang to the afflicted bosom of the surviving Isabel. Before his death, however, he had insisted on seeing united in the holy trammels of matrimony,

Jannette,

Jannette, and his own faithful Yambo; and they were joined together accordingly in his presence, not a little to their mutual delight and gratification.

Notwithstanding their union, Yambo and Jannette still continued to reside at Flores, it having been stipulated by Alvarez on his deathbed that both should remain as heretofore in the service of his unprotected children; and such being also the wish of Maria and Isabel, who now inhabited alone the mansion of their deceased parent.

It was not long before the industrious Du Moulin found means to remove from his wretched hovel on the coast of Corvo, to a more commodious and comfortable abode on the strand of Flores, in the immediate vicinity of the new-married couple. Here he continued to cast his nets daily for the capture of the finny tribe, and soon found, much to the benefit of his circumstances, that the

proximity of his new habitation to that of the lamented Alvarez was not among the least of its recommendations. He was now an almost constant guest in the kitchen of Isabel, which he regularly supplied with the finest produce of his piscatory skill, and where Seraphina not unfrequently formed the theme of conversation. The thoughts of Isabel, too, were not seldom devoted to the probable destiny of the lovely blue-eyed stranger, of whose inducement for abandoning alone her paternal roof (powerful as it must have been) she was yet in ignorance. She suspected love to have had its share in her venturous determination—but all was vacant conjecture—all was likely to remain so: for a dreadful night having succeeded the morning on which she embarked, it was rumoured the vessel was lost, and that all on board had perished. Possessed of these advantages, added to the constant intercourse he was now

now enabled to enjoy with his adored Jannette, the already aged Du Moulin contrived to pass the latter portion of his days much easier than the former. Isabel he considered as the primal cause and origin of his better fortune, and would have grieved sincerely for her apparent unhappiness, if grief for any thing could have found room in his heart: as it was, his best endeavours were exerted incessantly for her gratification, and he never omitted subjoining to his daily orisons a blessing on the head of his present benefactress.

One clear spring evening, shortly after the demise of Alvarez, the now doubly wretched Isabel chanced to stroll alone to visit the tomb of her deceased parent, erected on an adjacent hallowed eminence, to which she frequently of late directed her solitary steps. How different was now her tread—how utterly contrasted to the light and airy de-

meanour which formerly, in happier days, distinguished the volatile and romantic Isabel! its grace was indeed preserved, but its fairy-like elasticity—its lightness and speed, were gone. Who that had observed her in those happier, youthful hours, winding perhaps that very steep for pastime, or for exercise, would have deemed that a single blast might one day render her the feeble, and wasted form, she now appeared? that—in the language of the bard, too fatally accurate—

> "A cloud
> Might gather o'er her beauty, and a gloom
> In her dark eye, prophetic of the doom
> Heaven gives its favourites—early death?"

Yet such was plainly the case with the once lively — once engaging Isabel. Slowly, and with arms folded over her disconsolate bosom, did she now mournfully proceed to the gloomy spot of her destination, while the welcome breath

of

of evening fanned her feverish temples, and its shadows already began to overspread her flowery and silent course.

Having finished her accustomed devotions over the carefully-tended grave, she was suddenly startled by perceiving the white sails of a vessel which seemed moored in the little bay just beneath where she stood, and was evidently now preparing again to encounter the watery element. Giving way to the thousand feelings awakened by this interesting object in her bosom, she stood for a time regarding it with curiosity, not wholly unmingled with anxiety and surprise. It was not the simple fishing-bark of Du Moulin, nor could even the gathering gloom cause her to mistake it for such—she knew too well the solitary sail that distinguished it. While yet she gazed upon it, her wonder was a second time more fearfully excited by the sound of approaching hoarse, and

unrecognised voices, and Isabel instinctively recoiled behind her father's marble monument, which she rightly judged sufficiently high to afford her concealment, for the purpose of evading their observation as they passed. In a few minutes she observed, apparently about to go on board the vessel, as the path they were pursuing led directly to the beach, seven or eight sturdy ruffians, each laden with a huge bucket, which it seemed to task even his herculean strength to wield, or manage. These, she now rightly judged, were part of the crew belonging to the vessel which had excited her attention, and who had merely been on shore for the purpose, it appeared, of obtaining a fresh supply of water. But their rugged forms—their frightful countenances! never before had Isabel seen their resemblance—never before had she even dreamed of such. As the figures drew nearer, she could plainly

plainly distinguish on the bare shoulder of the foremost the mark of a brand of infamy (could she deem it otherwise?) stamped there doubtless in requital for some horrid crime. Isabel shuddered, and would now have fled precipitately, but terror effectually deprived her of motion, and fixed her an involuntary statue to the spot she had chosen.

And now, as these colossal barbarians still approached the tomb, close to which they were obliged to pass in their downward path to the strand, Isabel could not avoid listening to their conversation, every syllable of which distinctly fell upon her ear. Shiveringly she heard it, although she knew not its import, or only partially divined it; and, while she held her breath, her wan slight figure, save for occasional tremblings, might have been well mistaken for a portion of the monument destined so soon to cover it from all future vicissitudes.

"None dread a blustering sea-gale less than myself," said he of the branded shoulder—"but I like not this ocean since the night brave captain De Rolfe vanished, like the smoke of his own pistol, just as the dead man's bark flitted by within even a cable's length of us. That accursed vessel must have captured him, *body* as well as spirit, and wafted him—who knows whither?"

"Nay, facts speak for themselves," replied another gruff, untutored voice—"that captain De Rolfe was unfairly filched from us is certain. But, in another quarter, our next captain served us a little better trick. On the coast of Chili, where we chanced to land for fuel, he gave us the slip, and we heard of him no more."

"Let him scud to the devil, without helm, oar, or canvass!" returned the former speaker, contemptuously. "We boarded not a single prize during the whole

whole term of his command. He wanted to free the captives, too, won by gallant De Rolfe, and preserved for the slave-market: but finding himself baffled in his wishes, by the general voice, he abandoned us, I guess, for companions better suited to his poltroonish propensities."

The voices now became indistinct, as the speakers receded toward the sloping strand, and Isabel heard no more. Scarcely had she ventured from her hiding-place, ere she discerned the dark visage of Yambo peering cautiously after the retreating seamen, who as hastily recognised his mistress. He had been on some trivial errand to the residence of Du Moulin, which he had just quitted: on his return his path was crossed by those terrific strangers, to whose appearance, however, Yambo was better familiarized than Isabel, having seen such before, and he rejoiced at dis-

covering her just in time to scare, in some degree, her not entirely groundless apprehensions. Although the excited curiosity of Yambo would have prompted him still further pryingly to pursue the pirates (for such he judged, and the reader is aware, were those who had caught his attention) he instantly relinquished his previous intention of doing so, and expressed to his mistress, in an under tone, his gratification at thus having seasonably encountered her.

"Let us hasten, good Yambo!" she exclaimed, hurrying the negro forward as she spoke—"I have been alarmed—let us hasten!" and grasping his arm, for the double purpose of supporting her feebleness and assisting her speed, they soon reached in safety their isolated dwelling, and thought of the circumstance no more.

Often during the course of that succeeding summer did Isabel, leaning on the

the arm of her sister Maria, drag her exhausted, and still-weakening frame, as far as the delightful flowery summit of that endeared and sacred eminence. Here, often, over the last abode of her lamented parent, would she afresh pour out her sorrows to the commiserating ear of fond sisterly affection, at that lone pensive hour when—as if every thing in nature commiserated the darkness of her pitiable destiny—

> " Each flower the dews have lightly wet,
> And in the sky the stars are met,
> And on the wave is deeper blue,
> And on the leaf a browner hue;"

and then, casting her sunken eyes toward the vast expanse of water, veiled in the dim, and shadowy twilight, she again wept bitterly. Oh! why did those smiling billows first waft to her deluded clasp the bright being who afterwards abandoned her? why lend their treacherous aid to bear him again from her

her embracing arms, whose image she yet strove vainly to erase from her distracted memory?—But, as the winter drew near, her debility increased, and the utter hopelessness of her situation manifested itself more heavily: she was unable to leave her apartment—then to quit her couch—and before the approach of another spring, Isabel was sleeping with Alvarez, under the covering turf, and cold grey stone. Such was the doom of the lovely, but broken-hearted Isabel—such was her first love, and its fatal termination! Isabel was not born to support sorrow—

"Through years, or moons, the inner weight to bear
Which colder hearts endure till they are laid
By age in earth; her days and pleasures were
Brief, but delightful—such as had not staid
Long with her destiny; but she sleeps well
By the sea shore, whereon she loved to dwell.

Maria, now the only survivor of this hapless family, received with the parting

ing bequest of Isabel—though she smiled at its futility—an injunction not to abandon the fatal island of Flores until Lorenzo should return, except tidings reached her of his abode elsewhere; so fondly, even in death, did the unhappy victim cling to the delusive hope that he would at some time revisit the scene of their unfortunate loves. In this solitary situation, the chief pleasure of her existence was still to ascend the little mount where reposed the blighted ashes of her kindred—the partner and protector of her happier childhood, and water their grave with her tears. Sometimes, on these occasions, while straining her dimmed sight over the glassy main, imagination would create a speck in appearance like the boat which had first conveyed Lorenzo to that flowery, but fatal shore: starting from her involuntary trance, Maria strove to view more clearly the approaching

proaching object—but it was only fancy —such never appeared again.

For Lorenzo—as far as those were concerned who in Flores had been either his friends, or enemies—what became of him was ever afterwards involved in mystery. To them he had ceased to exist any longer—had disappeared like the transient furrow left by some passing keel on the clear surface of the billowy ocean: the dull wave presently closes over it—perchance the white foam bubbles for an instant, and all is erased—obliterated. What trace the bark leaves of its watery course left the mysterious wanderer of the track he had chosen. He spoke no word at parting—he bade no vain adieus, nor entertained any idle hopes of his return—he had fled on his fearful wanderings, and was heard of by the inhabitants of the peaceful Azores no more.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.

BYRON.

IT was sunrise on the mighty Cordilleras, or chains of the Andes, that vast mountainous ridge which divides South America, even from the Isthmus of Darien to the Straits of Magellan, an immense extent of more than four thousand miles. The effulgent orb of heaven was just beginning to shine gloriously upon the aspiring summits of this lofty and extensive range, already tinged with the gorgeousness imparted by his approaching chariot, though not yet fully immerged in the warm radiance of his cheering beams. The last thin remnants of vapour were vanishing fast before

fore his potent influence, as the youthful Ozembo now bounded with an agile step, and joy-illumined countenance, over the peaked brow of one of those superior wonders of nature. The lofty ground his feet now trod was the summit of only one of the lower Andes, yet had he witnessed, on the preceding eve, the thunder growl, and the lightning stream beneath him, himself unharmed —unaffected by the elementary uproar. Sheltered only by a projecting crag, on its bare inclement edge had he passed a night of storm and tumult to the wide realm he viewed stretched below his own rude couch, himself little incommoded, save by the piercing cold incidental to his present elevated situation. Thus reclined, and regardless of the comfortless exposure of his wild mountain bed, for his heart was warmed by the hope of coming transport, had Ozembo abided the dawn of light to direct him

in

in his difficult downward course: and well did that anxiously-awaited day-break requite him for its seeming tardiness, by the glorious scene it unfolded to his gaze.

The armed hunter—for such Ozembo seemed—although traversing the rude wilds of Patagonia, was of slenderer form, and much fairer complexion, than the gigantic inhabitants of that singular region—the huge Patagonians, are generally found to exhibit. Yet looked he like a "savage man of Inde," for his whole dress, and accoutrements, were completely Indian, even to the tomahawk which he carried in his hand: but such rather resembled the more fanciful equipment, and appendages, of the most northern tribes, or those of Chili, than the far wilder and coarser habiliments of southern Patagonia. His attire was a sort of tunic, adorned with innumerable beads and stitches, and fastened round the

the middle with a cloth girdle. His hair appeared carefully decorated with a profusion of shining baubles, over which waved a variegated plume of the most beautiful feathers, exhibiting every tint and shade imaginable. To these may be added silver bracelets on the arms and wrists, together with a massy breastplate of the same pure metal: a collar of wampum, and the accustomed cloth boots, called mocazins, ornamented with quills from the porcupine, completed his equipment. His arms were the bow and quiver, which slung carelessly behind him, peeped over his shoulder—the scalping-knife stuck in his girdle, and the tomahawk in his hand. He was alone—but at a great distance, toward the foot of the mountain, were discernible some rude huts, evidently those of his brethren, or tribe; for it was easy to perceive that toward them his eyes, swimming with tenderness, were frequently cast, and

toward

toward them he also directed his fleet course.

But now, so more than commonly attractive was the extensive prospect which lay stretched on every side of him, that Ozembo paused involuntarily to survey for a moment its gradual developement, and extraordinary magnificence. The clouds that a short time since had enveloped the mountain were now entirely dissipated, save a few light and airy vapours not perceptible, or very imperfectly so, and which intercepted not the view of objects either beyond or beneath them. On the north lay extended the expansive, and pathless plains, which conducted the Indian's practised eye toward Chili, and the region from which Ozembo, indeed, had lately wandered: while, on the south, were distinguishable even the Magellanic islands, now called Tierra del Fuego, or the Land of Fire. Ozembo looked toward the rising sun—

" Which gladden'd, on their mountain tops, the hearts
Of the Chaldean shepherds, till they pour'd
Themselves in orisons !"

and might well have imbibed in that exalted solitude a glowing conviction, that (although his own feelings were far from devotional)—

" Not vainly did the early Persian make
His altar the high places, and the peak
Of earth o'ergazing mountains, and thus take
A fit and unwall'd temple, there to seek
The spirit in whose honour shrines are weak
Uprear'd of human hands."

He then turned toward the opposite side of the mountain, and—what beholds he there ? why doth Ozembo start, and look astonished ? Can there be aught save vacancy in that huge hollow vale to fix his astounded sight ? Yes ! there was something more. A form arrayed and armed after the Indian fashion, in limb and feature exactly like himself, there greets his amazed vision, and awakens no slight emotion of wonder in his

his breast. He advances—recedes, and the figure does precisely the same: in short, it presents the very image of himself in person and attitude, such as Ozembo could alone hope to discover in the clearest streamlet; with the splendid addition of a magnificent arch of the most beautiful radiance he had ever beheld, which encircled the head of this singular and imposing phantom *. The startled Ozembo gazed with wonder at the curious phenomenon, presenting to his pleased eye all the agreeable hues exhibited

* The concentric rainbow, seen at sunrise on the Cordilleras of the Andes, is thus described by Ulloa. "At daybreak the whole of the mountain was enveloped in dense clouds, which at sunrise were dissipated, leaving behind them vapours of so extreme a tenuity, as not to be distinguishable to the sight. At the side opposite to that where the sun rose on the mountain, at the distance of about sixty yards from the spot where we were standing, the image of each of us was seen represented, as if in a mirror, three concentric rainbows, the last or most exterior colours of one of which touched the first of the following one, being centered on the head." A similar phenomenon is described by Mr. Hagarth, F.R.S. as having been seen by him at Rhealt, a mountain near the vale of Clwyd, in Denbighshire, on Feb. 13, 1780.

exhibited by the many-coloured bow seen sometimes in the heavens, and exclaimed with transport—" Oh! I have seen the sun break beautifully through clouds of mist and skies of loveliness, in climes and situations of almost equal grandeur, but never saw it rise so gorgeously—so enchantingly as now! Then be calmed, my burning brow—my fevered brain—my continual restlessness—away—away! Avaunt this incessant dread of something terrible—this awe which has hitherto consumed my peace, and still secretly tends to poison the felicity which to others I seem to partake of and enjoy. Come, dove-like tranquillity! let me woo thee to my breast—let me teach thee to abide in my bosom. How beautiful and soothing is this mountain scene! it exhilarates—it revives me, and strengthens my hope of future unalloyed happiness. Yes! amid the charms of nature—captivations

tivations such as these—lavished in transcendant magnificence around him, Ozembo cannot fail to be happy. When once are consummated my nuptials with the blooming Ora, of which this very day must behold the celebration, there will be nought to interrupt my tranquillity—nothing to disturb the felicity of Ozembo! I at length see before me a path of unmingled bliss, in which surely—surely, it will be mine to tread!"

As Ozembo finished speaking, and while yet he gazed on his reflected figure, or the beautiful semblance of a rainbow which adorned it with a seeming crown of glory, he fancied its hues became suddenly darkened, or obscured, as if by the intervention between it and himself of some larger, though scarcely more substantial object. In another moment he thought he observed—or was he still deceived by a wreath of the

morning mist not wholly exhaled?—the obscuring substance assume a palpable form, not unfamiliar to his shuddering gaze, "haughty, and high, and beautiful," though it neither bore—

"The wing of seraph, nor the face of man."

* * * * *

Well knew the now-shrinking Ozembo in whose presence he stood. Pale even through the partial shade of his Indian-smeared complexion—tottering beneath the weight of his own weapons, did he cower before one against whom he knew such were powerless. Yet he strove not to fly—having met, he was aware, he must endure the dreadful interview.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

By a power to thee unknown,
Thou canst never be alone;
Thou art wrapt as with a shroud,
Thou art gather'd in a cloud;
And for ever shalt thou dwell
In the spirit of this spell. BYRON.

"MOST evil messenger!" exclaimed the trembling Ozembo, after a lengthened pause—"thou harbinger of all ill, what seekest thou? say, wherefore art thou come?"

"To congratulate Ozembo," said a voice, "on his attainment of that inestimable jewel he hath heretofore sought in vain. Thou hast this morning confessed thyself happy. I have often been at hand to thwart thy felicity—I now appear to congratulate thee on its existence."

"I need not *thy* congratulations," said Ozembo, hastily; "but I hear—I have heard them—again let us separate."

"Poor mortal! separated we have never been," replied the voice, in the same dull tone—"nor shall be: neither deem thou to enjoy full happiness in an earthly draught; for, even before thou dost drain the dregs, shall thy cup have a smack of bitter. But, I repeat, I appear not now to baffle thy design."

"And thou wilt not cross my present purpose?" demanded Ozembo, imploringly.

"I will not," said the voice, growing fainter as the shadowy form seemed to recede before the burning sunbeam, which now shone clearly on the space it occupied.

"Ah! shall Ora then be mine?" again asked the anxious Ozembo.

"And

"And Ora shall be thine," returned the voice, now scarcely audible.

"Then, fiend! will Ozembo be happy in spite of thee," he muttered, as the phantom entirely disappeared—"if only the lovely Ora be permitted by thy malice to reward my love. What then could possibly happen to render my state aught save felicitous—what could arise to embitter then my destiny? Should I struggle with dangers—Ora partakes them with me. Should I grieve under affliction—Ora will be my comforter. Even misfortunes themselves will fall like blessings, with the voice of Ora to solace—to console me. Revered by the tribe to which I have attached myself, and blessed with the society of my beloved Ora, shall the future condition of Ozembo be undisturbable happiness: nor do I deem, thou loathed remembrancer! that even thy own fell presence could suffice to destroy his bliss."

* * * * *

Ozembo had now descended to near midway of the mountain, when on casting his eyes again toward the still far-off habitations of his tribe, he distinguished on the sea shore a solitary object, apparently making signals to a vessel which he now also discovered directing its course towards the Straits of Magellan. The figure was habited (as he could just discern) in an European dress, a garb instantly recognised by Ozembo, though not of precisely the same form as any he ever remembered to have seen before: while the distracted eagerness with which he endeavoured to make his signals seen, plainly demonstrated that he too rightly deemed their success or failure to be fraught with to him the important alternatives of life, or destruction. At the same instant, Ozembo saw issuing from the temporary abodes

abodes of his travelling Indian associates —the scattered dwellings of his own beloved tribe, but with whose casual fierceness he was well acquainted, a host of ready warriors, all eager to rush on their defenceless foe. He saw, and pitied the unfortunate victim, who, he doubted not, had been abandoned or lost during some excursion in search of water, or fuel; and urging his speed to its utmost, he rushed forward, adopting sagaciously a shorter course, for the purpose of preventing if possible the inhuman sacrifice.

Fleet as the rushing wind was the course of Ozembo down each succeeding dangerous promontory, his eye still fixed on the object of his solicitude, of whose vain attempts to attract attention the vessel seemed to take no notice, but still kept steadily her onward course. And oh! through what romantic tracts, and amid what fearful glens, did his

precipitous path conduct him! Here probably over a smooth sloping region—some flowery glade where the munificence of nature had been more invitingly manifested—

> " Had scooped the vale, and clothed the mountain's side
> With many a verdant wood ;"

and anon through some dell of a gloomier aspect, where lurks in his never molested lair the ravenous beast of prey—

> " Or the green serpent from his dark abode,
> Which even imagination fears to tread,
> At noon forth issuing gathers up his train
> In orbs immense, then, darting out anew,
> Seeks the refreshing fount; by which diffused,
> He throws his folds, and while with threat'ning tongue
> And deathful jaws erect, the monster curls
> His flaming crest, all other thirst appall'd,
> Or shivering flies, or check'd, at distance stands."

Then again would succeed an almost level and expansive plain, such as the mighty condor, " hugest of his kind," would have chosen to rest upon from his sweeping course. Over the whole of these

these did Ozembo hasten with the speed of the chased guanaco, or wild lama, often dropping from a considerable height to gain the level beneath, avoiding gulfs, and surmounting difficulties, which only the dexterity taught him by the wandering life he led could have enabled him to encounter and overcome.

At length, with a vigorous bound, though exhausted and breathless, he gained the shelving beach, but perceived, at the same instant, a party of his tribe still nearer than himself to the devoted European. Their bows were already half bent—their eagle eyes fixed eagerly on their victim—Ozembo perceived that not a moment was to be lost. Then raising his practised voice, he shouted aloud, in the hope that its sound might reach, and deter them at least from the infliction of a present summary doom, exclaiming fiercely—" Who is he that would anger Ozembo? Who dares

do him wrong? His arm is powerful in the strife, as his voice strong in supplication. Let the stranger live! Spare him—he shall belong to Ozembo! Hold back your javelins—hold!"

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

He dies, and makes no sign—Oh! God forgive him!
SHAKESPEARE.

MEANWHILE, the affrighted mariner, perceiving the hopelessness of his situation, and that the vessel continued her outward course regardless of his unmarked, or unheeded signals, at once gave way to frenzy and despair. He seemed to be entirely unarmed; he looked around upon the gathering hills, where his approaching foes appeared to thicken every moment—clasped his hands in the bitterest agony of desperation—stretched them again toward the vanishing sail with which he felt had departed his only hope, and, as if choos-

ing to meet death from the watery main in preference to their poisoned javelins, rushed frantically into the briny waves. But his purpose, conceived in a moment of the most agonizing horror, was by his pursuers as instantaneously defeated; for the Indians, fearful of altogether losing their prey, on observing this last desperate act whose meaning could not be mistaken, no longer withheld the terrible discharge. The following moment a swarm of weapons assailed the unhappy victim, and so unerring were the hands which launched them, that few, or, perhaps, none mistook their aim. Without a struggle he sunk, covered with wounds, leaving the troubled surface of a crimson hue, and casting one ghastly look toward his murderers, but—

> "If ought his lips essay'd to groan,
> The rushing billows chok'd the tone."

Grieved and astounded at the sudden cata-

catastrophe, Ozembo reached the edge of the water, where many of his tribe had already arrived, and endeavoured through the clear element to discern some trace of the body, but in vain. Eager for spoil, some of his more venturous, or, perhaps, more greedy associates, even entered the ocean, diving deep to discover the missing prize, but in vain also: they returned to the surface with tidings that the crimson newly issued from his wounds was alone visible—the corpse (though they panted to strip it of its European ornaments) was not to be found. Presently the last purple shade disappeared, and nothing remained to mark the spot where had perished the unoffending sacrifice of their barbarity. Disappointed they turned away, save a solitary aged Indian, named Oromanes, whose cupidity induced him to remain after all had departed: but Ozembo, after pausing awhile

awhile to breathe more freely, slowly measured his steps more dejected than heretofore toward the reed-built* habitations of his tribe, where he knew one awaited his arrival who was likely to be little pleased with his delay.

* * * * *

The beautiful Ora was the daughter of Orontes, a chief of acknowledged bravery and merit, an elder of the council, and a warrior whose valour had done much for the tribe of which his daughter was the pride and flower. She was in the prime of youth—dark, comely, and engaging. Many a gallant warrior, renowned for his achievements, and honoured for his wisdom, had in vain solicited the hand of the captivating Ora. At last came one whose enviable destiny it

* The dwellings of some tribes of the South American Indians are built of reeds solely—others of reeds and clay. They also unite reeds, by cords through the middle, to form beds and tables.

it was to prove less indifferent to her. From a far land he came—she understood not which, nor where; but he had seen many, and often amused Orontes and herself with a description of the wonders they contained. He had proved himself brave in combat—was magnanimous as the eagle, although gentle as the dove, and (compared with many of the war-worn chiefs around her) very, very fair; and further than this she cared not to inquire. At her own earnest solicitation, Orontes had adopted Ozembo into their tribe, who otherwise might have devoured him as an enemy; and the venerable chief found no reason hitherto to repent having saved his life. Thus protected by the powerful Orontes, and favoured almost constantly with the tender society of the graceful Ora, the newly-adopted Indian soon afterwards —in imitation of the dusky wooer of Shakespeare—

"Took

" Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,"

that he would never dream of abandoning her tribe, but remain with them for ever.—" On this hint," Ozembo spoke, and, it is needless to add, was not rejected, but continued from that hour the cherished favourite of Ora, and the glory of the whole tribe to which he belonged.

At length the eagerly-awaited morning arrived that was to consummate their felicity. Within the shadow of his rustic porch sat the majestic Orontes, the calumet of peace in his hand, and in his heart joy and benevolence.

" The red wild feathers on his brow were blent,"

and the skin of the conquered wolf hung suspended from his brawny shoulders. By his side reclined the beauteous Ora, her attractions if possible increased by the becoming adornments such a joyous occasion,

occasion, as a matter of course, induced her to use. Behind her shone several dark damsels of her tribe: but there appeared none so magnificently arrayed—none so transportingly beautiful as Ora. Orontes gazed with pride upon the unprecedented assemblage of charms he beheld united in his only offspring. Sons he had once possessed, but they perished for the good of their tribe: Ora alone survived to comfort him, and with her he was now about to part. No wonder the tears swam over his aged eyes, as he reflected on what her mother had been, at the same joyful period: an European might have wept over such recollections as bitterly as Orontes. His sons, too—cut off in the perilous contest during their ripening youth, whom his arm could not save! but would not the youthful stranger be to his declining years as a son, and a comforter? would not Ozembo emulate their

their deeds, and fill up the void in his bosom? Such were the self-interrogatories of Orontes, to which, in spite of his tears, his heart replied in the affirmative. But still the bridegroom came not: though the great orb of light and majesty had mounted high in the heavens, and already began to scorch the earth with his potent beams, Ozembo had not yet appeared.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

And summer was the tide, and sweet the hour,
When sire and daughter saw, with fleet descent,
An Indian from his bark approach their bow'r,
Of buskin'd limb, and swarthy lineament.

CAMPBELL.

ORONTES wondered at the strange delay of his tardy son-in-law, if such a term may be applied to a race whose laws, of every description, exist principally in their own bosoms. He knew him fleet of foot as the mountain roe, and, whenever need for exertion or speed existed, even fond of enduring hardship and fatigue. It was true, he had ascended the perilous mountain alone, and Orontes knew their little village to be surrounded and watched, even

even at that moment, by formidable enemies; and he began to fear that Ozembo had encountered some fierce straggling Patagonians, whose huge strength had proved more than a match for his wonted courage and skill. While digesting these thoughts, which he forbore to communicate to his softer companion, Ora suddenly started—she perceived the many-coloured plume of Ozembo peering gallantly above the surrounding foliage! Another moment convinced her—he was approaching her dwelling. With a dejected mien, of which he could not divest himself, and a pensive aspect he strove vainly to cast aside, Ozembo now strode slowly into view: not in demeanour like the happy bridegroom of that joyous morning, but the events he had just witnessed weighed heavily on his mind, and he found it impossible to appear otherwise.

"My

"My son, thou hast news of the enemy?" demanded Orontes, calmly, as Ozembo entered the dwelling—"for thine is the far-searching eye of the eagle, that looketh not abroad in vain."

"Be at rest," said Ozembo, in the same cool strain—"we are safe for the present. I have climbed the rude steep, even to its loftiest point, and can discern nothing that should alarm our fears. I have even passed beyond the mountain, but nothing is there to awaken suspicion. Our foes cannot surprise us, at least until the sun is set."

"It is well," returned Orontes, still preserving his calmness, which no danger appeared able to ruffle or dispel—"the Great Being has ordained there shall shine for thy nuptials a day of peace. My son! be grateful."

So saying, the aged Orontes arose deliberately, and withdrew to order preparations for the ceremony, now speedily

to

to complete his children's happiness. Ora then with tenderness approached Ozembo, and inquired affectionately the cause of his evident gloom, gently reproaching him for its existence on that auspicious morn, and adding—"When first thou camest to our happy land, thou wert wont to be thus melancholy; and I marvelled not at the cause of thy grief, because I knew that thou mightest have many. But many delights have cheered thee since that hour, and thou hast said to thy heaviness—'Abandon me.' Yet even as thou didst look then, in the time of thy desolation, so again lookest thou now. Alas! will the aspect of Ozembo never know permanent tranquillity? will his bosom never be the seat of lasting cheerfulness? what gift more precious than Ora must the god we worship assign to his possession, ere his heart will acknowledge its perfect happiness?"

"Ora

"Ora—my beloved!" returned Ozembo, clasping her to his bosom as he spoke, "no greater boon could even the all-potent Being thou hast named bestow—no gift more precious than thou art to Ozembo. I know that full many a time my sadness hath wearied thee, but the end is, I trust, approaching. When Ora is Ozembo's—then Ozembo must be happy."

"Now you speak like yourself," cried Ora, delighted: "what a shadow was then cast from the brow of my Ozembo! what a hollowness from his features! Oh! for the sake of thy Ora's happiness, which, thou knowest, depends upon thine own—be always thus!"

"I would," said Ozembo, faltering, "but—this morning I have seen——"

"Now again thy cheek changes!" said Ora, reproachfully—"what hast thou seen this morning to unnerve thee thus?"

"Only

"Only the corpse of an European," stammered Ozembo, as if anxious to evade the subject.

"Yet thou wert not wont to be thus affected by the bare sight of death," rejoined Ora.

"No—but—it is the associations that arise—that will not be suppressed"—and here Ozembo briefly narrated to her, as the sole cause of his inquietude, the brutal massacre of the unarmed mariner witnessed by him that morning on the blood-polluted strand.

* * * * *

It was now noon, and the union of the lovers was consummated—Ora and Ozembo were united. According to the simple custom of their nation, the deer's foot had been accepted by the bride, who in return presented the bridegroom with a ripe ear of corn*, as emblems of the

* Such is at present the actual form of marriage among the Cherokees, Chickasaws, &c.

the future duties expected from either party. The form being completed, Orontes beckoned to silence, and approaching Ozembo, said — "My son! thou art this day elected an elder of our council—an honour for which thy youth may seem to unfit thee, but of which thy deeds have rendered thee truly worthy. Among craftier nations, calling themselves civilized, it may be that birth, or riches, can alone confer superiority; but among us it is otherwise. With us valour and wisdom only can obtain dignity, or command respect. Both—both, my son, it rejoiceth the heart of Orontes to say, hath thy conduct already exhibited; and thou hast early received—which no less rejoiceth me—the partial recompence of thy yet ripening virtues."

The aged Indian ceased: he had spoken much of advancement—much of congratulation, in a few words. Ozembo

wished to answer him; but his heart was full, and he strove vainly to utter a syllable. He acknowledged the present moment to be one of supreme felicity—how long was such to endure?

* * * * *

The same evening, just as the sun had sunk behind the vast ridge of the Andes, and while yet their loftiest summits seemed to burn in his departing radiance, an unusual bustle was heard to prevail in the scattered Indian village, of which the weaker portion of its scared inhabitants too readily guessed the meaning. Ozembo was reclining with his beautiful bride within the wild portal of his father's habitation, and Orontes was sitting opposite, when the dreadful cry of "Areouski* !" assailed their ears, and each started suddenly to his feet, grasping his arms as he arose.—"I knew

* The war-cry of the Indians.

"I knew the alarm would speedily arrive!" observed the sagacious Orontes: then hastily directing Ozembo to follow him to a meeting of the elders, with whom the latter was now enrolled, held under an adjacent venerable tree, after the Indian custom, he immediately disappeared.

CHAP. VII.

But there standeth one among you, whom ye know not.
St. John, i. 26.

.....

I know thee, stranger! who thou art. Milton.

The parting of Ora and Ozembo was brief, but affecting. It was some minutes before the latter spoke a word, so intensely did he appear engaged with his own dark thoughts: but the cries of Ora would have touched a heart of stone. Only with the meridian exaltation of that very sun had their felicity commenced, and so soon to be separated! he would hurry with his accustomed valour into the fiercest of the combat, and perhaps return no more! cruel destiny—unfeeling Patagonians! With these,

these, and such other vehement exclamations, did Ora make the hollow roof of their dwelling resound, ere the almost equally affected Ozembo was able to extricate himself from her entwining arms.

> "She rose—she sprung—she clung to his embrace,
> Till his heart heav'd beneath her hidden face,"

with a warmth of passion, and energy of distress, such melting climes can alone teach or bestow. But brief space had Ozembo to reply, or even to listen to such useless ebullitions of sorrow. He had that morning been incorporated with the chief defenders of their tribe—those whose wisdom, and whose bravery, were its principal dependance in the hour of peril and adversity: he felt his pride and reputation to be not a little concerned, therefore, in the event; and accordingly tore himself away from her convulsive clasp, and, flourishing

his tomahawk, hastily followed Orontes to the appointed rendezvous.

Here, beneath the wan light of the sickening moon, to aid which the departing sun still lent to the western atmosphere a feeble radiance, he found the chiefs assembled, and debating on the deeds of blood and slaughter likely to arise out of their present exigence. It seemed that a tribe of the Tehuelhets (the most fierce and courageous among the Patagonians) had discovered, and were about to attack their position, which it now behoved them to defend to the last extremity. Such, judging by the present bent of their discourse, appeared to be the decision at which the majority of voices, generally ascertained on such occasions, was most likely to arrive. To these proceedings, however, Ozembo seemed inclined to pay little attention; his whole soul being engrossed by a far different object, which

which had saluted his eyes on his first entrance into the assembly, and from which he found it difficult to avert them.

This object was no other than the very European mariner whose apparent massacre he had beheld that morning, standing unharmed amid the gathering chiefs, as if the suffocating brine had never ingulphed him—as if the swarming arrows had never entered his lacerated bosom! By his side stood the aged Indian, Oromanes, who, it will be remembered, lingered last of his tribe on the brink of the swallowing waves; and who appeared to have eventually preserved, and, by his present demeanour, according to the Indian custom to have adopted him. Ozembo gazed on this unnatural sight, and his thoughts grew more distractingly confused with every passing moment; for had he not witnessed the despairing

agony of that remembered countenance? had he not seen the poisoned arrows, and deadly-aimed javelins of his unerring brethren, hack one another in his mangled form? if he yet lived, he was invulnerable. Live! how could he live whom the overwhelming waves had devoured, and buried in a liquid grave? While thus employed in fruitless and appalling cogitations, the object of them calmly approached him, and appearing to recognise his figure, addressed him as follows.—"Stranger—to whom I might have owed my existence, and whom still (next to this reverend man who has adopted me) I reverence—accept my proffered friendship. I faintly heard thy benevolent voice raised loudly in my behalf, ere the weapons of thy tribe—but no matter: the peril, and the pangs, thou seest have passed away. Henceforth, I desire to be thy warmest friend. Stranger—I crave thy name?"

"Ozembo!"

"Ozembo!" was the faint reply of him who knew not what to think of this strange salutation.

"Mine is Falkland," rejoined the European: "may its sound not long seem unfamiliar to thy ear, or upon thy lips. Thou art married this day—may thy union be happy! thou art also brave—may thy valour be successful! from the bold Oromanes have I gathered thus much of thy condition. For the rest—I am European, but am skilled in the use of arms. Thy tribe is in real danger—to-night we shall fight together side by side—and, it may be, I may render thee back the service thou wouldst have done me."

The tumult in that wild assembly now rose higher—the Tehuelhets were upon them! short time had each rude chief to prepare his weapons, and betake him to the post of danger appointed him to defend, in their briefly-organized plan

of repulse. Louder yet arose the yellings of the vanquished, and the shrieks of the females, mingled with the shouts of the every-where victorious Tehuelhets, ere the termination of that dismal night; while the pale moon seemed to shrink from the contemplation of the murderous scene, and the wild herd of the forest started and fled from the heart-rending uproar.

* * * * *

In a beautiful district, situated far from the abodes of civilized man, among the inaccessible mountains of Chili, there arose a few quiet Indian dwellings, which seemed truly the residence of peace and security. To this remote tranquil region had Ozembo escaped with his beloved Ora, after the carnage of that fatal night. Hither, too, had fled with them the venerable Orontes, after vainly assaying all that valour could,

could, to preserve their former settlement from falling a prey to the cruel Patagonians. Here also yet lived the gallant stranger Falkland, new christened since that hour of blood by the Indian name Ogloo—but the aged Oromanes, his pretended preserver, survived not that dreadful massacre. Thrice, during the desperate contest, had the mysterious Falkland, with almost more than human valour, saved the life of Ozembo; and well won the character for superior bravery he still preserved among the present chiefs of the tribe, with whom such was an essential virtue, and principal recommendation to their reverence. Here, then, at present dwelt the wandering Ozembo, surrounded with every charm exhausted nature could produce for his gratification, in a delightful vale, teeming with delicious and odorous productions. To its other advantages was added that of safety, for

the Tehuelhets had not yet discovered the secluded retreat. And, amid this delectable profusion, was Ozembo happy? view his bosom laid open, and judge.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

Oh beware, my lord, of jealousy. SHAKESPEARE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the gratitude he acknowledged due to Falkland, now called Ogloo, for a life thrice preserved by his intrepidity, Ozembo had never ceased to regard the European intruder with feelings of suspicion, at least, if not of aversion. In these feelings, it is probable, that, at first, envy may have possessed a considerable share—

> "As where's the palace whereinto foul things
> Sometimes intrude not?"

but they had recently assumed a novel, and deadlier complexion. Ora—his beloved Ora—Ozembo thought, appeared too partial to the honeyed accents sometimes

times dropt in her attentive ear by the straight and comely foreigner. These were principally tales descriptive of the wonders of other climes, to which, Ozembo was aware, Ora loved to listen: but then—were not such the means by which himself had formerly won her approving smiles? they were. Yet Ogloo was so invariably gracious, and assiduous in cultivating his friendship, that Ozembo could not openly evince his suspicions: but, in spite of repeated efforts to wrest himself from the dominion of the dreaded tyrant, jealousy, he felt the growing uneasiness daily fastening upon his soul.

One delightful afternoon, as Ora and Ozembo were reclining beneath the shade of richly-laden fruit-trees, which, without even the trouble of previous cultivation—such was nature's extreme munificence in this most lovely, and fertile region—

"Dropp'd in their laps, scarce pluck'd, their mellow store,"

they

they observed Ogloo slowly pacing, with folded arms, the meadow in front of their simple habitations.—"Yonder is Ogloo," said Ora, innocently, fixing her dark eyes with apparent pleasure upon the graceful figure of the fair-haired Indian.

Ozembo rivetted his penetrating glance upon the same object with a different expression, but he answered not.

"Shall we call him hither?" asked Ora, with thoughtless simplicity.

"For what purpose?" now demanded Ozembo.

"Thou shalt learn when he comes," replied Ora, smiling playfully; and, clapping her hands, she exclaimed—"Ogloo! Ogloo!"

"Peace, Ora, peace—ere thou plantest a javelin here that cannot be extracted!" said Ozembo, striking his breast with emotion that scorned to be any longer controlled. "Peace—ere thou kindlest a flame in my bosom the whole ocean can

can never quench! the mild voice of Ogloo thou hast made no longer pleasing to me, if it was ever so—would its deceptive tones had never saluted the ear of Ozembo! I mean, that his presence is not always requisite to Ozembo's happiness—can Ora's no longer be complete without it? not for a single hour—and even that hour passed with her Ozembo?"

Ora appeared somewhat astonished: she had often seen him gloomy, but never thus suddenly agitated before.—"But Ogloo narrates blithe legends," she exclaimed, "of the land he calls Scotland, where he says he was born. Such were wont to amuse you."

"Such amuse me no more!" said Ozembo, sighing deeply—"at least, when delivered by the lips of Ogloo. I cannot divest myself of a dread—Ah! Ora—how would it shock thee to divine my thoughts!"

"I have

"I have dreamed I knew them all," said Ora, more earnestly than she had yet spoken. "Did I, then, only dream?"

"All—all—save that thou knowest," he replied, with a visible shudder: "save *that—that* only, which thou must never know. Yet thus much still may I reveal unto thee—our circumstances render it necessary. Avoid thou yonder Ogloo. In his smile there is poison—in his presence danger. When he talks in thy hearing—beware! a serpent speaks to thee. I doubt the reality of what he seems—I suspect him to be what he seems not. Demand not thou the origin of my fears, but believe them not groundless, nor despise my precepts. Ora—*my* Ora—let thy fidelity baffle the snare which—I shudder to think—is surely now spread for the peace of Ozembo."

"Nay, Ozembo is jealous!" said Ora with surprise, and apparently somewhat hurt at the supposition.

"Mistake

"Mistake me not," said Ozembo, interrupting her—"it is not jealousy alone that tortures me. Yet the time has been when Ozembo's tale of love—no ear save her own to listen to his accents—was more precious to Ora than aught the too skilful Ogloo can unfold to her imagination, or address to her heart."

Ora looked still more amazed, but, without any other answer, clasped her arms affectionately round the neck of Ozembo.

"He observes us even now," continued the latter softly. "Let not Ora feel surprised that Ogloo should know himself the subject of our discourse, though the sound of our accents fall not upon his ear. There are more mysteries on the wide earth, dearest Ora, than subtler conceptions than thine can imagine or solve. See! his steps bend this way—I will retire, and remain not thou long

long after me. Yet greet him kindly, for he thrice saved my life—but I cannot bear his presence!"

There was indeed some semblance of veracity in the last improbable remark of Ozembo; for the eyes of Ogloo were just then turned towards them, with such a peculiar, and malignant expression, that it was evident he knew, or supposed himself, at that moment the object of their unkind animadversion. As soon as Ozembo had quitted her, Ora began to revolve in her own mind the probable fallacy, or reality, of her fond husband's tenderly-hinted suspicions. His jealousy she knew, or believed, to be utterly groundless; but Ozembo had darkly alluded to something beyond, the hidden meaning of which strange suggestion, he also told her, she must ever, as now, strive vainly to unravel. From these thoughts she was aroused by the approach of Ogloo,

in

in whom she acknowledged there was much of mystery, and whom she now regarded, for the first time, with trepidation and timidity.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

Strange is thy form, but more thy words are strange,
Fearful it seems to hold this parley with thee—
Tell me thy race and country? MATURIN.

OGLOO now appeared completely habited in the wild dress of the country, his European habiliments having long been cast aside. With these his vigorous frame, and dauntless deportment, extremely well accorded: but his grey, though piercing eyes, fair complexion, and light sandy locks, formed a singular contrast to his perfectly Indian attire. Notwithstanding this, there appeared something more beautiful, and certainly more interesting, in his solitary fairness, than even in the shadowy aspects, or the raven-coloured, and sometimes knotted hair

hair of his present companions. And now, as he approached Ora, of whose present sentiments, nevertheless, he seemed perfectly aware, he smiled submissively, and flinging himself gracefully at her feet, proffered to her some of the choicest fruit which he professed to have gathered for her acceptance. A few minutes before, Ora would not have avoided partaking of what his gallantry offered: but now she recollected the words of Ozembo—"In his smile there is poison!" and shrunk from even touching the contaminating gift.

On perceiving her resolute rejection of his services, Ogloo again smiled faintly, as if perfectly conscious of the cause, but forbore to repeat the proffer; then, turning the subject, he, with seeming carelessness, demanded—"Saw I not Ozembo part from you this instant? in his absence you must be melancholy. Shall I resume for your amusement, the splendid description where——"

"No—

"No—no, Ogloo, I am weary—I am sorrowful," said Ora, interrupting him; then with truly Indian frankness and simplicity, as if scorning to disguise her sentiments, which yet she dared only half divulge, she added—"I wonder, Ogloo, since the climes you speak of must be superior in magnificence, as well as in comfort, to our poor Indian territory, that these considerations induce you not to seek them, in preference to remaining with us any longer here?"

Ogloo still smiled, but with more of bitterness than heretofore. "Does Ora wish me to begone?" said he.

"I said not that," she replied, with timidity; "that is, I meant it not—not exactly wished——"

"Nor exactly wished otherwise," said Ogloo, ironically. "But, Ora, I may not abandon thy tribe; comfort—magnificence—nothing may urge me to do so. Should even the great orb of thy fathers'

fathers' worship, now about to decline, change its course and wheel backward to the place of rising, Ogloo may not abandon thy tribe."

"May not!" repeated Ora, with evident surprise, "and wherefore?"

"Nay, beautiful Ora!" he retorted, playfully, yet still with some mixture of bitter irony—"since those soft lips deign to speak ambiguously, permit to Ogloo the same poor privilege. It is something to know that I may not—even thus much thou knewest not yesterday: perhaps, ere many morrows shall have elapsed, thou mayest know more. But let us change the theme. Charming Ora! beneath this delightful shade, while the god of thy ancestors gradually resigns his sovereignty over the purple heaven, that the white-faced moon may enjoy for awhile her dominion, and borrowed glory, suffer me to repeat——"

"For-

"Forbear, Ogloo—I know not that I ought to listen to thee," here hastily interrupted Ora: "or, if thou repeatest aught to-day—if thou wilt persist in thy desire to narrate something, let it be the manner in which thou wert left by thy inhuman comrades upon our hostile coast, on the morn that Ozembo essayed (as he then deemed, in vain) to preserve thy threatened life."

"As thou hast commanded, most reverenced Ora," said the sycophantic Ogloo, preparing instantly to commence his narrative. He then told, that being engaged in what is termed by the curious inhabitants of other climes, a voyage of discovery—a kind of cruise, he said, still often undertaken, though commonly ending in no discovery at all—the crew, feeling more keenly than they chose to endure, the weight and number of their deprivations, had dared to differ with the resolute commander of

that adventurous expedition. Staunch to his purpose of proceeding further on his hitherto-unprofitable excursion, the determined European peremptorily refused to return; and (which forbidden consummation of differences Ogloo affirmed to be as common among Europeans, as the most savage Indians) was rewarded with death for his valiant resolution. Himself, he averred, of all the crew, alone had ventured to take part with his wronged commander; and, instigated by the same bold spirit of inquiry, had given almost equal offence by his conduct. They accordingly resolved on marooning him, which sentence was no sooner pronounced than put into execution.—"Aghast at my now inevitable doom," continued Ogloo, "on viewing the vessel recede, and observing the adjacent hills covered with those of your tribe, I long endeavoured, by hopeless signals of distress, to awaken their remorse;

and

and eventually threw myself—though not yet entirely despairing—into the briny surge. At that moment I plainly distinguished Ozembo's voice, exerted, I had reason to believe, in my behalf, but chose rather to trust to my own skill and sagacity for safety, than confide in his efforts to preserve me from their weapons. Accordingly, just as I felt their arrows whizzing round me, I availed myself of a feat I had formerly practised, diving beyond their vision deep—far—secretly. No treacherous rippling of the glossy surface—no stray bubble, betrayed the course I had chosen: I was wounded—but the effusion of gore was insufficient to reveal the direction in which I moved. They lingered on the beach some time; when all at length retiring, except Oromanes, I again ventured forth, and crawling exhausted to his feet, implored his clemency, for which I sup-

plicated not long in vain—it was extended to me."

* * * * *

Meanwhile, Ozembo had wandered deep into the shadowy grove, buried in his own torturing ruminations. The sun had declined in the west, and the moon had mounted high in the firmament, ere he was joined by Ora, Ogloo not having till then finished his detaining narrative, although she frequently wished it sooner terminated. The feelings of Ozembo during this protracted interval had been various, but all of them alike new and tormenting. It was not that he at present suspected her actual criminality; but he thought he perceived a secret leaning towards Ogloo, and a growing inclination for his society, he could have wished absent. Was she not at that moment probably attending to his alluring words? Had he not often

often witnessed the soft tender moon-beams playing over their engaging intercourse?—and the sensitive Ozembo had not yet to learn that—

"There is a dangerous silence in that hour,
A stillness, which leaves room for the full soul
To open all itself, without the power
Of calling wholly back its self-control:
The silver light, which, hallowing tree and tower,
Sheds beauty, and deep softness o'er the whole,
Breathes also to the heart, and o'er it throws
A loving languor, which is not repose."

Among other thoughts which at this moment, so favourable to meditation, entered the mind of Ozembo, it might be that vengeance on the destroyer of his peace was not the least frequently indulged in: but respecting that destroyer, Ogloo, he found himself yet unable to plan any thing decisively. From this mood he was at length aroused by the well-known melodious voice of his beloved Ora, whose silver

tones pronounced his name aloud, and who was evidently now seeking him in his solitude.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

Oh, my heart!
Would he had broken thee, that made thee know
This lady was not loyal! PHILASTER.

IN a few minutes the sound of her accents was distinguished nearer, and soon the answering echo of Ozembo's directed her with certainty to the place of his retreat. With open arms, then, Ora rushed upon his bosom, and exclaimed —"The voice of the woodland bird is sweet to the ear of the enraptured wanderer, but Ozembo's is sweeter to mine. Why hast thou strayed alone thus far from our habitation? why so long hast thou rendered strange the beloved voice that is such melody to me? it is even hours since Ora's ear hath banqueted on its mellifluous tone."

"But Ogloo hath regaled her ear with a strain as tender, and more welcome," said Ozembo, with more sternness than he usually assumed. "Answer me—hath he not?"

Ora found it impossible to avoid looking somewhat confused, as she falteringly replied—"Ogloo hath been narrating to me the manner of his escape from the javelins of our tribe, after thy voice had been vainly raised for his preservation."

"Would it had never been exalted in his cause!" now exclaimed Ozembo, with renewed agitation. "Would the too merciful main had ingulphed him for ever in its watery recesses—deep—dark—unfathomable! Oh! would he had never again arisen to blight my peace, and destroy my happiness!"

Ozembo here raised himself to his full stature—set firmly his ivory teeth—and lifting his clenched hands toward heaven, appeared to imprecate its heaviest

viest vengeance on the being he had formerly essayed to preserve. Ora beheld his energetic gestures with still increased astonishment and emotion, as twining herself around his averted form, she tenderly exclaimed—"Thou hast spoken thus before, but wherefore I yet know not, or am only partially informed. But why should Ozembo fear to impart to Ora the whole of his suspicions or his knowledge? Why now doth such a fearful cloud overcome thy altered aspect? Do not look so terribly upon me—what horrid subject hath engaged thy thoughts in this solitude to which thou hast wandered, or who have been thy companions?"

"I have been thinking," said Ozembo, endeavouring to subdue his agitation, "that we will abandon this abode of peace, which, in spite of its apparent tranquillity, now grows dangerous to me. We will leave it—we will begone."

"What danger dost thou dread?" demanded Ora, in amazement, "and whither wouldst thou wander?"

"I spoke of us both," said Ozembo, bitterly, "and thou answerest but of one. Well—remain, then, thou—alone I will begone."

"Nay, now thou art jesting!" replied Ora, reproachfully. "But whither would Ozembo flee to find greater felicity than doth court him here?"

"Whither indeed!" repeated the lost Ozembo—"but I care not whither. Perhaps to the perilous Patagonian region, whence we have just escaped—open foes are less dreaded by Ozembo than the more deadly venom of the disguised enemy. Perhaps to the Land of Fire *—any where to avoid these dreadful apprehensions—I care not whither, so I were away from hence."

"To

* *Tierra del Fuego*—opposite to the continent of Patagonia, and divided from thence by the Straits of Magellan.

"To Patagonia!" exclaimed Ora, fearfully: "wilt thou return to struggle with our fiercest enemies? Shall Ozembo go to the Land of Fire—shall he cross the deep water to avoid his dearest friends? Ozembo, whom I have loved, and whom I still must love —whom Orontes loves—whom Ogloo ——"

"Name him not!" here interrupted Ozembo, furiously—"name not the detested Ogloo! he is the bitter drop that poisons all my present happiness—he is the venomed adder that hath crept into my paradise, and transformed its choicest rivulet of bliss into a source of real, insufferable agony! I was happy —thrice blessed in the full enjoyment of thy love—thy sole undivided affection, and esteem. Ogloo—accursed Ogloo——"

"Hears thee, and wonders at the epithets bestowed on him," said a voice

bursting from the thicket, which both immediately recognised to be that of Ogloo himself; and, in another instant, the light-haired chief stood fully revealed before them.

Ozembo, now conscious that he had gone too far to recede, determined at once to defy him, and exclaimed—"Ha! is it thou? Stand, reptile! thou hast wronged me—but the hour of our reckoning is at hand!"

"This is not that hour," replied Ogloo, coolly passing him, "albeit—as thou sayest—it is at hand!" and, without even slackening his pace, he disappeared in the direction of his habitation.

The suddenly-checked Ozembo would have shouted after him to return, and essay the vengeance-nerved arm of an injured husband, but the cool demeanour of Ogloo had really chilled his rage for the present, and he resolved to bury his

his animosity until some future opportunity. For some time he appeared as if looking earnestly on the spot where he had vanished, but was in reality struggling to subdue his rising feelings: then, taking Ora tenderly by the hand, he led her slowly toward their own low-roofed dwelling. As Ozembo and Ora approached their sequestered abode—

> "At such an hour, on such a night,
> So calm, so mild, so heavenly bright,
> Who would have seen, and not confest
> It look'd as all within were blest?"

yet but a very short period was to elapse, ere the wild prey-bird of the wilderness would flap his wings with transport over that seemingly strifeless and secluded scene.

* * * * *

It was not yet midnight, when Ozembo suddenly started from his couch (which, indeed, had been sleepless), roused

sed by the unusual tumult that prevailed, mixed once again with the well-known war-cry of his tribe. Anxious to learn the cause, he instantly repaired to the place of assembly appointed on such emergencies, as usual, in the open air. Here he soon ascertained that the chiefs had reason to believe their retreat discovered by the Tehuelhets, who, according to the report of a spy just returned, were about to attack them on that very night. The consternation this intelligence occasioned throughout the assembly was extreme; for the number of the Tehuelhets was reported considerably to exceed their own, and of their valour they had already received more than sufficient proof. Accordingly—as may well be supposed under their present exigence—

"In that wild council words wax'd warm and strange,"

while deliberating on the best course to be

be pursued in order to avert the approaching peril. At length it was decided that (the females being first despatched to the heights for safety) twelve of their picked, and stoutest warriors, should proceed to reconnoitre the enemy, and if possible discover his intentions; while Ozembo, and Ogloo, were among the number selected for this hazardous expedition.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

Have not I chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil?
St. John, vi. 70.

No sooner had Ozembo received his final instructions at the council, than he hastened to take a tender (perhaps last) leave of Ora, before he proceeded on his perilous enterprise. His eleven bold associates were already prepared —but could he leave Ora on so dangerous an undertaking without the melancholy satisfaction of a parting word?—he could not, for his heart refused to do so. He found her at the open entrance of their flowery dwelling, anxiously awaiting his re-appearance to dissipate her apprehensions, or confirm her fears.

Unfortunately

Unfortunately the intelligence brought by Ozembo could only do the latter, and Ora became suddenly plunged into the most excessive grief. This grief Ozembo exerted himself to tranquillize with what arguments the occasion allowed him to use: but the exigence was sudden and imperative, and the moment fast approached when he could stay no longer.—"But Orontes stays with Ora," he exclaimed—for the Indians, with their usual sagacity, had decreed that the aged warriors should remain to protect the women, while the young and vigorous were more profitably, and desperately engaged.

"It avails not who may abide," said Ora, dejectedly: "Ozembo will be absent."

"And doth Ora perceive yonder stream?" inquired Ozembo.

"The river that runs through the valley," she remarked, carelessly—"I

see

see the soft moonbeam playing on its limpid surface."

"It is now confined, and narrow," observed Ozembo; "but our tribe have the means of diverting its course, and deluging the surrounding vale with its waters. Such means, Ora, should the Tehuelhets gain possession of our habitations, will assuredly be resorted to. Thou must, therefore, prepare to ascend the heights to a place of safety, by following cautiously its precipitous course—Orontes will direct, and accompany thee. My beloved Ora! I have no more to say: see where Orontes comes—I resign thee to his care."

The aged chief, Orontes, approached the dwelling as Ozembo concluded. "Away!" he exclaimed—"thy comrades wait for thee. Thou seest my dejected child—she is also thy wife, and would wail heavily for thy loss—but equally

so,

so, I trust, for thy dishonour. Then remember, my son, to be brave—yet forget not to temper thy valour with that prudence so requisite to thy safety, and the prosperity of thy cause."

"May our course be productive of success and victory!" cried Ozembo, grasping his tomahawk eagerly as he spoke, and preparing to take his departure.

Just then a long dusky file, consisting of eleven armed warriors, were seen gliding like so many gigantic phantoms between the shadowy trees, and taking their course toward the adjacent heights—they were the companions of Ozembo. With a single glance he recognised them, yet paused irresolutely—

> "And ere the wolf-skin on his back he flung,
> Or laced his mocazins in act to go,"

fixed another lengthened gaze upon his Ora—bestowed on her lovely form one other

other soft embrace, then rushing toward his valorous associates, fell last into the file, and presently disappeared.

By this time, the tumult was considerably increased, the whole of the inhabitants preparing to leave their dwellings, and resort to the mountains, until the result of the coming contest should be known. Orontes, among the rest, selecting only his arms for preservation, abandoned silently his peaceful habitation; and with Ora essayed, by traversing the brink of the river, to arrive at its rocky source, which once attained, presented to the females their only chance of security.

Meanwhile, the party which contained Ozembo and Ogloo, proceeded in single file at a swift rate; and if speed or courage could have baffled the design of their assailants, there were those among them by no means deficient in either qualification. But, it is also true, that, amid

amid that light-footed cavalcade, there were some whose minds, and bosoms, were any thing but fit for the task they had undertaken. With this latter number might truly be classed Ozembo, whose heaving breast and throbbing brain (in spite of his assumed demeanour before the penetrating Orontes) still swelled and beat with the remembrance of his jealous pangs, and the anticipation of his projected vengeance. Of that vengeance, though the cool forbearance of Ogloo had determined him to delay for the present its execution, or to wreak it more secretly on his victim, he had never relinquished the idea; and the present occurrence—some demon failed not to whisper him—was peculiarly favourable to its speedy consummation. Ozembo had known—had endured already the horrors of remorse for many an ill-advised hasty deed of blood, and had as often vowed never again to imbrue

imbrue his hands in human gore, for any earthly consideration whatever; but the tormenting suspicions he now suffered were so new to him—so utterly undreamed of, and so utterly insupportable, that he found it impossible to resist the impulse which prompted him at once to rid himself of a rival, and restore to his bosom its vanished happiness.

"Why (thought Ozembo, as he followed the warlike file in gloomy silence) should I falter, or hesitate to slay this man? am I not now abroad in quest of enemies, whom, if I encounter, I shall not shrink to sacrifice—and is not Ogloo an enemy more bitter to Ozembo than these? What seek my associates in this wearying enterprise but the destruction of their foes—and shall Ozembo's alone be permitted to survive? What seek the fierce antagonists of our tribe, save to rob of our possessions, and embitter

embitter our existence—and hath not Ogloo already embittered mine? It shall be so—he escapes not the coming strife: should the blows of our opponents chance to be misdirected, this arm shall not shrink to stretch him bleeding in the dust. Whatever the chance of war may determine, or whatever the consequent risk I may encounter—Ogloo must return no more."

The party having now traversed a considerable distance, at length reached the spot whence they expected to have obtained a complete view of their enemies, but all appeared vacant and deserted; the Tehuelhets had evidently changed their position, and, it was more than probable, had proceeded forward to the attack, by a different route from that which themselves had chosen. The moon now sinking low in the firmament, although the hour of daybreak was yet distant, seemed also to favour this

this conjecture; as it was extremely probable that the wily Tehuelhets should take advantage of the brief interval of darkness, to fall upon, and destroy their habitations. Disappointed in their project, therefore, and but too apprehensive of the fatal consequences of an attack made now upon their tribe, thus weakened by the absence of many of their bravest warriors, they determined to seek the spot whence, as already intimated, they could easily divert the waters of the river to the destruction, or, at least, to the discomfiture, of their triumphant and inveterate enemies. The dreaded interval of darkness stole over them as they proceeded, and not a little enhanced the difficulties that every where sprang up in their trackless course. At length, just as the dawn appeared breaking in the east, they succeeded in gaining a small level tract, not far from the spot of their destination; and here, wearied

ried and faint with the fatigue they had undergone, they were fain to rest themselves awhile in order to breathe more freely, ere proceeding to the termination of their arduous journey.

With the first glimmering of slow-peeping light, were their keen eyes strained anxiously over the narrow vale beneath them, in order to reconnoitre if possible the suspected movement of their enemies, as well as to ascertain the present position of their friends. At first their efforts were totally in vain: but as the daylight grew gradually stronger, they were just enabled to discern something that resembled the motion of a sable host, evidently approaching the site of their devoted habitations. In a short space they viewed this dusky living mass surround their peaceful dwellings, like an enormous flight of blood-thirsty vampires*, and Ozembo even

 fancied

* The vampire, or spectre bat of South America, lives in the palm-trees, whence it issues toward the close of day, co-

fancied he could faintly distinguish the noise of the onset. To this fearful collision the bustle of mingling strife seemed soon to succeed; and to the bustle of strife succeeded visibly the rushing of many fugitives from the scene of contest. This signal was enough for Ogloo, on whom the principal command of the small detachment present appeared to have devolved—"Those of our tribe are overpowered!" he exclaimed: then turning to the young Indian next him, and pointing upward toward the still-overhanging cliffs, he added—"Onward, Orillo! one last effort to drown the accursed Tehuelhets—mount and perform your duty!"

As he finished, the young warrior addressed

vering the villages in vast numbers, like a far-spread canopy, and destroying every thing that has life which it finds asleep in the air. It sucks the blood, at the same time fanning the air with its wings: the effect of which, in that sultry climate, is found only to produce a still deeper slumber, from which its victims commonly pass to death.

dressed bounded with renewed agility up the threatening precipice, followed by the greater number of his companions. With a slight yell he speedily disappeared from view, as well as his equally-brave and agile followers—Ogloo, and Ozembo, stood together alone. "All is lost—but I thank Heaven that Ora is by this time safe!" ejaculated Ozembo, unconsciously, still gazing toward the half-revealed commotion which polluted the shadowy vale at his feet.

"And whom thankest thou for thy own safety?" demanded Ogloo, in an ironical tone.

"Abhorred intruder! I thank thee for nothing," exclaimed Ozembo, starting at the sound of his voice.

"Thou art right—thou hast little cause," Ogloo muttered, as he turned away, apparently to ascend the rugged promontory after his companions. Now was the moment for Ozembo to evince

his resolution—and he suffered it not to occur in vain. Seizing his opportunity, while Ogloo's back was toward him, he raised his tomahawk, and, as it descended on the red-plumed crest of his imagined enemy, exclaimed—" Die, dissembler, for thy perfidy!" The stroke was well aimed, and fell with a violence sufficient to have extinguished an hundred lives, yet Ogloo sunk not under it—his plume, indeed, with some portion of his hair, lay stripped off at his feet, but the European chief stood otherwise unharmed.

With an aspect in which rage seemed mingled with astonishment—with a visage full of the most demoniac intelligence, did Ogloo turn fiercely toward his dastardly assailant; and while his tomahawk trembled in his hand, as if eager to cleave in pieces the assassin, and his scowling front betrayed the vengeful emotions of his bosom, addressed

ssed him in a tone of bitter derision
l contempt. "I have not power to
ite thee," he exclaimed, "but—ha!
! ha!—thou art smitten—thou shalt
l—feel, even to thy false heart's core,
: terrible vengeance of Falkland!
Falkland, whose wretched life thou
uldst fain have preserved—of Ogloo,
ose happier existence thou wouldst
ı have destroyed! See where the
age Tehuelhet riots yonder in thy
ightful home—look to thy wrath-
iled dwelling, the loved production
thine own industry, and tell me then
I am not avenged? Hark to the
r of yonder bursting cataract—how
h it strike thine ear? Ha! it is al-
dy augmented by the shriek of ago-
—the music of distress! Whose was
t bubbling scream?—dost thou re-
mise its tone?—Faithless Ozembo,
thou rememberest not—since the
ce that maketh that wild ringing

melody was, oh! how familiar to thee. Thy beloved wife—thy Ora—she for whom thou wouldest even become a murderer—where is she now?—ha! ha! —Go witness where—hear her wild supplicating cries for life—view her hard struggles for a little longer existence, and then tell me if Falkland—if Ogloo is not avenged?"

While he spoke, a heavy and unusual sound fell on the unaccustomed ear of Ozembo, and made his heart quake within him, even more effectually than the strange and terrifying demeanour of Ogloo. Presently a loud shriek for help smote his startled senses, and long ere Ogloo informed him of the circumstance, he recognised the voice which uttered it to be that of his own adored, unfortunate bride. In another moment, the whole truth was developed. It was the rumbling of the loosened waters he heard, in their precipitous descent to the

the plain below—the inundation had commenced, and Ora was about to become its first victim! with a ghastly look of horror he fled from the presence of the fiendish Ogloo, and rushed toward the spot whence the cry of agony appeared still to proceed.

The grey dawn had advanced, during his protracted intercourse with Ogloo, and it was now sufficiently light for Ozembo to discern his pathless course, as well as the rugged objects that rose frowningly around him. Above all, the white foamy track of the downward-bending torrent he could plainly distinguish, and thither he now directed his fleet, though often bewildered steps. Presently he arrived half breathless at its brink; the call for assistance had ceased some time—even the low wail of lamentation had died away, and all was silent—all seemed solitary. Suddenly, while yet looking "sad and earnest on

the water," Ozembo beheld the mangled form of his Ora whirled hastily by, and carried impetuously downward by the descending stream. Its course was so swift—its passage so momentary, that he had no time to ponder on the means of rescuing, or drawing that mutilated corpse to shore; it passed him, and was gone—his straining eyes strove vainly to follow it. Distracted, he tore the wild raiment from his form, exclaiming as he did so—"Ora—Ora—it is Ozembo calls—stay for me, my beloved! thy bridegroom follows thee. Where thou restest, there also shall be my abiding place—whither thou goest, thither will Ozembo go likewise!"

The chasm through which the water now swept was steep and craggy, as newly torn by the diverted torrent—the bank was high and slippery, beneath which rushed furiously the loosened flood, as if eager to attain the more tranquil

quil valley that still lay between it and the great South Pacific Ocean, into which eventually its waters were poured. From this wild dangerous boundary was Ozembo now suspended in middle air by a solitary yielding twig, over the foaming current, the slender branch to which his hands yet clung convulsively alone seeming to hold him back from destruction—

"Back by a single hair, which would not break."

A massy floating tree now hove in sight, apparently dragged from its unwieldy roots, by the resistless fury of the cataract. Ozembo dropped upon it, as it was borne beneath him amid the boiling foam, and was instantly hurried with it onward by the impetuously descending stream, toward the site of his former Indian habitation.

CHAP. XII.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.

BYRON.

As Ozembo, thus partially supported amid the bubbling waves, swept past the secluded situation of his now vanished home—the happiest he had ever yet possessed or enjoyed, his emotions, stilled for awhile by the giddy whirling of his frail dependance, again became utterly uncontrollable. A single canoe floated where his habitation once stood, near the former channel of the stream which now threatened presently to devour him, as it had already destroyed one whose preservation to him was far dearer than his own. Struggling almost unconsciously, yet still struggling (urged by

by that universal instinct planted deep in the bosoms of all human kind) against his dreadful destiny, he contrived to transfer into it his cold and shivering form. Then, frantic with agony, waving his helpless hands, he shouted savage-like in his desolation, while the grey twilight burst into morning gradually around him, as the wild current bore him swiftly onward to the mighty South Pacific Ocean.

* * * * *

The now-enfeebled remnant of that scattered tribe soon afterwards collected hastily together, and fled far enough from the doubly-enkindled wrath of their ancient inveterate enemies. It was now that the sorrowful Orontes disclosed to his fellow-chiefs the lamentable manner of Ora's untimely doom. He told that, owing to the delicacy of form, and drooping spirits of his lovely

charge, he was utterly unable to gain in time the appointed rendezvous of safety. Afraid to invoke assistance by cries which he was apprehensive would only draw toward them an unequal, and perhaps overwhelming, number of the enemy, he patiently endeavoured to toil upward with his beauteous burthen in silence. While thus engaged, the black rocky mound above them which formed the river's barrier was torn away by the party under the direction of Ogloo, and sire and daughter were together engulphed in the descending flood. The arm of Orontes was powerful in battle, and dreaded for its expertness in single strife; but he now found himself assailed by a potent, and resistless enemy, against whom even the skill and vigour of Orontes strove vainly to prevail. He, however, succeeded in saving himself with difficulty, by clinging with one hand to the surrounding trees;

trees; while, with the other, he endeavoured to keep hold of his terrified child—but in vain.—The rushing torrent soon tore her from his grasp, and carried his tender Ora headlong down the exalted precipice. A lengthened scream, more horrible to him than the war-cry of the Tehuelhets, rang wildly in his ears! He smote his bosom fearfully—he tore the scanty locks from his aged forehead—but he could not save his child!

From that sad, fatal hour, neither Ozembo, nor Ogloo, mingled any longer with the remaining stragglers of that wandering tribe; nor was it ever known, even to their dearest friends, what particular stroke, or destiny, had fallen to the lot of either. It was generally believed that both had perished by the Tehuelhets; but as Orontes soon after laid his aged bones in the earth, there were few left to remember

—none

—none to regret their absence, and they were speedily as entirely forgotten as if such had never been.

* * * * *
* * * *
* * * * *

In the once-magnificent city of Moscow, the former extensive capital of the whole vast Russian empire, dwelt the wealthy Alexander Smolensko, a nobleman, who, in the sumptuousness of his abode, and the splendour of his equipages, was surpassed by none of the gorgeous residents of the great northern metropolis. Count Smolensko, in addition to a wife of exquisite beauty, possessed likewise an amiable daughter, of whose perfections, and unparalleled accomplishments, report was lavish in its praise. The disposition of lady Smolensko was proud, and much inclined to tyrannize—morose, haughty, and unbending;

unbending; but not so that of her more gentle and submissive offspring. The former resembled the bleak wintry skies of her own rugged clime: the latter that sunny vault of sweet soft azure, that glows only beneath a milder latitude. In short, the docile and agreeable Agatha Smolensko, in all, except uncommon personal beauty, of which each could really boast a more than usual share, was the very contrast (as universally acknowledged) of her stern, lofty, and imperious mother.

Among the most distinguished and favoured admirers of the beauteous Agatha, deserves to be first mentioned, a young engaging foreigner, lately arrived in Moscow, named Lovinski. By Smolensko himself, and more particularly by his ambitious countess, the suit of this fascinating stranger, without title, although not, it appeared, without fortune, was most decidedly discouraged

raged and despised; but, as far as regarded only Agatha, it was easy to perceive that the handsome, captivating Lovinski, was not indifferent to her heart.

It was the winter season; the snow was fast descending, and the bitter gale swept keenly the yet crowded streets of Moscow, when a gorgeous equipage, drawn by six noble horses, sumptuously caparisoned, drove furiously to the lofty palace of the renowned count Smolensko. It was only one of several which had that night passed the massy gates that admitted to the court-yard, and deposited their noble owners beneath the marble portico which adorned the spacious entrance: but, among the whole, none were more magnificent, or more costly, than that which now drew up to the thronged portal. It stopped, and Lovinski alit from it; and drawing his huge fur mantle closely around

around him, passed through a bending crowd of liveried menials, majestically into the lighted hall of the palace.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

Cold! cold! 'Tis a chilly clime
That the toil of the youth has reached,
And he is aweary now,
And faint for the lack of food.
Dost thou wish for thy deserts, O! son of Hodeira?

SOUTHEY.

THERE was a splendid entertainment given on that evening, at the noble and hospitable palace of Smolensko. The numerous and extensive apartments were each lit and decorated in a style of superior brilliancy, and gorgeous magnificence. Rich and becoming ornaments were every where disposed for effect, with tasteful profusion; and few who paraded in the warm temperature of those mirrored chambers, gave a thought

thought to the piercing blast that howled without, or the children of misery whose "looped and windowed raggedness" but ill defended them from its relentless fury. In whatever direction the eye might chance to wander, abounded the most costly, and delicious refreshments; and menials, richly liveried, attended at every door, and met the glance at every turn. Near to the outer portal, in the court-yard, for the convenience and comfort of the vassals and attendants in waiting on their numerous guests, blazed a large cheering fire, as was customary in that half-polished country, where festivities, and recreations of a ruder kind, were also taking place; and many jocund hearts, regardless of the bleak surrounding atmosphere, strained their coarse voices above the noise of the crackling flames, in praise of the liberal count Smolensko.

The dancing had now commenced, and

and Agatha Smolensko, attired with the most exquisite taste and delicacy, " footed it featly" with her assiduous, and accomplished partner, the almost equally graceful Lovinski. From this mutually attached, and winning pair, the applauding circle now found it impossible to withhold their admiration, which often burst forth in audible murmurs of approval and delight, not much to the gratification of the noble donors of the *fête*, the count and countess Smolensko. Lovinski seemed about the middle age, or nearly approaching to it; and his dark swarthy complexion, with the sable locks he wore in becoming profusion, as well as the easy languor of his whole air, bespoke him a native of some burning land which lay far toward the lascivious east. In spite of his Russian habit, and present assumption of northern politeness and frigidity, the effects of the scorching sunbeam were visibly imprinted

imprinted deep on his tawny forehead: but this did not detract from the general interest of his appearance, nor diminish the admiration with which the finished and voluptuous movements of the well-taught stranger were regarded — perhaps rather tended to increase these feelings. Agatha Smolensko, his more than commonly attractive partner, was arrayed with modest simplicity, but yet gold and silver were not entirely wanting to adorn her naturally resplendent charms. Her figure was rather tall, and precisely suited to couple agreeably with his own: but her complexion of the purest ivory, and her soft ringlets of almost flaxen whiteness, formed a striking yet lovely contrast, to the raven hair, and mellower aspect, of the more staid Lovinski. And now, as they bounded airily together through the light mazes of the graceful dance, the countess Smolensko

eyed

eyed them secretly with a malignant expression of rising distrust, and an inward determination to prevent their intercourse for the future; while even the more temperate Smolensko himself, disapproving as he did of the match for his daughter, appeared to lament having suffered their intimacy so long to continue unrestrained.

Ere yet the dance in which Agatha and Lovinski were engaged was finished, and while still the eyes of the whole admiring assemblage were attentively bent upon their graceful motions, entered the lofty and valiant baron Wolveroff, a retired soldier laden with wounds and glory, the especial favourite of his sovereign, and the sole remaining descendant of one of the noblest families throughout the Russian empire. He was aged, but his honourable scars, gained in the cause of his country, and the renown he had derived from them, together

together with the distinctions conferred upon him by his prince, in the opinion of many persons, entirely overbalanced and concealed that defect. To the father of Agatha also had the baron Wolveröff, as well as the gay stranger Lovinski, made proposals for the hand of his beautiful daughter; and to neither of the aspirants had count Smolensko yet returned any decisive answer. He was unwilling to sacrifice his only child, whom, moreover, he dearly loved, by rendering her subject to the caprices of age and peevishness; but, on the other hand, was not wholly prepared to reject so beneficial a match—an union that promised so much for the advancement of himself and family, as the far-sighted Smolensko, with all the keenness of a practised courtier, fancied he could safely calculate upon, by judiciously closing with the present offer of Wolveroff.

As may be supposed, the old veteran was

was not greatly pleased on his entrance to find the soft object of his wishes, at that moment, so much the subject of another's attention; and that other one whom he had too great cause to fear was his rival. He strove, however, to face out the matter bravely, and to act with *nonchalance*, as he had done in many a more desperate, and dangerous situation; and, taking his seat with all the freedom of an old acquaintance next to the person of his noble host, appeared to enter with him into deep conversation. After a little while, lady Smolensko was summoned to partake their conference, and whispers of wonder went abroad among the guests at their noble host's apparent abstraction, and departure from his usual sprightliness on such occasions as the present; but Agatha (nor even her adored Lovinski) yet dreamed not of the bolt which was ready on that night to burst upon her head.

During

During the greater portion of that last joyous night did the revelry continue, while, according to the poet's apt description of a similar scene—

> "The long carousal shakes the illumined hall,
> Well speeds alike the banquet and the ball;
> And the gay dance of bounding beauty's train
> Links grace and harmony in happiest chain:
> Blest are the early hearts and gentle hands
> That mingle there in well-according bands!"

But as it began to wax late, although many remained, the most distinguished guests gradually disappeared, and among them the baron Wolveroff, who, after an extremely low and reverential salutation to Agatha, ordered his equipage early, and took his leave.

Soon after his departure, although still, as Shakespeare has expressed it, the "sport was at the best," Agatha Smolensko was peremptorily ordered to her mother's dressing-room, there to await her communication of some important

matter. The timid, and submissive Agatha, immediately obeyed this imperious mandate, and retired from the company. Lovinski danced no more, but long awaited her return to the ball-room, with a degree of anxiety for which he was unable to account; but, perceiving that the company now grew extremely thin, and finding that she did not again appear, he at length took his departure, and drove home.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

> And that same marriage is the very theme
> I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter Juliet,
> How stands your disposition to be married?
>
> SHAKESPEARE.

So passively was the mild Agatha accustomed to submit to the will of her haughty mother on every occasion, that she had hardly yet even dared to surmise what could be the cause, or meaning, of this strange injunction. Yet though she neither dared, nor possessed the inclination, to question its propriety, she could not wholly avoid feeling it an unkind separation from one of whose society she was already too fond for her perfect tranquillity; but whose society she also felt was now the only charm

that could sweeten or enliven her existence. Thus far did the unsuspecting Agatha venture for once to arraign secretly her mother's conduct—but no further; she had yet no dread of after-consequences—no fear of any thing beyond the present evening—no idea—no dream that the present separation was meant to be eternal. After waiting a considerable time in solitude, her mother at length made her appearance; and dismissing the attendants with a haughty gesture, fastened the door as if to prevent intrusion, and seating herself with dignity beside her daughter, appeared about to address to her something of no mean importance.

Agatha now turned pale, and almost trembled, though not aware of any fault she had committed. The countess observed her trepidation, and slightly touching her cheek with her lips, observed—"I come not hither to blame you,

you, Agatha, for aught that has happened this eve, however strongly I might disapprove—but be not afraid—the blame is mine alone." Then, casting her eyes on a mirror, she demanded—"My child—how looked I to-night?"

"Well, madam," was the laconic reply of Agatha, and all she was able to utter.

It was, indeed, true: the countess Smolensko—always so majestic—always beautiful, never looked nobler than on the present occasion. Her stately figure was now closely enveloped in a large embroidered mantle, which she had thrown around her on quitting the ball-room to commune with Agatha: yet even through the dark glittering folds of this warm covering, the symmetry of her form shone apparent to the beholder. Her locks were long, fair, and unconfined—her complexion the most speckless alabaster. What wanted the

countess Smolensko to render her perfectly amiable? A gentle, and feminine disposition, to correspond with the exterior beauty of her person.

"I mean not to blame you, child," she now repeated, in a tone which implied the blame she affected to wave—"but these fooleries with a mere untitled wanderer, beseem not the condition of Agatha Smolensko. Looked I well, saidst thou, Agatha, when the brave baron Wolveroff was seated by my side? My beloved Agatha! thou also lookedst well. So well, my child, that thy mother hath been blamed for thus, like a jealous niggard, hoarding a treasure even one of the noblest in Russia hath long panted to possess."

"What means my mother?" asked Agatha, tremulously, while the palpable heaving of her bosom betrayed her emotion.

"That thy hand hath been to-night a second

a second time solicited," replied the countess, firmly, "by one with whom an alliance would be equally advantageous and honourable. What answers Agatha to a proposal sanctioned by prudence, and approved of by her parents?"

"My hand is at their disposal," said Agatha, evidently not displeased, but blushing even to crimson: then changing suddenly her whole manner, she added with quickness—"but to whom?"

"The courteous and gallant baron Wolveroff," replied the countess, pompously, "in esteem for our noble house, and veneration for the ancient attributes of our family—as well as, it may be, some share of admiration for thyself—hath condescended to offer thee rank and happiness."

"The baron Wolveroff!" repeated Agatha in astonishment, while the glow on her cheeks faded at once into a deadly paleness.

"Ay!" said the countess, somewhat nettled at the change she could not avoid perceiving—"what answers Agatha to the noble baron—the favourite of his prince, and of his country?"

Agatha paused a moment, and then, summoning all her resolution, replied with more dignity than, on any occasion of her life, she had ever before assumed—"My answer is to the brave baron Wolveroff—thanks for the esteem in which he holds our house—regard for the veneration with which *he* professes to regard *my* ancestors, who I knew were noble, ere he informed me of it, and worthy of bearing relationship to his own. With respect to the rank and happiness he offers me—tell him that the first is worthless to me, because I prize it not; and, for the second—it is not in his power to bestow."

The countess Smolensko now looked in

in her turn, indeed astonished; she had never seen Agatha betray such emotion —never heard her evince so much spirit. Forcing herself, however, by a violent effort, to at least the outward appearance of calmness for a transient period, she demanded—"And should Agatha Smolensko deign at all to enter into the happy wedded state, who is likely to become the object of her choice?"

"Oh! now you are again my mother!" exclaimed Agatha melting, and falling at the feet of her dissembling parent. "Oh, my kind mother! should you ever wed your Agatha—if you would have her live to thank, and bless you—let it not be to any other than Lovinski!"

"Away from my sight, perfidious! begone, disobedient!" now vociferated the angry countess, giving full scope at once to her chagrin and resentment. This was precisely what lady Smolen-

sko had long feared, and suspected—and her rage knew no bounds. Her beautiful face was swollen with choler, and its effects seemed to oppress her almost to suffocation: like a tigress, she rushed upon her shrinking offspring—had she smitten her, the blows would but have fallen on an inanimate form, for Agatha had fainted at her feet.

* * * * *

During several succeeding days, Lovinski called vainly at the palace of Smolensko—none of its noble inmates were to be seen. At length, determined to obtain some more direct and positive information respecting the cause of this mysterious absence, in which he felt his own happiness to be materially concerned, he became one morning more minute in his inquiries: on which the porter, Nicholas, appearing suddenly to recollect himself, gave him

him a letter purporting to be from his young mistress, Agatha Smolensko, with many well-feigned expressions of contrition for having forgotten it so long.—"Creeping, treacherous slave!" cried the exasperated Lovinski, fancying that he could already penetrate the shallow artifice; and, as he spoke, he struck the shrinking menial a blow with the hilt of his sword which felled him to the ground. The weapon was heavy, and Nicholas appeared to have felt its full weight; the blood spouted instantly from his temples, and even sprinkled in its progress the green habit of his murderer—for the wretched domestic had indeed received his death-blow. Lovinski saw—but disdainfully turned on his heel, and again entering his carriage, drove rapidly homeward with the billet of Agatha.

He had not sufficient patience to await his arrival, as may be easily sup-

 posed,

posed, ere he panted to peruse the epistle thus bloodily obtained. From its contents, however, he drew little consolation: they were simply these:—

"Lovinski is informed that circumstances of a pressing nature have called the family of count Smolensko, for the present, into the country. He is further desired to understand that, under any circumstances, his presence at the palace of Smolensko will in future be dispensed with.

"AGATHA SMOLENSKO."

The hand-writing was evidently Agatha's, and with her affixed signature Lovinski was too well acquainted to be easily deceived; yet he suffered not these circumstances, convincing as such might appear, to warp his judgment,

or

or to influence his consequent resolutions. He knew that Agatha (although she adored him) was completely under the control of her parents, and more particularly of her tyrannical mother: to even the worst of whose terrible ordinances, should such be issued to the prejudice of their hoped-for union, he felt conscious she would hardly dare to object. There was much, too, of suspicion in the (no doubt instructed) menial's having so long detained this important communication; for had they not probably by this time attained a considerable distance on their route, which their secret departure might render it impossible to trace? Why was the termination of that route concealed from Lovinski? These circumstances failed not to operate in his mind considerably to the exculpation of Agatha, who, he justly deemed, had been but an unwilling instrument in the hands of her imperative

as usual to visit at the palace of Smolensko, but of course saw not Agatha, although, it seemed more than probable, he was no stranger to the place of her retreat. With the exception of the baron's frequent visits, the count and countess appeared to keep less company than heretofore: a general gloom seemed to pervade every thing at the palace of Smolensko, of which none knew, and few were even able to divine the origin. At this time, Lovinski had quitted the populous city of Moscow, none being aware of the precise period, or purpose of his departure.

* * * * *

In a far distant, and sequestered mansion, near the dreary confines of desert Siberia, surrounded by almost everlasting snow, now pined the wretched Agatha Smolensko, cut off by cruel parents from all her fond anticipations of

of future happiness. No cheering object was here to enliven her dull moments—no companion, save an aged female, named Magdalen, who acted in the capacity of a superior attendant, and had strict charge of her health and security. Among the objects which here employed her always melancholy thoughts, the most frequent was her abandoned—loved Lovinski; and if hope ever entered her bosom in this dismal solitude, it was when she remembered his oft-repeated vows, and felt convinced, by their fervency, that he was not likely to forget her. Yet of what avail was likely to be his remembrance of the "happy, heartfelt hours," she had passed in his society? Of the long-deserted mansion in which she was now immured, Lovinski knew not even the existence, and had he known its situation, or the gloomy existence to which she was now doomed by her unfeeling mother (for the count

had

had little share in the transaction), his interference was likely to achieve but little towards her release, or restoration to the favour of her offended family.

"Ah me!" she sometimes cried, despondingly, "why was I born to endure these fierce extremes of piercing cold, and unutterable fire: without—the chilling blast of this rigorous, never verdant clime; and within—the glowing warmth of an affection as hopeless as it is ardent and tormenting. Alas! if by the irresistible decrees of destiny I was foredoomed to bear this cruel deprivation—for still the loss of Lovinski's society must the imprisoned Agatha account the heaviest of her woes—why was not my strength proportioned to the endurance of so great a calamity? But, as I feel already too fatally assured—not all the cold terrors of this icy region, to which my almost equally frigid parent hath condemned me, can prevent the

flame

flame in my heart from consuming my existence."

Sometimes the officious Magdalen endeavoured to console her, and not unfrequently strove to set before her the advantages she would derive from an implicit following of her parents' counsel; but Agatha—the faithful Agatha, on such occasions, never allowed her even to proceed. Thus passed their heavy, and unsocial hours: there were several other domestics left to guard the mansion, but with these Agatha mingled not even to command—her only amusement consisted of her books, and the conversation of Magdalen.

* * * * *

It was on a clear, starlight night, illumined too by the beautiful Aurora Borealis, almost to the brilliancy of departed day, but excessively cold, that Lovinski approached what he rightly conceived

conceived would prove the termination of his hitherto fruitless search. A large, and apparently-neglected mansion, arose dark and frowning over the bleak white waste, towards which his steps had been directed by the neighbouring peasantry, as belonging to the rich count Smolensko; and towards which he now fleetly proceeded, over hardened snows which yielded not to the pressure of his nimble footprint, so frozen and slippery was the glistering surface. Lovinski was alone, and habited in the coarse garb of a common peasant, which he had deemed best calculated to effect his concealment, and forward his design; he had endured no slight degree of hardship, but he knew that the costly prize, if once obtained, would more than requite him for the temporary inconvenience he had been doomed to suffer, during the prosecution of his enterprise.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

I see, a man's life is a tedious one;
I have tired myself; and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed.

* * * *

Two beggars told me
I could not miss my way: will poor folks lie,
That have afflictions on them? SHAKESPEARE.

TWICE did Lovinski (though faint and exhausted with his previous travel) make the wearying circuit of this desolate-looking residence, ere he perceived that he was watched by a figure, who seemed to have been cautiously placed there as a guard, or centinel. This man now approached the disguised wanderer, dauntlessly, and levelling his firelock full at his supposed defenceless breast, de-

demanded, in an authoritative tone—"Who goes there? Speak! or this silences you for ever."

"A friend!" answered Lovinski, at the same time cautiously drawing a pistol from his bosom, which movement he took care his interrogator should observe.

"That is false," replied the ruffian in office, fiercely—"stand! for I know thee. Thou art the foreigner, Lovinski."

Lovinski started on hearing his name pronounced thus readily, but presently recovering himself, advanced, saying—"Whoever thou art that knowest my name so well, it suits not my purpose to deny the fidelity of thy recollection. Ha!" he continued, now observing his challenger to be the very menial whom he had felled to the ground at the palace of Smolensko, a circumstance which surprised him more, as a report of his death

death had previously reached him, ere he quitted Moscow—" thou art Nicholas!—yet how is it that thou, poor Nicholas! art living, and art here?"

" Not by the omission of any effort of thine to destroy me, as thou knowest," replied Nicholas, half maliciously; but, at the same time, grounding his piece, and calmly awaiting the approach of Lovinski.

" Nay, Nicholas," said the latter, attempting at least to smile, " now thou speakest too harshly. What I did in my rage I am sorry for, and am heartily well pleased again to encounter thee here. As a further proof that Lovinski hath little desire to be thine enemy, here is my purse, to cure the rash blow I dealt thee, which I wish I could recal, as easily as I can compensate thee for its infliction."

Nicholas took the purse, but received it with a grin that still seemed half malignant,

lignant, or derisive; and then, with real or pretended surliness, demanded—"And what favour is the despised Nicholas expected to perform for this?"

"By the friendly height of yonder shadowing walls," said Lovinski, drawing him gently toward the building, "we shall be screened alike from unwelcome observation, and the bitter intrusion of this freezing blast. There shalt thou learn—thrice gentle Nicholas, whose forgiving disposition hath already won my admiration—what service thou shalt presently perform for me. This night—this very night, shall Nicholas procure such a favour for Lovinski, that the sum thou hast already received from him, twenty times doubled, shall fall short of thy recompence."

* * * * *

As Agatha was sitting dejectedly in one of the extensive naked apartments, in

in company with her sole confidential attendant, Magdalen, she suddenly drew her chair nearer to the fire, and exclaimed—"Oh! what a dreary, comfortless clime is this! Alas! for the houseless, shivering wretches, exposed this night to its fury—should there be any such—my very heart is chilled by thinking on their misery!"

"It is, indeed, a rare cold night," said Magdalen, assenting to the first observation of her feeling captive: with respect to the second, she then added—"My Nicholas, poor youth! must endure its pitiless breath the bleak night through, it being his turn to watch without the walls—I warrant his handsome limbs will ache before the morning!" and, with an affected sigh, the elderly damsel concluded.

By this speech it will appear—and let not the conclusion seem over strange, since such things sometimes occur—that

the somewhat-antiquated maiden had cast what is vulgarly called a sheep's eye upon the youthful Nicholas, who, sooth to say, in spite of their disparity in point of years, had not formerly discouraged her pretensions.

"But, alack!" she now continued, "the youth is changed. Since that unfortunate blow he received from thy headstrong champion, the vagabond Lovinski, which it was feared would have cost him his life—nay, which it was even reported had done so—hath Nicholas been utterly altered. He is now grown moody, and thoughtful; and though the good count hath sent him here, as I believe, chiefly to render my situation comfortable—that I may, as it were, hanker less after that delightful Moscow, he scarcely ever deigns me a single word. Indeed, so totally different is Nicholas from that which he was wont to be, that I sometimes think it is not

Nicholas

Nicholas whom the good count hath sent us, but——"

"But what?" said Agatha, perceiving her pause.

"You have heard of wandering, disembodied spirits," resumed Magdalen, with solemnity, "who, ere the corpse is cold——"

"Psha!" exclaimed Agatha, rising—"it is late. Magdalen, I shall retire."

"With all my heart, lady," said Magdalen, rising likewise. Then to herself, in a lower key, she subjoined—"But ere Magdalen also retires, she will ope the portal to Nicholas, who shall lie tonight by the kitchen hearth, I vow, as an act of common charity; for this keen biting air is even unkinder than himself." With this determination she descended to the portal, and Agatha prepared to retire to rest.

* * * * *

"Nicholas!" now exclaimed the shrill voice of Magdalen at the opened portal —"he hears me not—Ah! time has been when he would have sooner distinguished the voice of Magdalen. Softly! he is yonder—mercy on me! there are two of them—or could my eyes deceive me?—Nicholas!"

Nicholas now approached, with apparent unconcern, and inquired gruffly why he was summoned. The compassionate Magdalen was not long in acquainting him with her humane intentions, but added—"Who was thy companion? I mean the tall peasant standing beside thee yonder—surely I saw two figures?"

"It was only my shadow flung by the light thou seest in the sky," replied Nicholas, carelessly, alluding to the Aurora Borealis, which appeared indeed playing beautifully over the enlightened firmament. Then requesting her coolly

to

to leave the portal to his charge, he returned to his post, as he said, to fetch his firelock; and Magdalen withdrew not very well pleased with his courtesy, to attend her young mistress to her chamber, leaving the door a little open, as Nicholas had desired her.

* * * * *

Agatha Smolensko was now in her sleeping apartment, to which, a short time after the preceding conversation, she was officiously ushered by Magdalen, who had since likewise retired to repose. Desolate as was commonly the face of Nature in this forbidding, frost-bound region, Agatha still loved, ere retiring to her oftentimes sleepless couch, to look abroad upon her varying countenance. Approaching, therefore, for this purpose, the small recess in which the window of her apartment was situated, she thought she perceived the cur-

tain which shadowed it to tremble. Amazed, yet scarcely knowing what to dread, she was about to alarm Magdalen, when a voice, whose silver tones were instantly remembered, desired her to remain tranquil, and assured her that she had nothing to apprehend. At the same instant, the figure of Lovinski, habited like the humblest peasant, stood revealed before her! The welcome intruder now rushed forth to embrace her, with all the fervency of a long-parted lover, but Agathá was near fainting with emotion—he caught her sinking form, ere it fell to the earth, and strained her to his heart.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII.

Yes, love, indeed, is light from heaven,
A spark of that immortal fire
With angels shared, by Alla given,
To lift from earth our low desire.
Devotion wafts the mind above,
But heaven itself descends in love. BYRON.

THE transports of the enamoured Lovinski while pressing even the inanimate form of his loved Agatha to his bosom, after so long and anxious a separation, it is utterly impossible to describe. He felt his worn languid spirits nerved anew by the soft touch of her yielding hand—his breast throbbed tumultuously beneath the thrilling pressure of its beauteous burthen; and even in that half melancholy moment of feli-

city, hardly won, and likely to be succeeded by fresh peril, the sentiments of Lovinski were precisely those of the poet who exclaims—

> "Oh, Love! young Love! bound in thy rosy band,
> Let sage, or cynic, prattle as he will,
> These hours, and only these, redeem life's years of ill."

He now listened attentively, but all seemed perfectly tranquil within the mansion: by his timely interposition, he had prevented Agatha from giving an alarm, and consequently their sudden encounter had not disturbed any of its hardly yet slumbering inmates. He looked again upon his Agatha—she remained still insensible. "My Agatha!" he softly exclaimed, "revive—look up—it is thy own Lovinski—to whom, I know, thou hast been in heart ever faithful! I come not to reproach thee, but to devise means for thy deliverance—for thy happiness. Awake, my angelic

gelic love—my spotless Agatha! look up—look up with thy blue heavenly eyes, and charm me into paradise!"

Agatha now began slowly to revive; and first, as she raised her swimming head, and became gradually conscious of her situation, a flood of tears gushed forth to her relief—tears, which even the cruel conduct of her parents had not before extorted from her eyes. Lovinski clasped her yet closer to his bosom, as from this circumstance he justly imbibed a stronger conviction than even he had hitherto entertained that his regard was still precious to her. She then anxiously surveyed his altered person—his vile peasant's garb—his sunken aspect, and fatigued appearance. Lovinski—the brave, high-spirited Lovinski—of whom it might truly have been said, as Agatha well remembered while the spirit of past scenes flashed across her recollection—

" Light was his footstep in the dance,
And firm his stirrup in the lists;
And, oh! he had that merry glance
That seldom lady's heart resists,"

was changed into a homely, coarse-clad serf—a vassal of the land where vassalage is esteemed the lowest degradation. His form was evidently worn with travel even to lassitude, and his very eyes seemed wearied with over watching; yet still in his glance, when turned towards Agatha, shone the lustre of former happier hours—a lustre dear to her remembrance. Of happier hours, have I inadvertently written? forget, reader, the erring expression—surrounded as they were by peril and difficulty, never had Agatha experienced a happier hour than the present, and the tears it drew from her sensibility were drops of joy.

A short time suffices lovers for an explanation, especially where neither have been to blame. Agatha was compelled

to

to write the letter, it appeared, by her stern mother's so much dreaded mandate, which Nicholas had orders to detain until Lovinski's patience was exhausted, lest he should too speedily pursue, and discover the spot selected for her future seclusion till she consented to espouse Wolveroff. Lovinski then narrated how he had traced their route, and obtained entrance, by means of that very Nicholas whom he supposed himself to have slain; and, in the end, unfolded his already projected plan for her escape. On the morrow, he said, a sledge should be waiting that would swiftly convey her from her present persecutors; if she would deign to accept his proffered services, and protection, until her austere parents were taught differently to value and esteem the happiness of their harshly-treated child. Ere the now blushing and irresolute Agatha could possibly frame any reply to this sudden proposi-

steepled Moscow, with all its spire-crowned edifices, will look up to thee as fashion's airy sovereign, and adopt thy fancies, as the usage of the time. Allurements such as these are not to be slightly thrown aside, and despised, by a mad, girlish caprice—must not—shall not! You must wed baron Wolveroff—nay more, you must even prepare this night to tell him so. At this moment he is partaking some refreshment with thy father; and, after his wine, expects to receive the submissive homage of his future wife—and at thy peril let him be disappointed."

Agatha shuddered, as she heard this final determination of her unfeeling parent; that night—that very night to be required to enter his abhorred presence—to yield herself a sacrifice without, at least, one other day for reflection—for remonstrance—for escape! it was more than she expected to be told even by

had Agatha time to breathe, ere the shrill voice of Magdalén was heard at her chamber door, desiring her to resume her habiliments immediately, and formally announcing each of the distinguished party by name. "Here is arrived the noble count Smolensko," said she, "and the benevolent countess Smolensko is with him: up, lady Agatha! for the countess will want to see you immediately. Here is also arrived the worthy and valiant baron Wolveroff: then arise, lady Agatha! and attire thyself with care, for it is not late, and perhaps the noble baron may also wish—but open the door, I say—open the door!"

Amazed—confused—distracted stood the nerveless, motionless Agatha, and the almost equally distressed Lovinski—distressed not on his own account, but alarmed for the reputation of his stainless partner in this stolen interview.

Aghast

Aghast they looked upon each other, lost in astonishment, terror, and perplexity. Lovinski's first resolution was to fall fighting by her side—but against whom was he to fight? against her dearest kindred! reason and humanity alike forbade so desperate a course. But a moment was left to decide. Agatha, now drooping from excessive emotion, discovered that her hand rested on a ponderous chest* that had long stood neglected in a corner of the apartment, and an idea instantly struck her—woman's wit is always most conspicuous in a moment of pressing need. She raised the lid—it was empty: she looked imploringly toward Lovinski—he comprehended her meaning, and drew nearer to the fatal chest.—"My Agatha," said he—"for myself I fear not; and

* An occurrence similar to that here narrated, but even more fatal in its catastrophe, actually took place in Russia, about the year 1800.

and to prove to thee that I fear not even dishonour for thy vantage, I will even die degraded—if chance so wills it—sooner than be the means of disclosing our hidden intercourse. I will enter, until the coming bustle shall pass, and opportunity again present itself for concerting some course that may lead to our mutual liberty. Fear not thou any discovery of my confined hiding-place—Lovinski would rather perish than suffer his untimely indiscretion to betray our secret."

By this time, Magdalen, weary of uselessly exhausting her voice, had retired from the unopened portal to welcome her sincerely reverenced master and mistress: but now instead of her shrill tones, was plainly heard the deliberate, majestic tread of the countess, slowly ascending the stairs to Agatha's apartment. The hoarser accents of Nicholas seemed also for the present to have

have ceased: even the awakened bustle of the domestics below appeared to be gradually subsiding—nothing was distinguishable but the heavy advancing step of the countess, which had almost reached the portal. Lovinski heard, and leaped in with agility, lying full length presently at the botom of the chest; and Agatha, with the speed of lightning, let fall the sounding lid.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVIII.

To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night! that dawning
May bare the raven's eye. I lodge in fear;
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.

SHAKESPEARE.

IMMEDIATELY the chest was closed, Agatha flew to unlock her chamber door for the admission of the countess, her mother, although not until the latter had violently endeavoured to obtain entrance. The bolt smoothly recoiled beneath the light trembling fingers of Agatha, and the door stood open: on entering the apartment, lady Smolensko exclaimed—"My child—I heard a noise."

"I——I was alarmed," stammered Agatha—"and so——"

The

The countess now cast upon her a keen scrutinizing glance: she saw indeed that Agatha had been alarmed, and not slightly. She next threw her eyes round the apartment—they appeared to penetrate into the very walls. Nothing, however, was visible to excite her further suspicion, and she coldly added—"You have not been undressed. Magdalen assured me you were buried in sleep."

So saying, and with another evil glance around the chill and naked walls, the countess Smolensko drew a chair, and seated herself before the crackling fire which blazed in the chamber, desiring Agatha to do the same. Agatha trembled more, and cast her eyes gratefully up toward that sparkling heaven, though clouded by the cieling of her apartment: if any trace of Lovinski had been incautiously left visible—if even his peasant's cap had been left upon the floor,

floor, how horrible would have been her situation!

Having obeyed the injunction of her mother, by seating herself opposite to the cheering flame, she next awaited with anxiety her commencement of the dreaded interview; little doubting the subject, or point, toward which the coming conversation was to be directed. After a little while, as if even the haughty countess wanted resolution to begin the subject in a more formal way, she demanded of the shrinking Agatha—"Know you who waits below?"

"The count, my father, and——" said Agatha, but her lips refused to utter the detested name with which her reply should have concluded.

"And the noble baron Wolveroff," said the countess, sternly, completing the unfinished sentence. "Has Agatha weighed the merit of his pretensions—

sions—the acknowledged worth of the gallant suitor for the happiness of her hand? Has she considered the exalted lineage, and distinguished character, of the brave veteran who is now an aspirant to the honour of an alliance with our ancient house? If she hath, let her answer me accordingly; and according to the tenor of her answer, shall my heart be shut or open to her solicitations for freedom, and restoration to society."

"Alas! my mother!" returned the imploring Agatha, obliged to speak, yet loathing even the sound of her own voice, when conversing on so disagreeable a theme—"name not the detested subject, nor let such alone be the conditions of my liberty. That dreadful alliance! I have, indeed, well pondered on it; but the very name of Wolveroff is——oh! more than hateful to me; and I dare not consent to an union I feel I could

could never endure, nor even long survive."

"Foolish, misguided girl!" said the countess, yet rather persuasively than in anger—"remember the innumerable advantages that may accrue to thy family—think on the certain respect and aggrandizement that will every where attend thyself. The domains of the valorous baron Wolveroff are extensive, and his abode magnificent; few are nobler in lineage—none more highly distinguished for personal prowess, or address in the field. His equipages are more splendid than even our sumptuous capital doth often witness roll through its crowded streets. His vassals are numerous—his possessions dispersed even from that proud city to where the white birch blossoms alone, for a brief interval, toward the cold boundaries of Siberia—that Siberia to which thy own obstinacy hath now exiled thee. Why, our golden-

steepled

steepled Moscow, with all its spire-crowned edifices, will look up to thee as fashion's airy sovereign, and adopt thy fancies, as the usage of the time. Allurements such as these are not to be slightly thrown aside, and despised, by a mad, girlish caprice—must not—shall not! You must wed baron Wolveroff—nay more, you must even prepare this night to tell him so. At this moment he is partaking some refreshment with thy father; and, after his wine, expects to receive the submissive homage of his future wife—and at thy peril let him be disappointed."

Agatha shuddered, as she heard this final determination of her unfeeling parent; that night—that very night to be required to enter his abhorred presence—to yield herself a sacrifice without, at least, one other day for reflection—for remonstrance—for escape! it was more than she expected to be told even by

by her wily, and resolute mother. The reality was, that her determined parent, having heard of Lovinski's secret departure from Moscow, and dreading its concealed purpose, had resolved immediately on forcing her refractory child to marry the scorned, rejected Wolveroff; who, on his part, panting eagerly to possess the obdurate Agatha, cared little by what means he obtained the beauteous prize. Thus circumstanced, however, after a brief pause of mingled emotion and terror, Agatha still found spirit to reply—"To-night see baron Wolveroff! to-night become the submissive, duteous victim! the former you may compel me to perform—the latter you never shall. You are my mother—my *too* resolute mother; pardon, then, to your most unhappy child the possession of some portion of that spirit which governs your own breast, and breaks forth in all your actions. You

are

are my revered mother—and I, in all save this, am your most loving—most obedient child; yet you may bid me be happy, or command me to be wretched—you may imprison me as now, or restore me again to liberty—but you never shall enforce my compliance with your present desire, to the inevitable destruction of mine own tranquillity. I *will* not marry the proud, detested Wolveroff."

"Are you mine own?—is this the child I have nurtured?" said the irritated countess, her swollen visage glowing again with rage, and her fair bosom heaving almost to suffocation.

"Now truly am I thine—thine in spirit as in form," responded Agatha, with surprising resolution. "Heretofore have I been contented to resemble thee only in form; but I now feel a heart within my indignant bosom, big with the spirit of my noble kindred, and that

that *will* not be sacrificed. I now more resemble my honoured mother's offspring than when, with milky softness, I submitted to be trampled on; yet am ready to become the same again, provided only she will wave this hateful—this distracting theme."

"And this is all for thy minion!" said the countess, equally enraged and astonished—"thy darling—thy cherished vagabond—thy Lovinski! It is for him that I am braved thus haughtily—an unknown churl—an undistinguished wanderer, who in mine absence dares to assail mine house, and strike—even strike mine unoffending menials! Oh! it becomes thee well to taunt me thus in behalf of a mere cowardly assassin, and say thou drew'st such heartless insolence from thy fond mother's bosom! Agatha! Agatha! is it to thee I owe this torturing palpitation—this sudden faintness that steals over me? Oh! that

I again could front the wretch, Lovinski—Oh! that this moment he would arise before me, that I—even I, a woman—might tell the dastard vagabond how nobler to employ his weapon!"

The rage of the countess now seemed totally to overpower her utterance, and she leaned half fainting over the chest which contained Lovinski (almost the only object that offered its support in the ill-furnished apartment), and covered her beautiful features with her hand. Agatha looked tremblingly toward the fatal trunk, full of apprehensions far from groundless—full of fear and horror: but Lovinski, its close-pent inmate, was still motionless—still silent as the grave to whose dark dominion he seemed for a transient space to be condemned. Did he slumber when that degrading denunciation from female lips was uttered?—or had the strength of his attachment prevailed over every feeling of pride in his

his bosom, and constrained him to be silent? While yet Agatha revolved this subject in her mind, another footstep was heard on the stairs ascending to the chamber; and presently divested of his travelling attire, and arrayed in a warm dressing-gown composed of costly materials, and edged with ermine, count Smolensko entered the apartment.

CHAP. XIX.

> If you be mine, I'll give you to my friend:
> If you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i' the streets;
> For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
> Nor what is mine shall ever do thee good.
> Trust to't, bethink you, I'll not be forsworn.
>
> SHAKESPEARE.

SURPRISE at the lengthened absence of the countess, combined with the non-appearance of Agatha as expected, seemed to have drawn count Smolensko to his daughter's chamber. On his entrance, he looked not a little surprised at the scene which there met his view: his beautiful countess half dissolved to tears, the result of extreme vexation, and Agatha—the sympathetic Agatha—apparently regarding her distressed situation with indifference, or, at least, appearing

appearing little anxious to console her. A few words from the angry countess sufficed to explain to him the reason of this strange sight. The heart of the count Smolensko was not unfeeling, and his temper was milder than that of the countess; but, like his boasted ancestors, he was not proof against the temptations of ambition, nor indeed either wished or strove to withstand them. In him, therefore, although under any other circumstances Agatha would most probably have found a compassionating friend, she now only beheld an intriguing courtier, and powerful abettor of her mother's cruelty. In any affair of a kind less important to his prospects of advancement, the heart of Smolensko might have been easily touched, and melted—but in this it was invulnerable. The countess seemed very well aware of this unfortunate trait in her husband's disposition, and his presence

served only to increase the bitterness of her invectives against ignoble attachments, and disobedient children.

To these fiery ebullitions of his consort's wrath, however, the count soon put a period, by himself more calmly introducing the already worn-out theme of the noble Wolveroff's past exploits, and present possessions; and having dwelt some time upon them, told Agatha that he should expect her definitive answer on the approaching morrow, and regard her still as his most precious hope, or cast her from his affections accordingly. He concluded by informing them—much to the gratification of Agatha—that the baron had for that night retired to rest; but added, addressing her solemnly—"Thy absence, my beloved child, has occasioned a feeling of disappointment, which to-morrow must not see renewed."

After this somewhat severe lecture—

severe

severe from the lips of a parent who never till then had spoken to his child save in perfect kindness—the count and countess withdrew to their own apartment. Each kissed, ere they quitted the chamber, the victim whom they designed so speedily to sacrifice; and Agatha returned with fervency the fond salute of her father, for though she knew his foible, she was also sensible of his kindness. The countess desired her to retire to rest, and proffered to send Magdalen to her assistance—but this, of course, Agatha declined.

No sooner did the wretched, persecuted Agatha, find herself again alone, than she flew to the chest which contained her adored Lovinski, towards whom her heart now overflowed with gratitude for the patience with which he had endured, without discovering himself, this protracted, galling interview. She raised the lid softly—Lo-

vinski still lay motionless at the bottom of the chest.—"Fatigue and drowsiness have overpowered him," said Agatha, "and he slumbers: but he must be awakened." She tried her soft voice, but its silver tones fell powerless on the deadened ear of Lovinski—she took his nerveless hand, but it dropped heavily in seeming lifelessness from her relinquished clasp. Amazed, her hand wandered in alarm over his heart—his temples: no breath—no pulse seemed to indicate that Lovinski any longer possessed existence. "Alas! he is dead!" she exclaimed with horror in her accents—"he is dead! Lovinski is suffocated—he is dead, and I have slain him! It was for me he entered that fatal trunk—for me that he endured—mother of Christ! Can it be possible?"

Mute, motionless, and aghast now stood the changed and shuddering Agatha

tha for some moments, in silence regarding the awful object thus suddenly presented to her gaze, as if petrified by the appalling sight into a form of stone. Again she strove to dissipate the illusion—if it was an illusion—which had thus reduced her panic-struck form to helplessness, by striving to recal to animation the senseless Lovinski; but her fruitless endeavours served only to confirm her in the horrible conviction that he was indeed no more, and she again relapsed into a state of the most consummate agony. Sometimes she pressed her wan sunken cheek to his, or clasped his cold hand to her tumultuous bosom: then again would she cover his pallid brow with kisses, wring wildly her delicate hands, and fling herself in frantic delirium by his side. Anon starting to her feet, and endeavouring to comprehend at a single glance the full horror of her situation, she

she again exclaimed—" Oh God! is there no ray of light to dissipate the darkness that like a shroud seems to environ me?—is there no beam of hope to cheer, or penetrate the despair of Agatha? It is already midnight: the shadowy mantle that now covers the face of nature soon will pass away, but the gloom which envelopes *me* morning will not dissipate. Oh! what a scene will the rising sun behold! Lovinski's doom, and the despair of Agatha—my father's bitterness—my mother's wrath—Oh! it must never be. Shall I sit idle here, and suffer his glaring beams to disclose a catastrophe so unlooked-for, and so dreadful? Will not Agatha be pronounced criminal? Will not the world esteem her a semi-murderess—even, perhaps, with justice? Yet shall I alarm the house?—awake Smolensko?—Wolveroff? Oh! no—no—that thought is too horrible. What

if

if I arouse only Magdalen, and—— Ha! a sudden idea dawns on my bewildered mind—he may best be trusted who hath already participated in the crime. I will seek the slave who for gold admitted Lovinski: his fears will bind him to my interest, and, for the proffer of more, he will undertake whatever must now be done. I know not what—but Nicholas shall instruct me. Nicholas! with a vile, wretched slave—a very menial, to plot and advise for safety in mine own chamber! Let me not think—it must—it must be submitted to. Bend, Agatha! thy proud spirit to thy destiny, and away to seek the low traitor Nicholas: promise him largely—any thing—any thing—rather than this beloved, lamented corse, should be discovered here."

Once again she embraced the cold senseless form of Lovinski, and closing the chest with more fortitude than she had

had hitherto exhibited, quitted the apartment silently, intending to search for and, by some secret signal, summon Nicholas to partake of her distress, and assist her in removing the cause. She had not far to seek the humble menial whose presence she required, and whom surely, she thought, some kind angel must have made acquainted with her intention; for just without the portal now appeared the sturdy Nicholas, whom she instantly, and in silence, beckoned into her chamber.

Having carefully refastened the door, she next drew him toward the chest, and raising the lid, displayed the wan features of her unfortunate lover, leaving him to draw his own conclusions respecting the chain of events which had led to this fatal catastrophe. Nicholas met the sight, if not altogether unstartled, yet evidently undismayed. Agatha then drew forth a purse containing

taining fifty roubles, and promised to present him with it, provided he would instantly remove the body beyond the walls of the mansion, and bury it in the snow; or, on the other hand, if he could devise any expedient for her lover's restoration, undertook to reward him with her eternal gratitude.

Nicholas now looked sullen, and neither took the proffered recompence, nor appeared inclined to use any means for the recovery of Lovinski, whom presently he roughly pronounced dead, and wondered how she could expect his exertions to restore him.

"Then the body must be borne hence," sobbed Agatha, agonized at the thought, but impressed with the imperative necessity of its instant removal from her chamber.

"But I cannot quit the walls," muttered Nicholas, "without incurring too great a risk of the count's displeasure."

"The

"The reward shall be doubled," said Agatha, imploringly, alarmed at his refusal which she did not anticipate—"nay even more than trebled, if thou deemest it insufficient. Five hundred roubles shall be thine, to-night—only remove the corse."

"But I value not wealth," said Nicholas, with a malignant grin; "and, if I were avaricious, the countess would part with more for the discovery."

"Wretch! have I then disclosed to thee my secret in vain?" demanded Agatha, distractedly. "Have I vainly admitted thee, slave, to my confidence? Wilt thou not aid me in avoiding a dilemma of which thy own treacherous imprudence was partially the cause?"

"Mistake not, fair creature, my backwardness to serve thee," now answered Nicholas, with another significant, and ghastly smile. "Nicholas shall surely obey thy mandate, and also

experience

experience thy gratitude; but the price of his services shall be neither fifty, nor five hundred roubles. Lovinski hath bestowed upon Nicholas wealth—the daughter of Smolensko must yield him a softer recompence. His reward for disposing of this lover dead, must be thy gracious acceptance of a living lover, whom thou also beholdest in thy presence. The price, dearer than gold, that for my present obedience I lay claim to, is thy beauty—is thyself! This night thou shalt be mine—and for no other meed will Nicholas stir one foot at thy bidding, nor even quit this chamber."

Agatha now stood rivetted with amazement, as by a sudden thunderstroke—she could as easily have leaped up to the moon, as quitted the spot where astonishment had transfixed her. A slave—a cringing vassal—a creature among the very meanest of her father's household,

household, to aspire to her notice—to the possession of her person! She could scarcely believe she had heard his presumption aright, yet lacked courage and strength to demand it of him again. At first her indignant eyes seemed fixed stedfastly, and penetratingly, upon his insolent features; but soon their searching glance was exchanged for a vacant look of deep meditation, and they appeared to wander—

"In far forgetfulness—away—away;"

but the nature and bent of those gloomy ruminations must appear hereafter.

END OF VOL. II.

Printed by J. Darling, Leadenhall-Street, London.